

LIFE



CAROL LYNNE by MILI

MARCH 26, 1945 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



© 1945 The Studebaker Corporation

Studebaker is mighty proud of this father-and-son war team



The sergeant's father has been busy helping assemble aircraft engines at Studebaker—A veteran of over 32 years' Studebaker employment, this head of the Kowalski family has two sons in the American Army—Edward in England—Roman, his former Studebaker team-mate, in India.

**YOUR WAR BONDS HELP
KEEP AMERICA STRONG**

*Although half the world apart,
they're still "working together"*

THERE'S a lot more difference between India and Indiana than is represented by spelling and geography.

No one knows this better than U. S. Army Sergeant Roman Kowalski, now "sweating it out" as a radio operator in the steaming CBI theater, thousands of miles from his comfortable home in South Bend.

Until September, 1942, when he entered the armed forces, this young man had been a team-mate of his father on a Studebaker automotive assembly line. And the two have continued to "work together" for victory because the father has been busy building Wright Cyclone engines for the Flying Fortress in a Studebaker Aviation Division plant.

One reason for the exceptional endurance of Studebaker cars and trucks is the quality

of the craftsmanship which family teams like the Kowalskis have made their life work.

As the Studebaker employment roster shows, that kind of craftsmanship is a heritage which has been passed on from fathers to sons since Studebaker began business in 1852.

You may be sure the same high standards of motor car and motor truck construction will serve you faithfully after the war is won and new Studebakers can be manufactured.

Awarded To All  Studebaker Plants

Studebaker

**PIONEER AND PACEMAKER
IN AUTOMOTIVE PROGRESS**

Wartime builder of Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—heavy-duty Studebaker military trucks—the Army's versatile Weasel personnel and cargo carrier.



The "bottle bacillus", known to science as *Pityrosporum ovale*, is held to be a causative agent of infectious dandruff by many noted dermatologists.



Don't let Infectious Dandruff spoil your "Crowning Glory"

As a precaution, as a treatment, use Listerine Antiseptic systematically. Don't disregard such symptoms as excess flakes and scales, itching and irritation. They can mean that you have infectious dandruff which *can* and *does* often play hob with your scalp.

It's Delightful, Easy

At the first symptom of trouble get started with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the delightful, easy, inexpensive home treatment that has helped so many . . . and it may help you. Early and frequent applications may arrest a case of infectious dandruff before it can get started, and even if the infection has gotten a head start, this simple treatment may overcome it.

As a precaution against this troublesome condition make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your usual hair-washing. And, if you've been troubled for some time, apply Listerine Antiseptic once a day. If you do not note rapid improvement repeat the treatment morning and night.

You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and follow with vigorous, rotary, fingertip massage. That's all there is to it!

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus", (*Pityrosporum ovale*), regarded by many a noted dermatologist, as a causative agent of infectious dandruff. As Listerine Antiseptic goes to work those annoying flakes and scales begin to disappear. Itching, too, is alleviated. Your scalp tingles and glows, and your hair feels wonderfully fresh.

If infectious dandruff has already started, repeat the Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. This is the method that in tests brought improvement, or complete relief, to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



Listerine Antiseptic *the Tested Treatment*

"Boy, someone oughta stuff you!"



ROD: Say, what makes you think you're such a prize catch in that Unionsuit? Us moderns go for streamlined ease...like these slick Munsingwear SKIT-Shorts. Smooth-fitting, smooth-feeling, and free action all around!

REEL: Stow that stuff, bass bait...this all-in-one job is Munsingwear, too. Millions of smart guys like yours truly prefer its well-knit snugness and sensible protection. No sleeves, no bunching or riding up.



ROD: You've got a point there. But let me point out how easily I can bend against the pull of a big one...thanks to Munsingwear's exclusive "STRETCHY-SEAT." It gives when I give...flexible as my own skin!

REEL: Thanks, but I'll stick to my Unionsuit. It's a cinch to get off and on...and remember, it's knit with Munsingwear quality from shoulder to thigh. But why the argument? We're both well-knit with Munsingwear!

The seat alone is worth the price of admission

IT STRETCHES

MUNSINGWEAR

"STRETCHY-SEAT" underwear for men of action

*REG. TRADEMARK

MUNSINGWEAR, INC. • MINNEAPOLIS • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

"A REAL AMERICAN"

Sirs:

Giving space to Marlene Dietrich's show for the boys is all right, I suppose, but as yet I've never seen a word about her "offstage" performances overseas. To her everlasting credit, I'd like it to be known that my brother might not be alive today if it hadn't been for her sitting beside him all night and holding his hand and talking to him after the doctors had given him up. The nurse wrote to us that it carried him through his worst night. Miss Dietrich has earned the right to be called a real American.

MARY LOUISE BURNS

Pittsburgh, Pa.

GI PILFERERS

Sirs:

I thought you would like to know that the Army has commuted some of the heavy sentences it handed out to GI pilferers in the European theater (LIFE, March 12). One hundred and fifteen of the 156 enlisted men convicted for black-market activities are being given an opportunity to clear themselves. Under the clemency plan just announced, these men have elected to serve together at the front as combat infantry instead of going to prison. All are being reduced to the rank of private and will be given immediate combat training. If they serve and fare and fight well, they will get honorable discharges—if they live.

MARY WELSH

Paris, France

ANTE IWO

Sirs:

I liked Bob Sherrod's story on the first three days at Iwo Jima (LIFE, March 8) and thought you might be interested in seeing this picture of marines on a Navy transport headed for the hell about which Bob wrote.

There's a saying that marines dislike transport life so thoroughly that they're always glad to get ashore—even onto the Iwos and Tarawas of the Pacific. Perhaps that is true but this shot of marines rapily absorbing the boogie-woogie piano efforts of a Navy steward

(continued on p. 4)

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LIFE
March 25, 1945

Volume 18
Number 13



1—Want a Quick, Clean, Comfortable shave EVERY TIME? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!



2—Want a Face so GOOD you need no After-Shave Lotion? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!



3—Want a Fast, Smooth Shave, even with Cold or Hard Water? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!



4—Want a shave that allows no Sting, no RAZOR BURN? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!



Only PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS
Guarantees* You 4-Way Shaving Comfort!

*Yes, Palmolive Brushless—no other shave cream—guarantees you 4-way shaving comfort or your money back! That's because Palmolive Brushless not only wets whiskers fast, but at the same time lubricates your skin—cushions it against your razor. Try it and see! You get shaving comfort—4 ways—or, mail carton top to Palmolive, Jersey City 2, New Jersey, and we'll refund your money!



The tire that sprouts wings

A PLANE can't land like a bird, reducing its speed to zero as it comes to earth. The multi-ton transports and bombers you see today come in at 65 to 140 miles an hour.

In most cases, landing wheels are standing still when all this tonnage first hits the ground. So there's a jolt and a screech because, for a measurable period of time, the wheels can't turn fast enough to match the plane's speed. Tires are dragged, scuffed, burned. Sometimes whole treads are stripped away.

Any engineer could think of the answer—make the wheels spin as the plane comes in. People even had a word for it—"prerotation." Yet no one found a way to make prerotation practical until B. F. Goodrich designed the tire above.

This tire has wing-like vanes on the sidewalls that open when the wheels are lowered for landing. B. F. Goodrich made the vanes flexible so they open at the bottom of the revolution, close at the top. The airstream pushing on these vanes causes a rate of spinning up to

80 per cent of the plane's airspeed.

This "simple" B. F. Goodrich device will increase tire life. It can save tons of rubber. Most important, prerotation lessens the shock of landing on the under-carriage. If airplanes grow beyond the super-bomber size, the latter feature will make prerotation a must.

The prerotation tire is another addition to a long list of developments... another example of the more-than-ordinary ability at B. F. Goodrich. You can be sure that B. F. Goodrich tires

for passenger cars are built with the same care and "know how" that go into this new plane tire. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*



This One



32TZ-KL8-D3HD

Tells his 'TEEN-AGE' POWERS MODELS

How to Glamour-Bathe Their Hair



JOHN ROBERT POWERS advises all his Powers Models to use only Kreml Shampoo. And he particularly emphasizes the importance of Kreml Shampoo to his lovely 'teen-age' models

Leaves Hair Bright and Glossy For Days Wonderful To Soften Dry, Brittle Ends!

John Robert Powers, a foremost beauty authority, feels a girl can't start any too soon to take care of her "crowning glory."

And here's why he advises all his gorgeous, 'million-dollar' Powers Models to use *only* Kreml Shampoo to wash their hair.

Brings Out Natural Sparkling Beauty

Mr. Powers claims there's nothing better than Kreml Shampoo to bring out the natural sparkling lustre that lies concealed in *your* and *every girl's* hair.

Kreml Shampoo lathers luxuriously even in hard water. It not only thoroughly washes hair and scalp of dirt and loose dandruff but it leaves hair shimmering with natural highlights—a silkier sheen and glossy brilliance that last for days.

Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry or Brittle

There are positively no harsh chemicals or caustics in Kreml Shampoo. This is one shampoo that is *gentle* on your hair. And *oh*, so beautifying!

Its beneficial oil base helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. Kreml Shampoo rinses out like a charm and never leaves any excess dull soapy film. Also excellent for shampooing children's hair.

Buy the large FAMILY SIZE. All Drug and Dept. Stores.

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONE



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

indicate that there's something to be said for shipboard life.

MT/SGT. GENE WARD, USMC
New York, N.Y.



EN ROUTE TO IWO

BIRTHDAY CAKE

Sirs:

Where did they get all the sugar used in the 550-lb. cake commemorating the Red Army birthday?

JOHN A. KRECH

Manheim, Pa.

● The 185 pounds of sugar were contributed by bakeries in New York City. After the presentation the cake was cut into 4,000 pieces to serve the wounded soldiers at Halloran General Hospital.—ED.



4,000 PIECES

F. O. R.'s DAUGHTER

Sirs:

You overestimate the clarity of Seattle's atmosphere. Even Paul Bunyan would have difficulty overlooking Puget Sound from the Boettiger's Mercer Island home in the middle of Lake Washington.

LIEUT. (JG) NANCY McKEOWN,
USCGR (W)

Mercer Island, Wash.

● Spar McKeown, who is one of the wartime tenants of the Boettiger home, ought to know. Mercer Island is indeed in Lake Washington, four miles from Puget Sound.—ED.

Sirs:

So Anna's now a diplomat! As coincidence would have it, my 9-year-old son had just finished writing a book report on Anna Roosevelt Dall Boettiger's *Scamper, the Bunny Who Went to the White House* when LIFE arrived with its article on Anna. She was coy

(continued on p. 6)



"I've got something for you too, Mr. S..."

"...and it isn't an invitation to an intimate little dinner, either!

"It's advice, Friend. Why don't you use Mum!

"Underarm odor, Mr. S., is not just something that happens to women. Or other men..."

"It happens to you. No use to stick your head in the sand like an ostrich and say, 'It can't happen here.'

"Because it does happen, Friend. To you and a lot of other men. And you all go around offending women, fellow employees, clients, everybody. And it's time somebody told you about it!"

NOTE TO MR. S...

You can't count on your morning shower to keep you from risk of offending.

But 30 seconds with Mum... a dab under each arm... will keep you safe. Get Mum today!



Products of Bristol-Myers

Mum helps a man to make the grade!



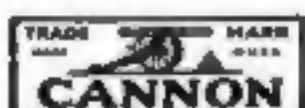
“Stockings head my list of little things that count!”

—Ann Rutherford, glamorous screen star

1. “No matter what kind of legs you were born with,” says gay, lovely Ann Rutherford, “a little thing like the right stockings can go a long way toward making ’em look beautiful!”



2. And today, smartly groomed gals by the townful have found the *right stockings* are Cannon Rayons. Those dull-finish, trim-fitting, ever-so-sheer beauties that are made with *glamour* in mind.



Cannon
HI-TWIST RAYON *Hosiery*

Made by the makers of the famous Cannon Towels and Sheets
Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.



3. Cannon Stockings wear wonderfully, too... for all their cobwebby look. That's because there's elasticity *built right in them*... achieved with a special Hi-Twist process. Of course, women everywhere want these really lovelier rayons... so if your dealer happens to be out of them temporarily, please be patient.

“Remember, too,” says Ann, “it’s pa-

triotic to get the *most* good out of everything you wear. With stockings, washing’s important. Follow these rules...

Cannon Stockings, like all rayons, must be washed carefully. Use lukewarm sudsy water. Never rub or twist. Squeeze gently, and pat out extra moisture in a towel. ALWAYS allow 36 hours to dry.

IT ISN'T ALWAYS EMOTION that makes people and things blur this way. It may be your eyes *straining* to see, because they're burdened by neglect, glare, long hours of intensive use.



Johnny's at the Gate ..or *is it* Johnny?



WHO'S HIS BUDDY? Faulty vision is a practical joker that sometimes makes you see things that aren't there. One way to stop tired eyes from playing such tricks is to *have your eyes examined regularly.*



WELCOME HOME! How good to recognize his warmly remembered features! Eyes serve you better when you serve them well. The skills and services of the Optometrist, Ophthalmologist, Dispensing Optician mean *better vision, better living!*

R... Professionally prescribed when needed to make seeing more comfortable.

Soft-Lite Lenses
Tone down harsh light, reduce overbrightness
Slightly flesh-toned... less conspicuous... better looking

There is only one Soft-Lite—identified by this certificate

SOFT-LITE LENS COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK • TORONTO • LONDON

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

about not mentioning the President and Mrs. Roosevelt by name in the book and evidently our son found no distinction between them and the talking rabbit, for in his report he remarked, "I did not think the characters of Grandmother and Grandfather were very interesting."

When I asked my husband what he supposed Anna did to make the Pres-



MAKES F.D.R. LAUGH?

dent laugh at lunch he replied, "She tells him about Scamper."

RUTH KNUDSON

Arlington, Va.

"RODGER YOUNG"

Sirs:

Many thanks for your inspiring story on Rodger Young (LIFE, March 5). It is indeed a story that should fill every American heart with pride. Congratulations also to Pfc Frank Loesser, who chose to write a great song about a great hero.

STANLEY GOLD

Montreal, Canada

Sirs:

I have just finished reading "Rodger Young" and I thought that perhaps you would like to know how Pfc Frank Loesser heard the story of Rodger Young. It seems that Larry Adler, while playing for a group of boys in the Pacific, was told the story by a group of "Buss's" friends. When Larry Adler returned to the States he told the story to Frank Loesser, who was so inspired by the tale that he wrote the epic ballad.

MARK GOTTLIEB

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

A teacher always wonders what becomes of the "kids" she has taught and so I was extremely interested in your saga of Rodger Young, for I was one of his teachers in 1933-34 at Green Springs, Ohio. His kid sister was in my classes, too. Rodger's father Nick was then operating the garage where I kept my Model A "Lizzie." Walter Rigby was also a student and both boys were typical problem students to us young, beginning teachers.

How typically American it is for a boy like Rodger Young to be a nation's hero!

CAROLINE HINER HART

Laurel, Miss.

SNOW SCENES

Sirs:

Thanks millions for the swell snow scenes (LIFE, March 5). To us, located in this hellhole of South Carolina, it's like the first few drops of rain after a long drought!

PVT. LIVERMORE T. BAILEY
Camp Croft, S. C.

Sirs:

Arkansas doesn't see much snow of the sort that Alfred Eisenstaedt photographed at Mont Tremblant. But we do have our natural phenomena.

Here is a picture of an ice storm that



ROCK-A-BYE BABY

His CRADLE

WON'T DROP

The G. I. jungle hammock is an elaborately comfortable affair. It has a rainproof canopy, a mosquito netting window, a false bottom to fool and discourage biting insects.

But its rigging brought up the problem of fastening nylon cords. Knots and stitches would not hold. When thorough, painstaking Uncle Sam demanded a special metal fastener for it we designed a brand new kind of clamp which not only met the requirements but furnished thirty per cent greater strength than had been specified.

Here is another example of United-Carr's originality in designing fasteners for new uses and new materials when they're needed.

United-Carr Fastener Corp., Cambridge 42, Mass.

DOT FASTENERS



(continued on p. 8)

The car that stands up best!

Buy Wisely... BUY PLYMOUTH

1937 IS THE YEAR TO BUY

“THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST!”

"The speedometer on my Plymouth reads 96,196 miles — but that doesn't tell half the story. I'm a mailman and that car has been driven through the worst storms, day and night, that New England could muster. Stop and start, stop and start, thousands of times over. Rain, snow, sleet, torrid heat, yes, even a hurricane. And my Plymouth has never failed once. Why the head has never even been off the motor block!"

that Plymouth still means *reliable, low-cost transportation* when cars are three, four, five years old — and older. While Plymouth factories are whole-heartedly in war production, this record — backed by Plymouth dealer service — steadily adds to Plymouth's long-time reputation as a great car.

● **TRUE YESTERDAY** —

PLYMOUTH

BUILDS GREAT CARS

● *IN TRUST FOR TOMORROW*

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION • You'll enjoy Major Bowes Program Thursdays, CBS, 9 P. M., EWT

★ BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

"I'M SPEECHLESS" ...said the Congresswoman



Roaster-fresh coffee made right in the cup

Roaster-fresh because in Nescafé all the fresh flavor of newly-roasted coffee is sealed in by added carbohydrates.

"WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR," said the Congresswoman, "is a cup of full-flavored coffee." "Well, here it is! ...made instantly, too," said a Senator, handing her a cup of Nescafé. And for the first time in her life she was speechless. It was that good!

You'll agree. For here's how Nescafé brings you a real high in coffee enjoyment. In a way that only Nestlé's knows, an extract is made from fine coffees fresh from the roaster...then instantly its flavor is sealed in! You release this locked-in freshness by just adding hot water.



So easy to prepare...no coffee maker to get ready or clean up...no grounds. A teaspoonful of Nescafé makes a cupful—for only about 1¢. No waste...you make exactly the amount you need—and the strength you like best.

The only Army-Navy "E" award in the soluble coffee field is held by the Nescafé plant at Sunbury, Ohio. Temporarily the Armed Forces are taking all the Nescafé we make. Soon, we hope, Nescafé will again be available at your grocer's.

A teaspoonful in a cup
Add hot water it's ready

NESCAFÉ (PRONOUNCED NES-CAFAY) IS A NESTLÉ PRODUCT, COMPOSED OF EQUAL PARTS OF SKILLFULLY BREWED SOLUBLE COFFEE AND ADDED CARBOHYDRATES (DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE) ADDED SOLELY TO PROTECT THE FLAVOR ★ ★ ★ NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC., NEW YORK, U.S.A.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED



hit Arkansas just as February turned into March, making a short-lived fairyland of the Hendrix College campus.

PAUL FARIS

Conway, Ark.

DENMARK

Sirs:

Thanks for the marvelous article on Denmark by Hans Bendix (LIFE, March 5). The illustrations were superb.

MRS. KLAUS A. MUELLER
Stamford, Conn.

Sirs:

In your excellent article about Denmark Mr. Bendix forgot to mention some interesting facts:

When the Nazis occupied Denmark, they came mostly aboard coal barges. In the early morning of April 9, 1940 a coal shipment was due from Germany. Instead of coal, the barges contained Nazis.

German airplanes flew over Copenhagen, their racks loaded with bombs and leaflets, pending radio orders which to drop. When the leaflets were finally dropped, they contained specific promises for Denmark and Norway, among them the promise not to use either country as a base against England, the promise to respect the countries' autonomy, their separate armies and navies, and not to meddle in internal affairs. Of course every one of these promises has been broken. But the Danish people believed the German statement that they were still neutral and for a time considered themselves as such. As a matter of fact, the British may have been disliking, because they had smashed up the new Aalborg airport with the RAF. The Germans, of course, failed to mention that the runways were full of Nazi airplanes.

The statement that Goebbels failed in Denmark may be true now, but in the beginning his program achieved some success simply because the peace-loving Danes were not yet hardened against propaganda.

The king, however, was the person about whom Danes rallied. Mr. Bendix forgot to mention that when the Nazis requested anti-Jewish laws, the king stated that if the laws were forced through over his "veto," he would immediately abdicate.

Mr. Bendix made a mistake when he said that there were no German soldiers in the streets of Copenhagen on the king's birthday. Not only were there some, but they carried their rifles with them instead of the ordinary bayonet. Hitler sent the king a congratulatory telegram (unanswered) and the Nazi headquarters flew a Danish flag beside the hated swastika over their headquarters in the Hotel d'Angleterre.

I happened to be in Denmark at the time.

RUDOLF E. HIRSCH
New York, N. Y.

(continued on p. 11)

INSIDE Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

"BRING ON THE GIRLS"

Paramount, the company that gave you last year's greatest motion pictures*, now steps out with this year's most colorful package of luscious lovelies, merry music and riotous romance!



It's ankles aweigh with Veronica Lake, a sizzling cigarette girl who has everything... even cigarettes!

And here's Sonny Tufts to bowl you over with his barrel house rhythm as he shouts,

"Bring on the Girls"

And that's what we've done with the shapeliest parade of pulchritude ever screened!

We mean it's an unrationed cargo of sugar 'n' spice and everything nice.

With that Conquering Hero Eddie Bracken on the receiving end for all those charming little armfuls!



And spicy Marjorie Reynolds, who really brings on the songs the way she did in the late, great "Holiday Inn."

Bringing on the dances is Johnny Coy, the screen's sure-fire contender for Fred Astaire's dancing crown!

Spring will be a little early this year, thanks to Director Sidney Lanfield, his four happy stars and those gay and glorious de-icers who bring on the sighs.

Plus Spike Jones and his corn-fed City Slickers who are still looking for Chloel

"Wow!" said a friend of ours. "All this and Technicolor, too!"

Did we say Technicolor? Folks, after this gorgeous musical you're going to feel cheated by rainbows and scarlet sunsets!

So when you see "BRING ON THE GIRLS" across the marquee of your favorite theatre, drop in for a joyous session of entertainment, straight from

Paramount Pictures

*Paramount won 53 out of 71 "firsts" in the national best-picture and best-star polls of 1944!

The Carpenters, of Manchester, Conn.,
invite you to share some

Intriguing Kitchen Ideas



Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carpenter and their daughter, Janet, 21, have invented a new "game" Collecting ideas for the remodeling job they want to do on their home, after the war. "It's to be a home-coming surprise for our boy," concluded Mrs. Carpenter. (Richard, 26, is with the U. S. Infantry.)



The Carpenters' home is typical New England Colonial, spacious and comfortable. "Just needs its face lifted here and there," explained Mr. Carpenter. "For instance, the ladies of the house insist on a new all-electric kitchen . . . and I must say that *does* sound like a swell work-saver!"



before

Here's their kitchen as it is now. As you see, they have a 1930-style General Electric Refrigerator. Commenting on it, Mrs. Carpenter said, "Honestly, it's a wonder! Fifteen years old, and still gives perfect service!"



after

Now take a look at the same kitchen, redesigned for the future by the General Electric Home Bureau. The cost? Actually surprisingly little, and in it there'll be all these G-E marvels to make kitchen time easy and bright . . .

G-E Range and Refrigerator, to make delicious, good-for-you meals a joy to prepare. Designed for efficiency and sparkling good looks.



The biggest work-savers in the G-E ALL-Electric Kitchen will be the completely automatic G-E DISHWASHER and amazing G-E DISPOSALL which disposes of garbage by electricity. May be purchased together, or separately after the war. General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

G-E Dishwasher. Washes a day's dirty dishes with just the flip of a switch. Rinses them *really* clean in steaming hot water. No drying necessary. Won't chip your finest china.

G-E Disposall. Banishes that bugaboo, the garbage pail! Fits in the sink, grinds up garbage in a jiffy—and whisks it down the drain.

G-E Cabinets. Modern, streamlined, and planned to give you loads of convenient storage space.



All-Electric Kitchen

"EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL FOR HOMES AFTER VICTORY"

GENERAL ELECTRIC

TUNE IN: "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Mon. thru Fri., 4 p.m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p.m., E.W.T., NBC. — "The World Today" news, Mon. thru Fri., 6:45 p.m., E.W.T., CBS.

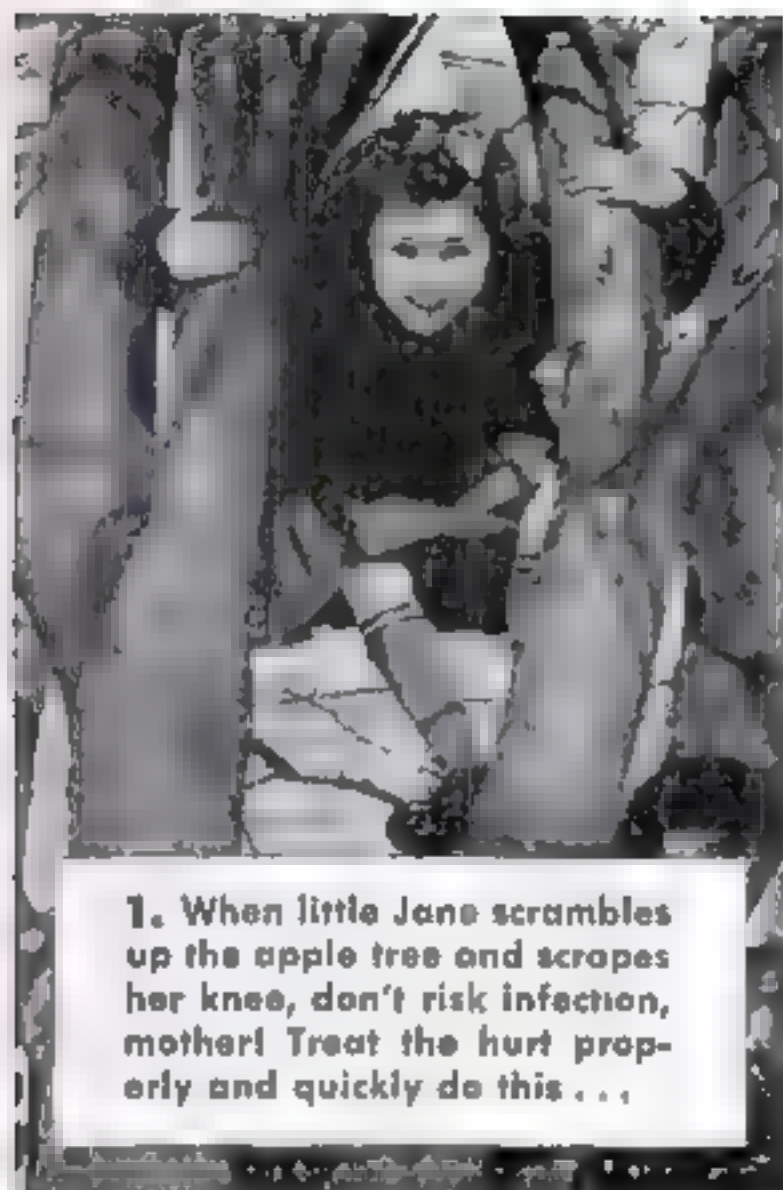
FOR VICTORY — BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS



The shoe with the Youthful feel

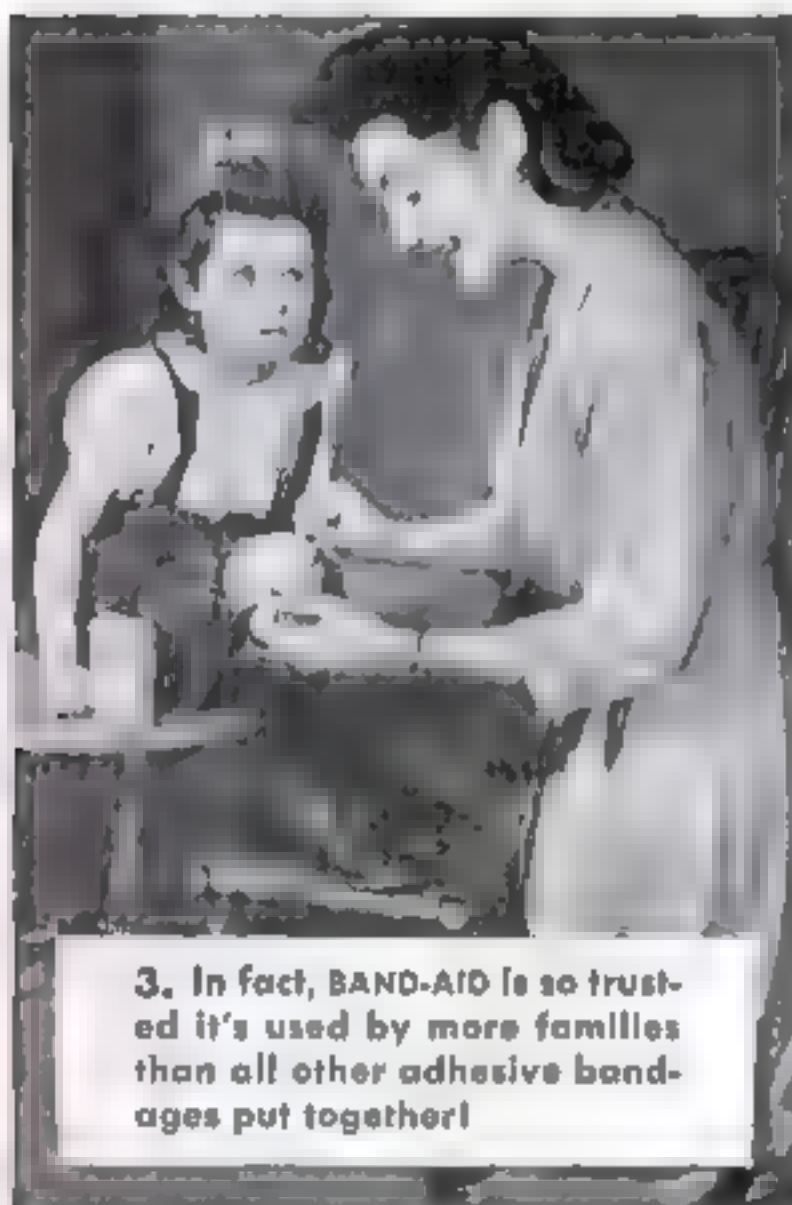


Your feet will wear a light, air-fresh look in spring's
new Air Steps. Your feet will know a light,
air-cushioned feel in Air Step's Magic
Sole, whose myriads of soft-hidden
air cells shelter your feet from
the shock and jar of walking.



1. When little Jane scrambles up the apple tree and scrapes her knee, don't risk infection, mother! Treat the hurt properly and quickly do this...

2. Apply *BAND-AID, the ready-made adhesive bandage preferred by so many doctors that 8 out of 10 specify it when recommending such a bandage. (From 1944 doctors' survey.)



3. In fact, BAND-AID is so trusted it's used by more families than all other adhesive bandages put together!

4. BAND-AID comes sterile in individual envelopes. Costs less than a penny stamp. Keep BAND-AID on hand at all times.

When recommending a ready-made bandage

8 out of 10
Doctors
recommend
Band-Aid



Johnson & Johnson

*Band-Aid is the registered Trade-mark of adhesive bandage made exclusively by Johnson & Johnson.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

HOUSE OF COLONNA

Sirs,

I am very much intrigued by your elaborate explanation of the column in the Colonna's coat of arms (LIFE, March 5) without mentioning an obvious fact. "Colonna" is Italian for "column."

Also how could you write so much about the Colonnas and their rivalries with the Orsinis and not also touch on the Borgias, a family that loomed big in Roman and Vatican history. Little love or courtesy was wasted between the Borgias and the Colonnas.

GINO J. SIMI

Washington, D.C.

ANNE LINCOLN

Sirs,

We have just finished your March 5 edition and wish to take issue with your article on Miss Anne Lincoln, "Serious Glamour Girl." Being civilians ourselves, we were struck quite forcibly by your witicism. "Anne Lincoln almost never wears a hat and almost never has dates with civilians."

Might we be so crude as to ask just what Miss Lincoln has against civilians? A blanket statement like that implies that she judges men by whether or not they wear a uniform. Since that seems to be her attitude, it might be well to say that we wouldn't be the least bit interested in taking Miss Lincoln out anyway.

PETER ARHOTT '46N

B. HEATLEY '46

FRED VOOS '45

JOHN SC HAFNER '46N

E. B. BROADBENT '47

HENRY LOZIER '46N

Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Sirs,

Just this very hour I received my March 5 copy of LIFE, and in it you have an article, "Life Calls on a Serious Glamour Girl."

It states the following: "Journalists who have interviewed her... feel her only sign of nonintelligence is her ambition to become a journalist."

I, being a boy of 14 and very much wanting to become a journalist, would like to know why they think wanting to become a journalist is a sign of non-intelligence. Why? I realize what journalism is, it is an exciting, dangerous and hectic life, but I'm sure I'm going to love it.

You being journalists yourselves could possibly give me a few tips on planning for a journalistic career.

Will you kindly answer my inquiries and requests? Thank you.

JACK KOTHEIMER

Youngstown, Ohio

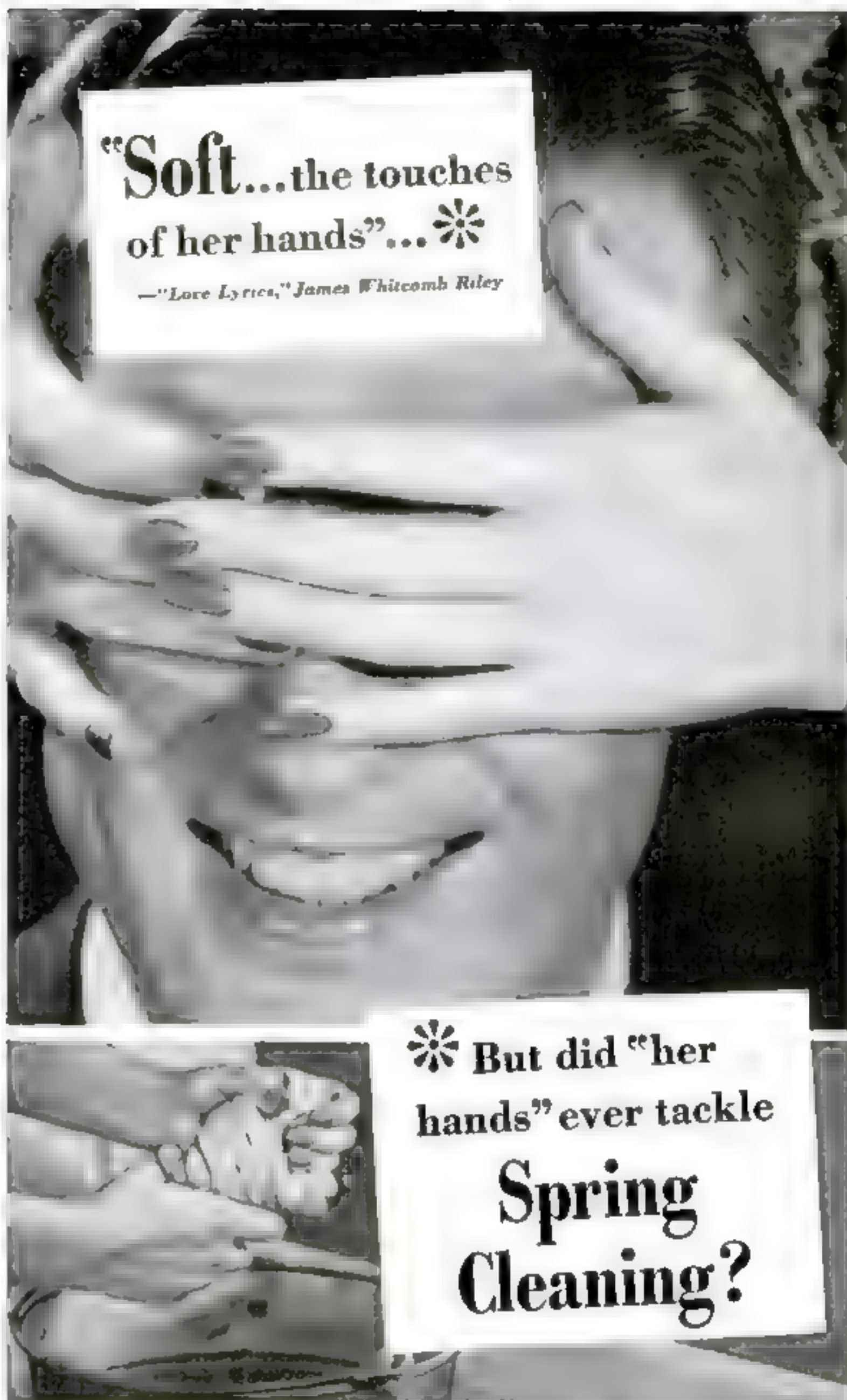
- 1) The journalists in question report the truth as they saw it.
- 2) Report the truth as you see it.
- 3) Good luck.—ED.

IMPORTANT NOTICE to LIFE subscribers in the Armed Forces

When you return to civilian life you are still entitled to the full unexpired term of your LIFE subscription at the special military rate.

Whether you subscribed for one year at \$3.50, two years at \$6 or three years at \$9, you will receive the full number of copies you ordered and paid for at these special rates—at no increase in price.

To be sure of receiving all your copies of LIFE please keep us informed of your latest address—military or civilian.



"Soft...the touches
of her hands"...*

—"Love Lyrics," James Whitcomb Riley

* But did "her
hands" ever tackle
**Spring
Cleaning?**

Don't let hard work make your hands look OLD!

EASY for hands of leisure to boast that "soft touch" that thrills... But what about *yours* that dig into dirt? *Yours* can make a man's heart beat faster too...

Just make it a point to Pacquins your hands before and after housework... and again at bedtime. Pacquins Hand Cream goes on with a smooth, comforting feel... and

does a job for your hands. Helps counteract the drying effects of soap, water, harsh cleansers. Gives work-reddened hands a look of milky-whiteness... kissable smoothness!

Use Pacquins daily to coax your hands to look as young as *you* are. Wonderful for rough elbows, chapped knees and ankles too. Creamy-smooth, not greasy. Try it!

Pacquins Hand Cream



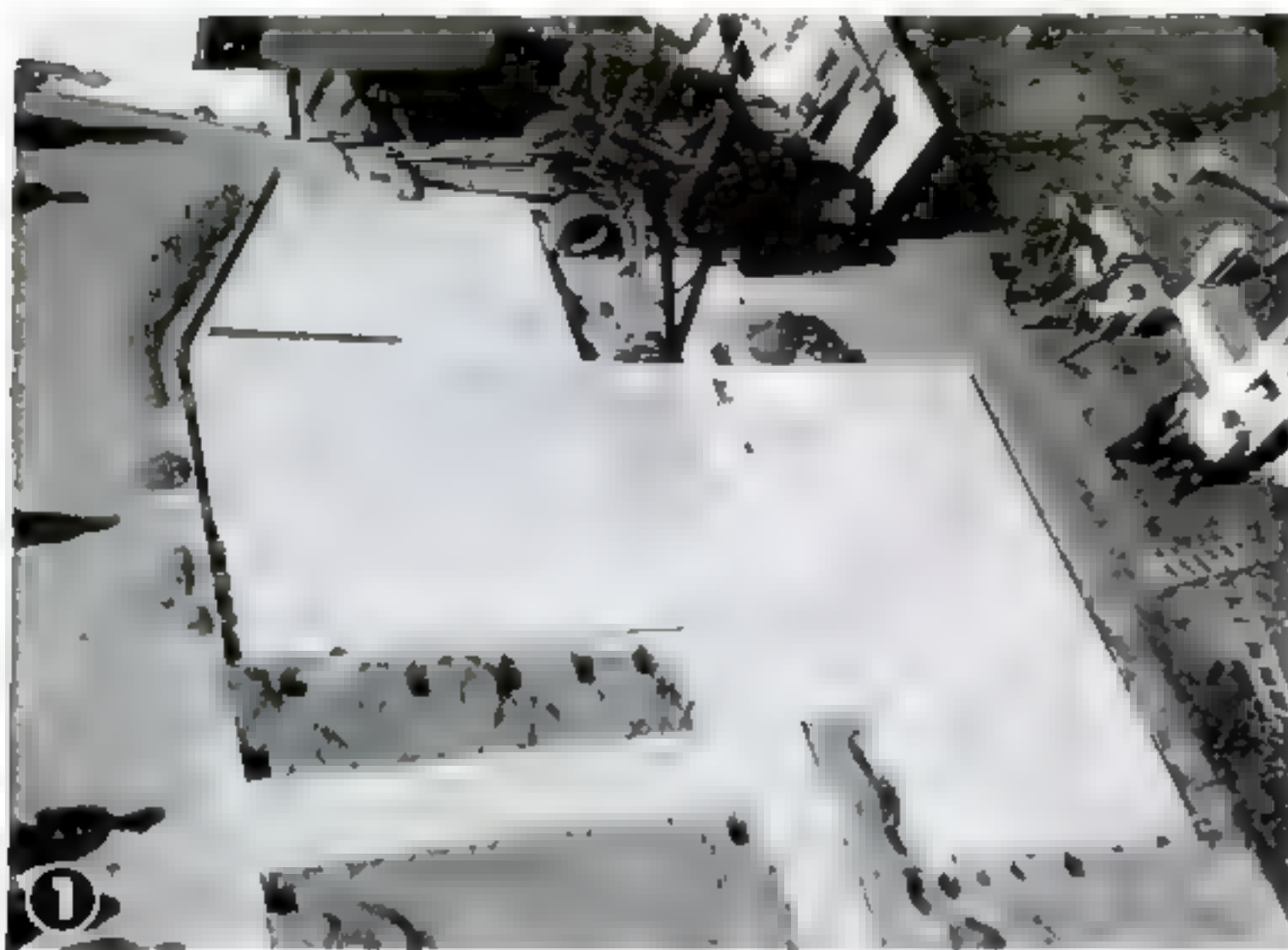
Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubblings a day.



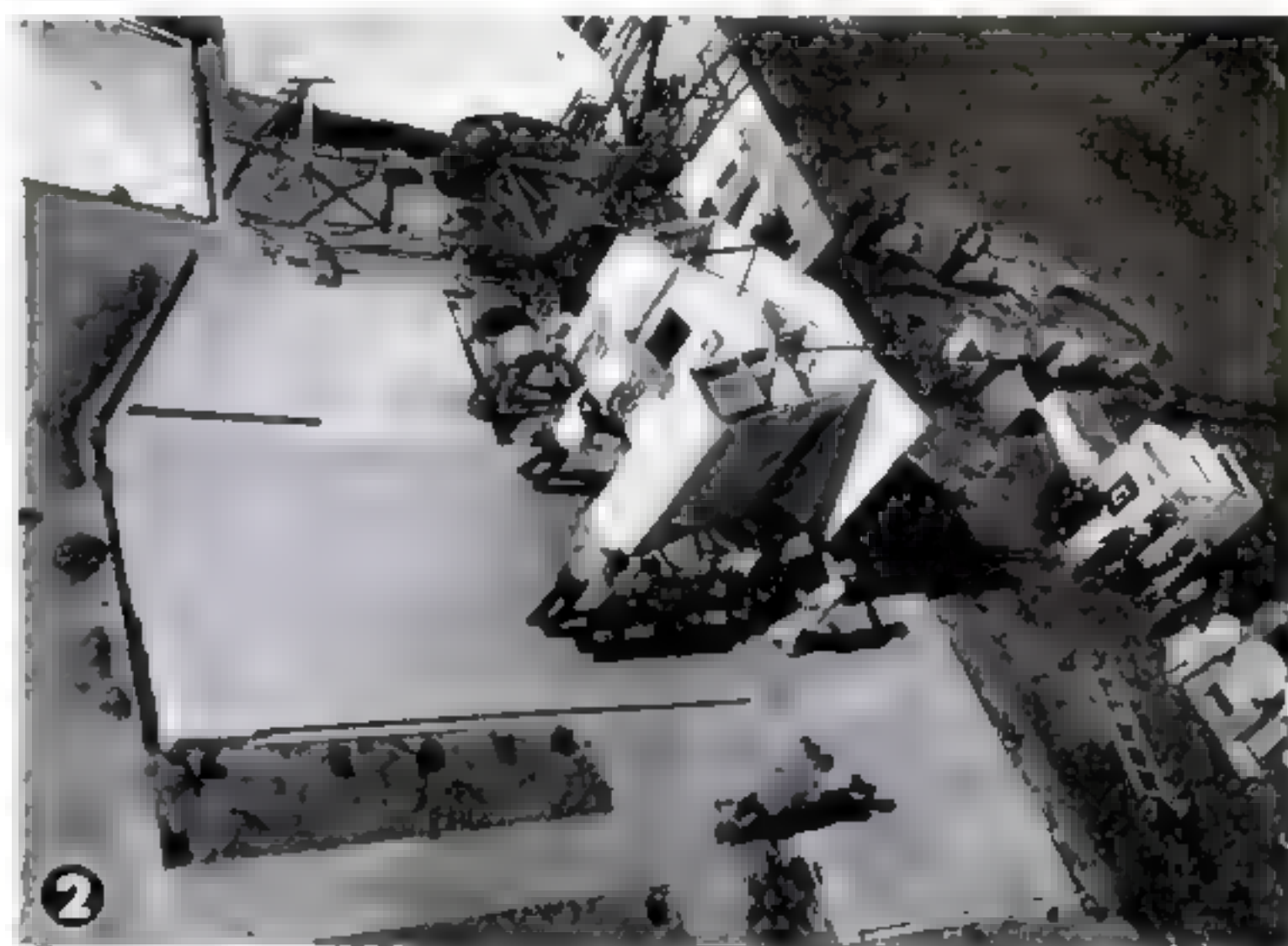
AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

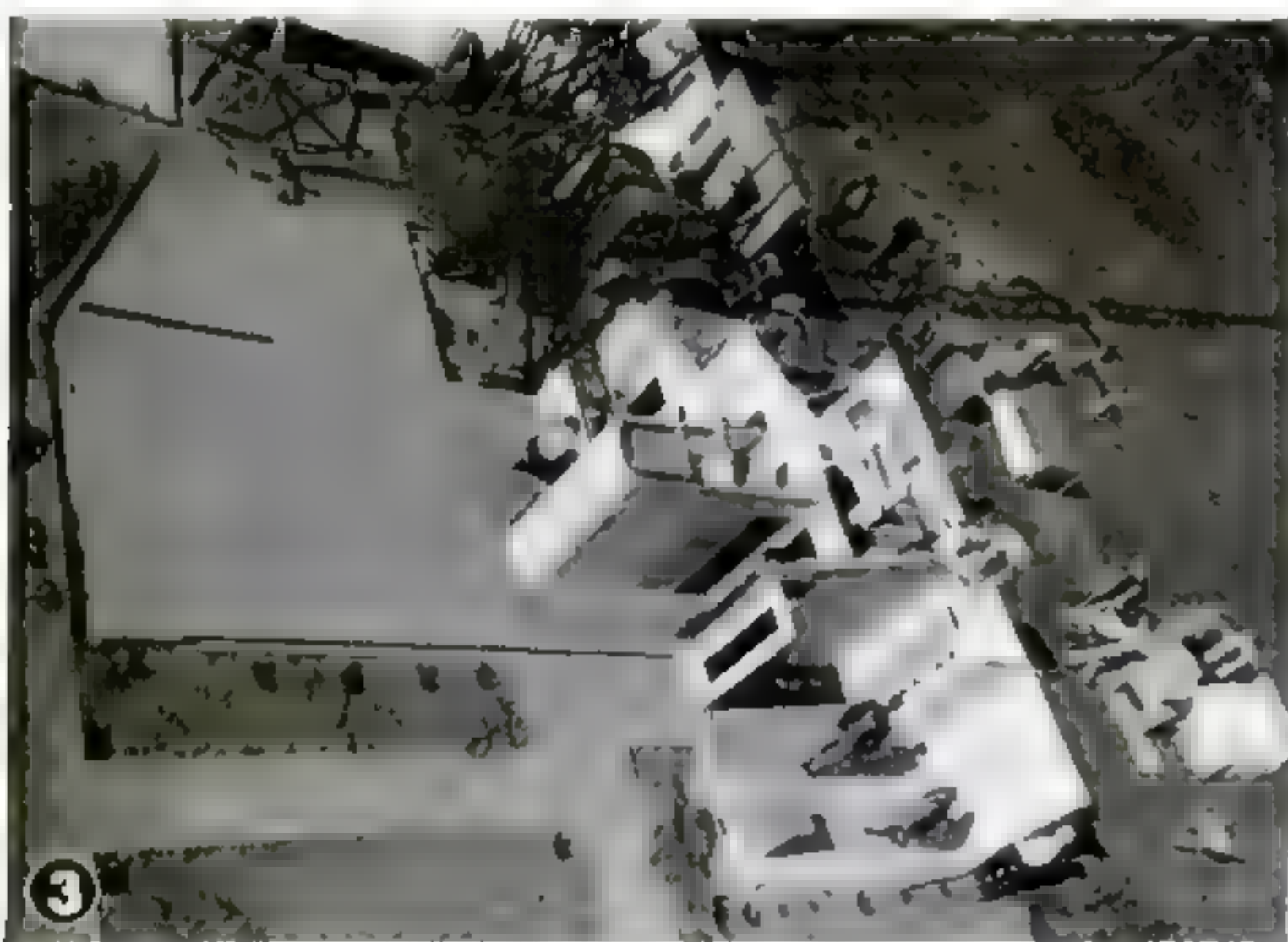
. . . CALIFORNIAN BUILDS A HOUSE IN 34 MINUTES



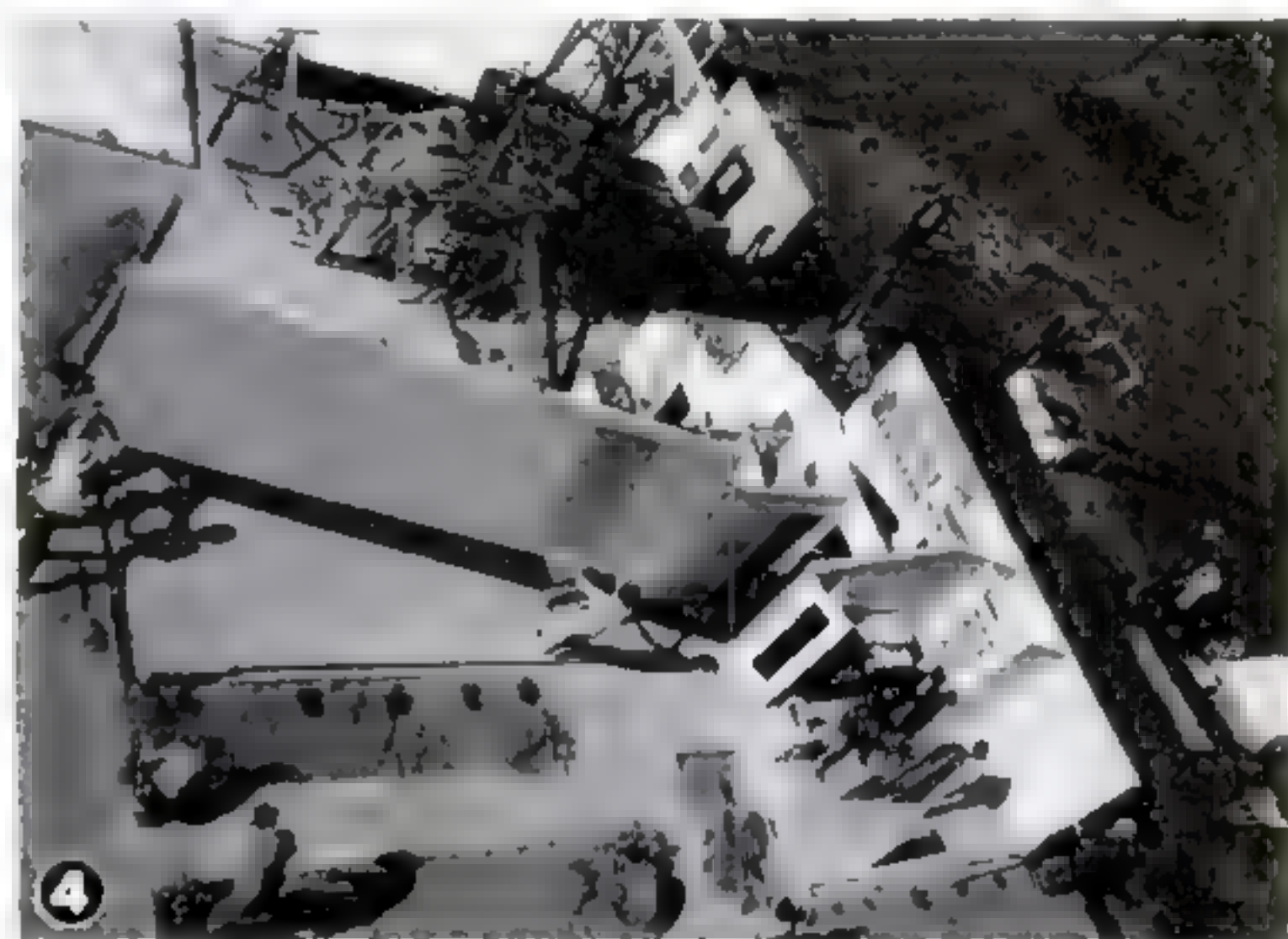
1 11:20. Foundation is ready for house. Kitchen wall (*top*), with curtains already up, waits to go into place. Holes are dug for shrubs. Note slots on foundation edge where walls will be secured.



2 11:20½. First move is to swing entire kitchen and bathroom section into place. Plumber (*third from left*) starts to make first connection under kitchen sink. Note electric-light plugs in floor.



3 11:27. Bedroom closet section (*foreground*) comes next while plumber is still working away under the kitchen sink. The rug is already laid in bedroom, furniture is waiting to be carried in.



4 11:28½. Main front wall, with door attached, is swung into place while the furniture is moved into bedroom. Beside front walk the gardeners plant their shrubs, which are already in bloom.



6 11:38. Prefabricated walls are set up around the already furnished bedroom while furniture is moved into the living room. Wallpaper was pasted on the walls when house was prefabricated.



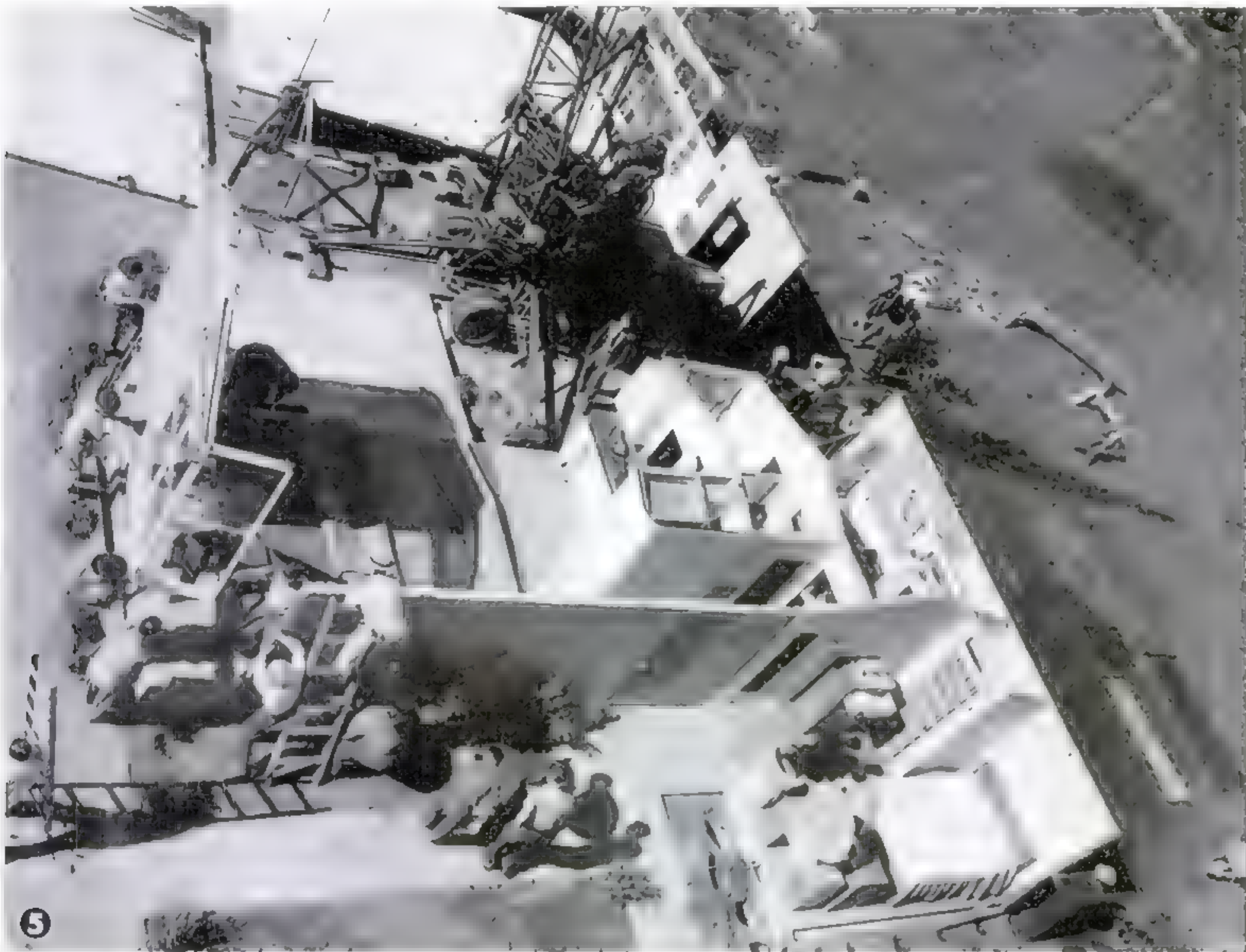
7 11:43½. As last wall goes into place food is already on kitchen sink, cigaret box is on living-room table, flowerpots are on bedroom ledge and gardeners have almost finished with shrubs.

One morning last month at 1849 Lexington Ave., El Cerrito, Calif., there was a new house that hadn't been there 34 minutes before. But they were 34 very busy minutes. While a dynamic young California builder named Hal B. Hayes bossed job, a crane operator, a carpenter and six men set up the house in prefabricat-

ed sections, a plumber followed right behind them connecting things and landscape gardeners planted some shrubs. At the end of the 2,040 seconds a milkman arrived at a completely furnished, lived-in home.

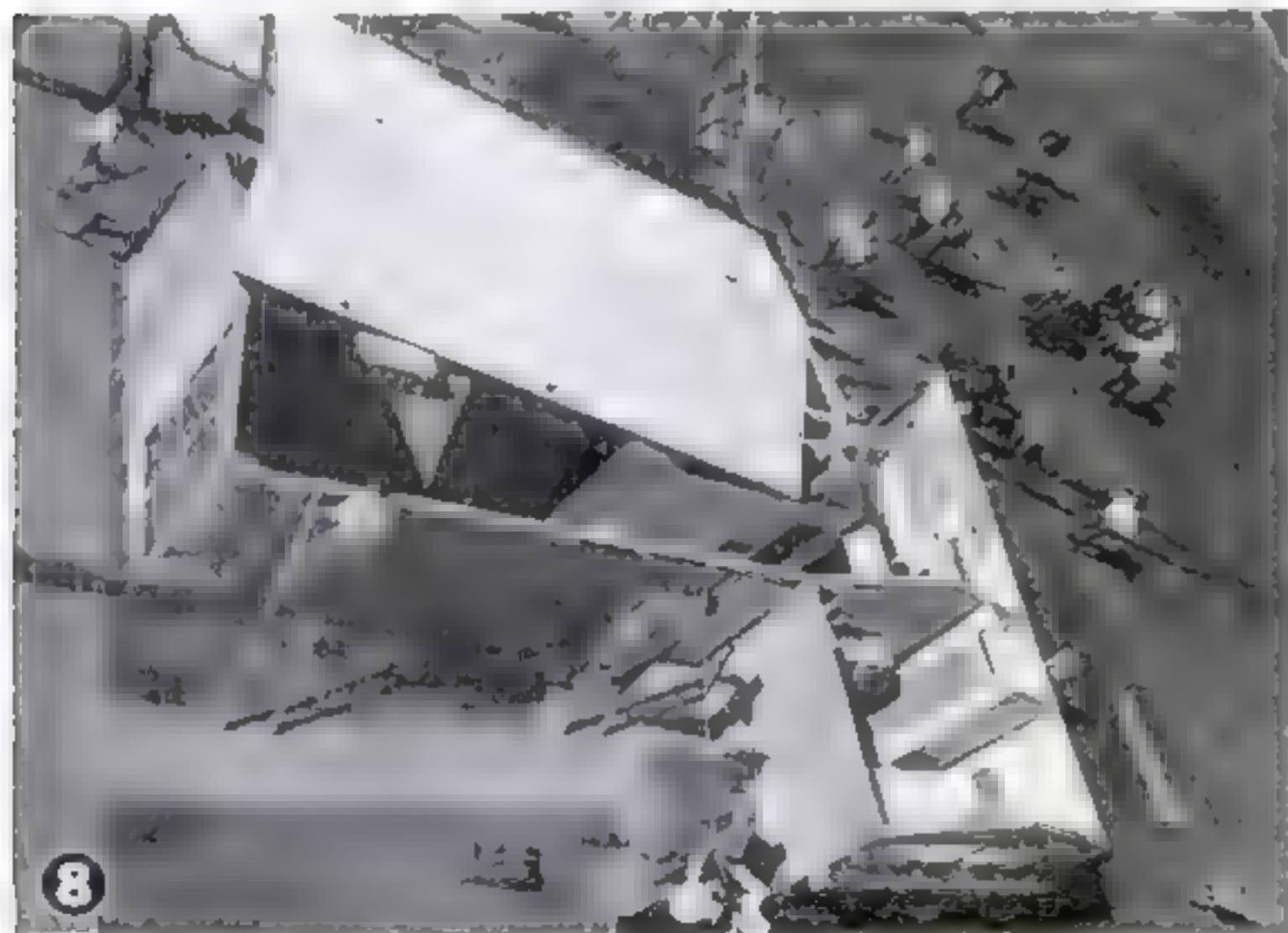
The reason for Builder Hayes's speed was to publicize a new variety of concrete for use as walls, floors

and roof. Hayes claims that it is fireproof, waterproof, earthquake-proof and hurricane-proof, that it can be sawed and nailed like wood and is much lighter than any other type of concrete. As a matter of fact, claims Hayes, it is so light that it probably shouldn't be called concrete at all. His tentative name for it: "Plastic Air."

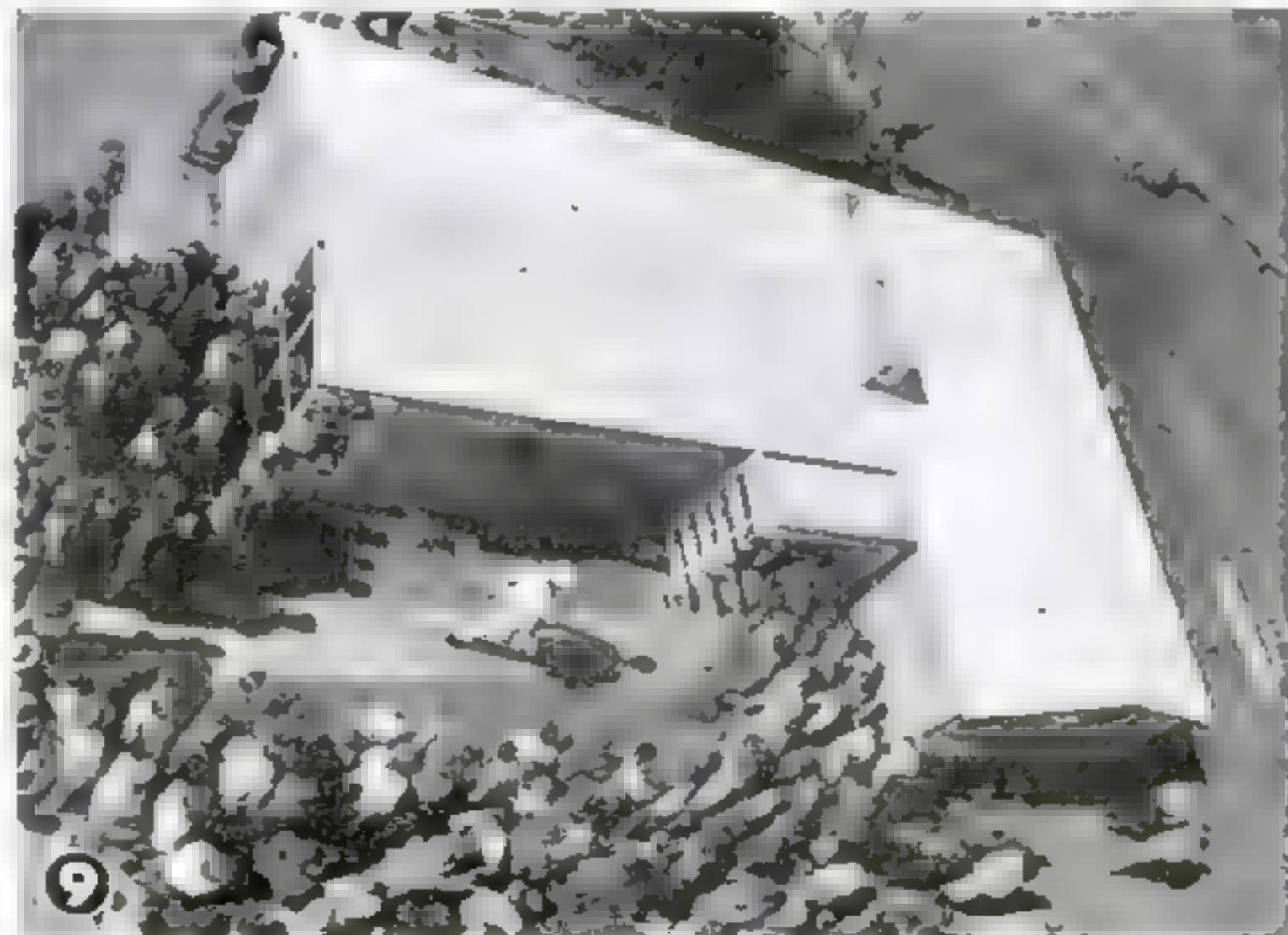


11:29½. Side wall, with corner window, goes into position. Occupants are already settling the bedroom in order and a big rug is being laid out on living-room floor. House has a combina-

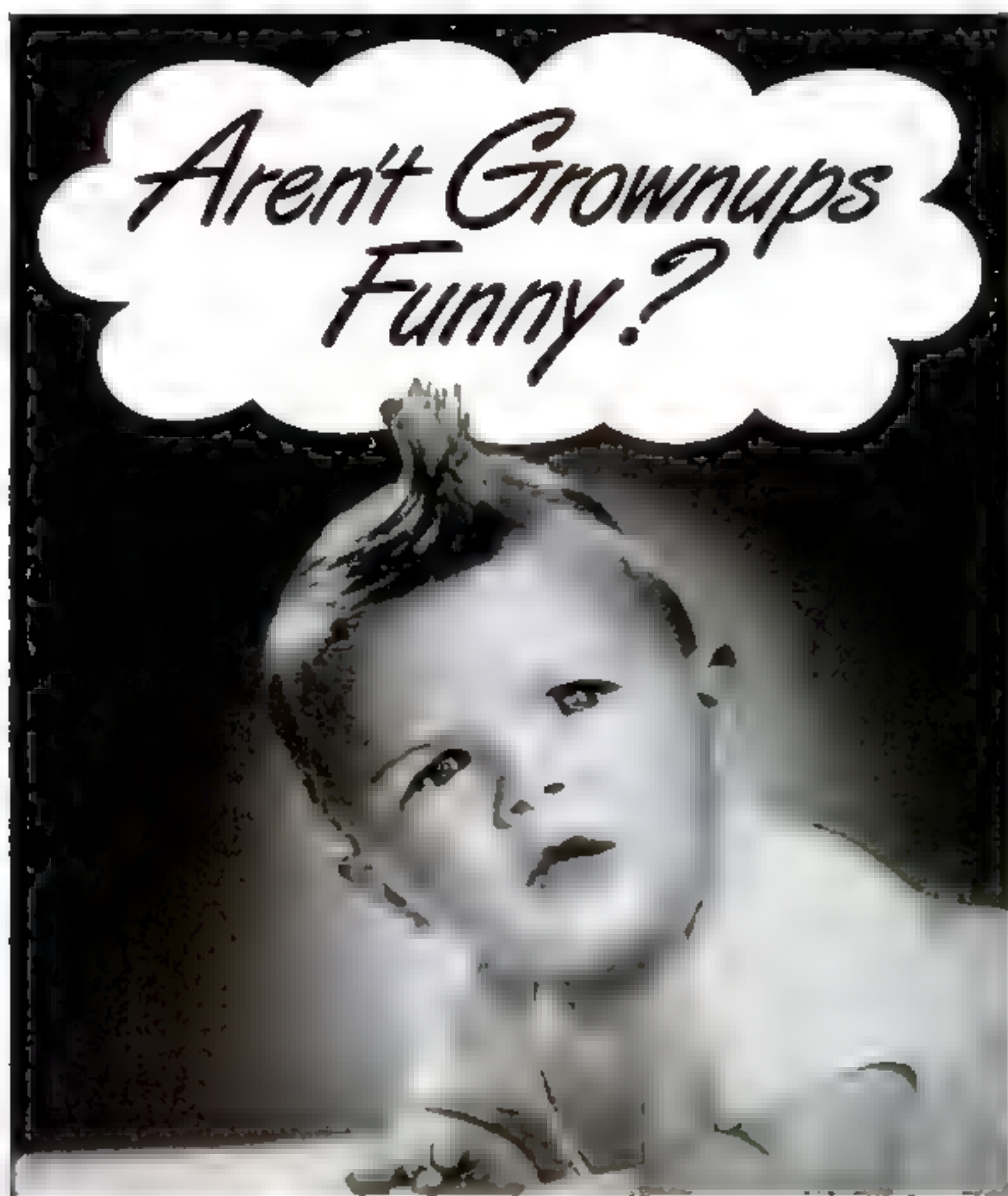
tion living-room-dining-room, tiny kitchen, bath and two bedrooms. It has 700 square feet of floor space, weighs approximately 13 tons and is supposed to be of permanent construction.



11:46½. Roof section swings over the furnished living room. Occupants stayed out while roof went on. Note tools laid out on the roof. By this time a crowd had collected but stayed back.



11:54. With the house finished, crowd peeks in at occupants, who are family of Ray Hayes, brother of Builder Hal Hayes. Milkman arrives with first order for 9-month-old Wynn Hayes.



Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night - NBC Network

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



When crowd leaves window Jinx Halgrimson, who helped Hayes family move furniture, takes the first bath in the new tub, partly to test connections, partly to cool off.



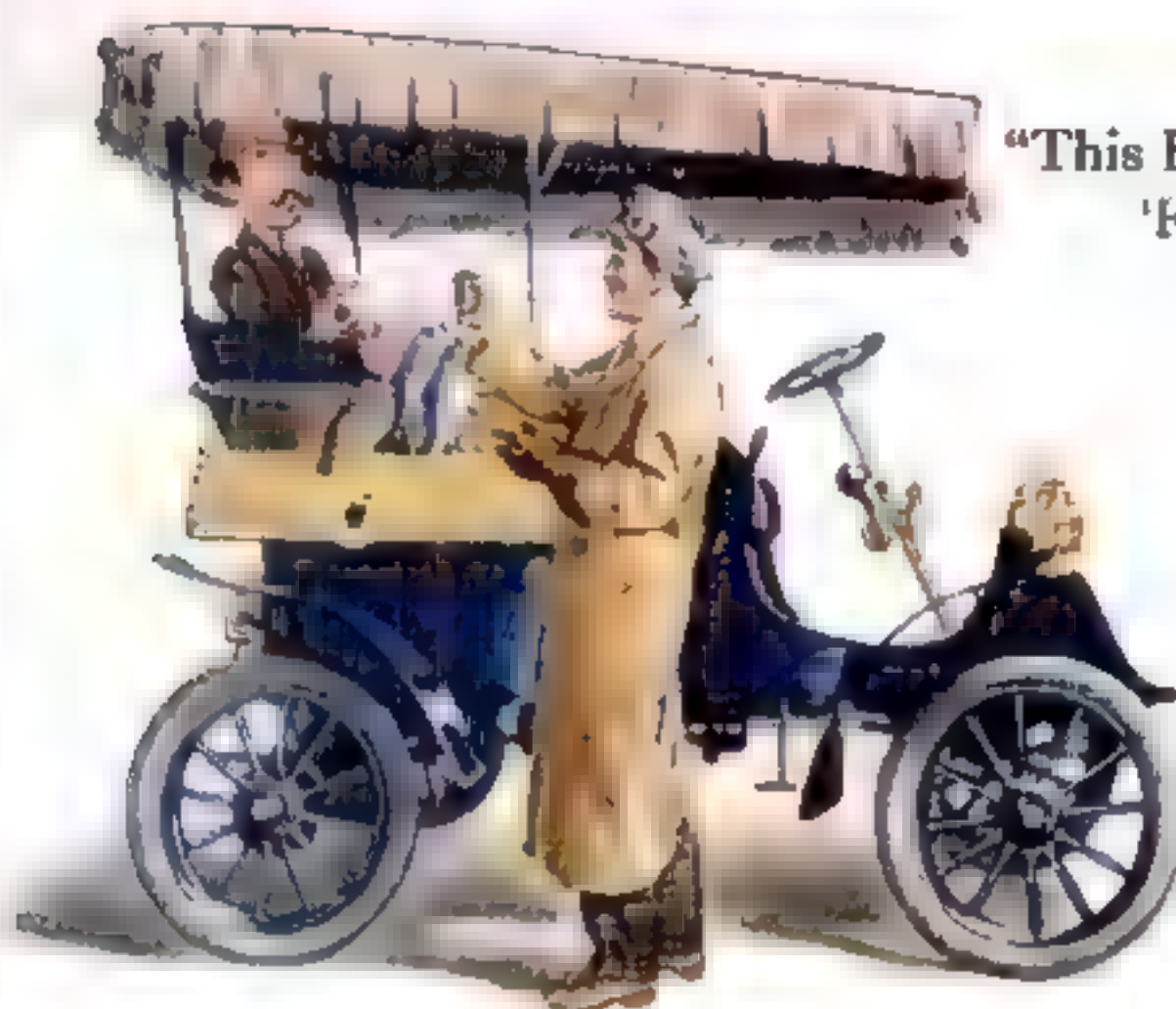
Wynn Hayes waits for what milkman brought while mother warms it on new stove. Occupant of a Hayes house supplies only furniture, plot, Hayes supplies the rest.



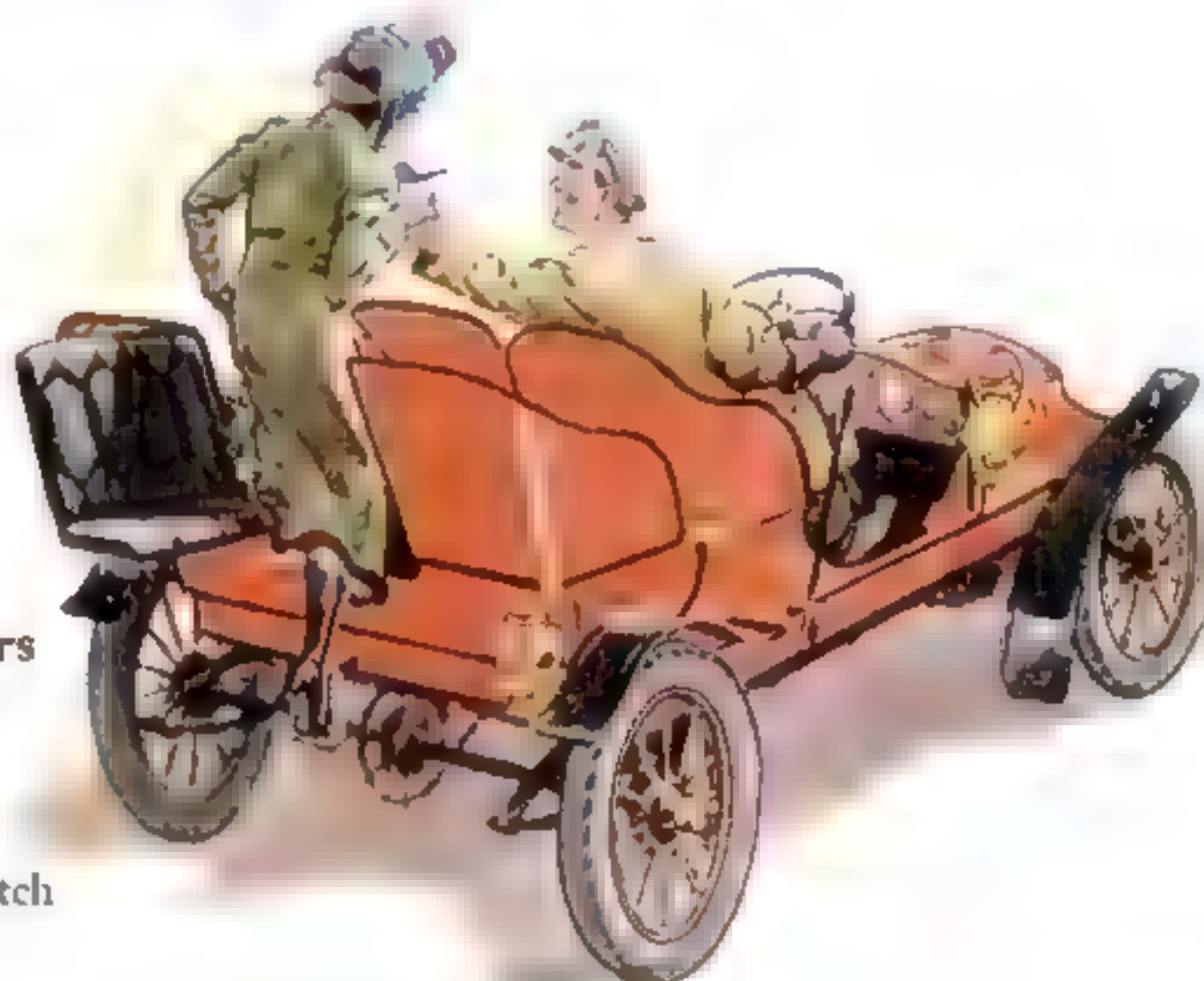
On the patio Jinx sun-bathes. Hayes says his three-room house can sell for \$2,000 after war. Meantime he can't get reinforcing steel, uses concrete for storage tanks.

A visit to James Melton's

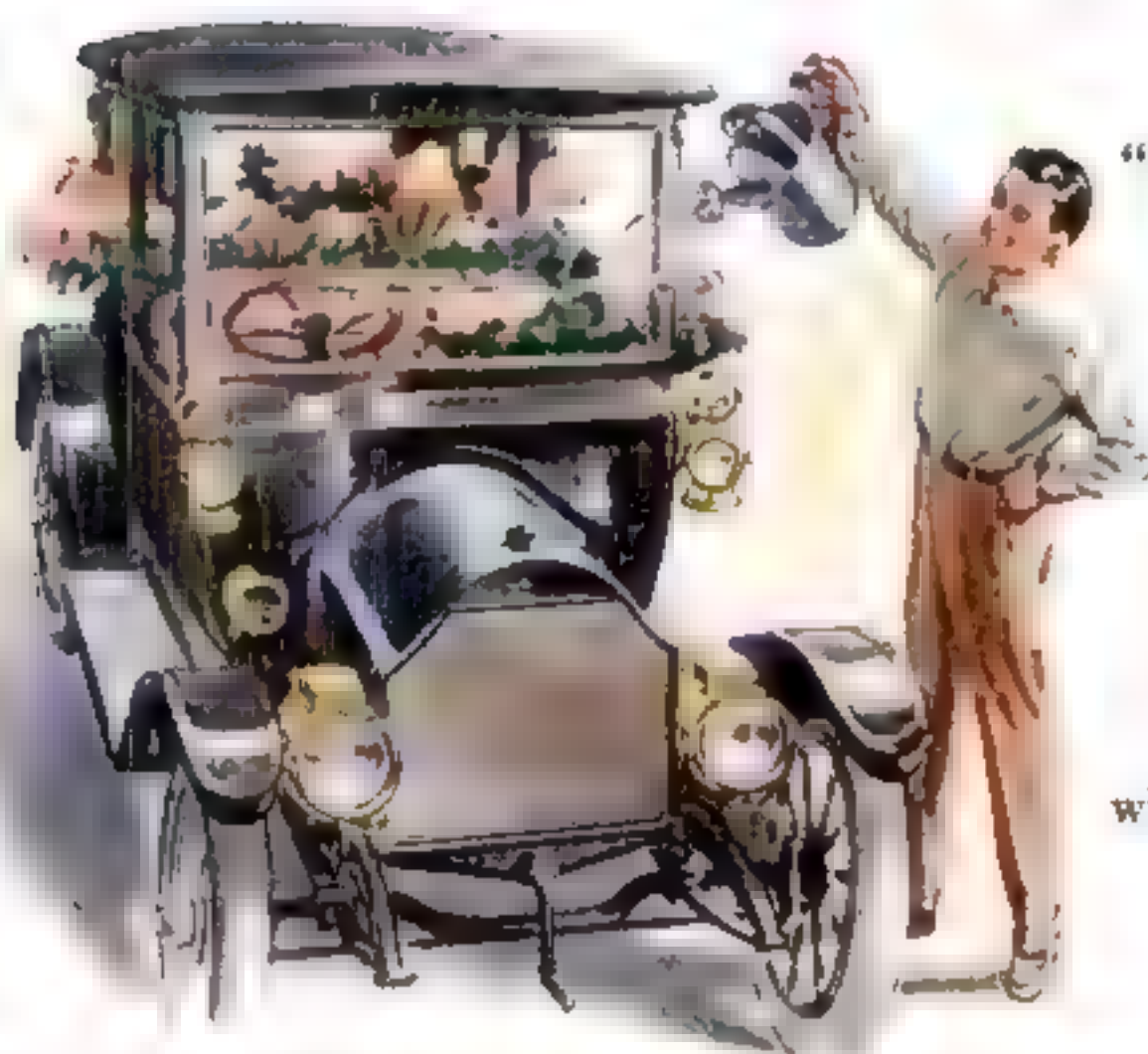
JALOPPY MUSEUM



"This handy fish basket is what sold me on this 'Ford-with-the-fringe-on-top'! Good mechanical condition, too. Probably was brought up on Havoline, the best motor oil you could get — then as now!"



"Bet a lot of back-seat drivers have tumbled through this rear exit. They put too much confidence in the door latch. But one thing that did justify confidence in the old days was Havoline, because it was improved year after year to match every new engine requirement."



"Believe it or not this was a Fiat limousine once. Makes a fine greenhouse now. With Havoline Motor Oil in the crankcase. I wouldn't be afraid of driving it coast-to-coast."

"Won't be long until today's cars are antiques, what with the new wrinkles promised for postwar. And Havoline will be ready with the best motor oil for tomorrow's engines just as it has for every new engine in the past 40 years."



... and best for your car today! Jimmy's right. Today's cars will be antiques some day. But don't let it happen to *your* car ahead of time. Prolong its life with Havoline—the motor oil with 40 years of scientific improvement that makes possible a cleaner engine, more power and "go," more

miles per gallon of precious gas. See your Texaco Dealer today. Fill up with Havoline and keep going strong!

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A Lieutenant Comes Home and

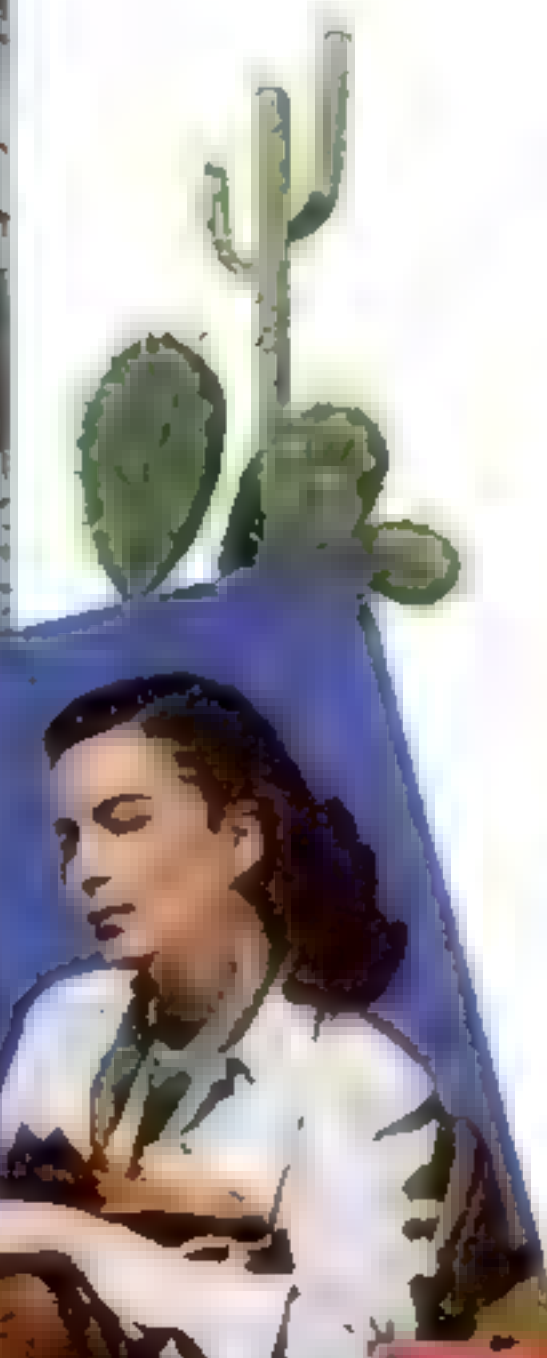
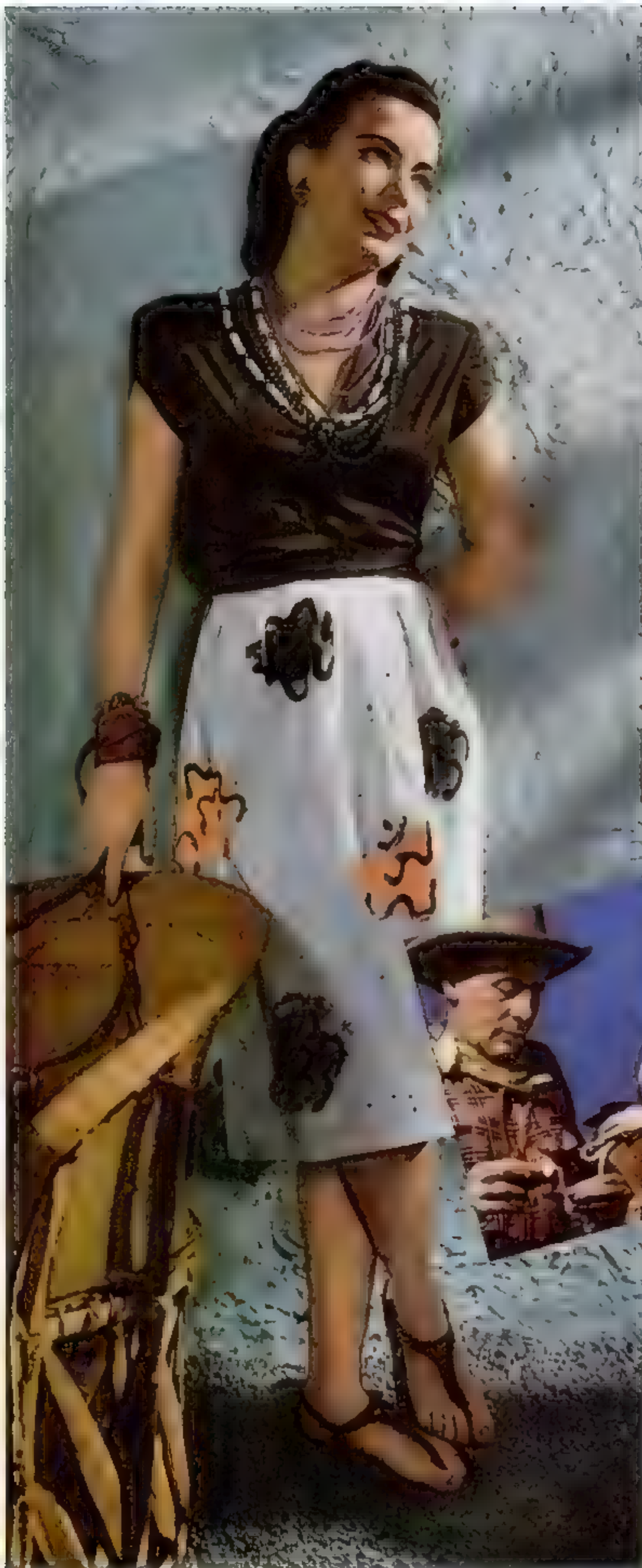
The Marriage Is Announced

Then, for Bonnie Donahue and her Navy Lieutenant, there'll be two honeymoon weeks in sun-flooded Arizona.

To make sure she'll look as good as his dreams of her, Miss Donahue followed the DuBarry Success School plan for professional care of her skin and make-up. She used the DuBarry Beauty Preparations recommended for her skin and color type. Today, her fresh and sparkly look is one any woman would envy.

More than 175,000 other women have taken the famous Success Course and had a wonderful lift from DuBarry Beauty Preparations. The only preparations used in this course, they are *co-*related...formulated to work together for more effective results. They contain no ingredients known to cause common skin allergies, which is just one reason why they're a *co*ted for advertising in the American Medical Association journals.

Wouldn't you like to see what DuBarry Beauty Preparations can do for you? Then ask at any good cosmetic counter for the DuBarry Success-O-Plan for your needs.



Cool for Arizona's warmth: Clarepotter's hand-splattered cotton skirt and jersey blouse.
(Inset) Clarepotter's sheer Shaskan dress, double-stitched for smart accent.

DU BARRY BEAUTY PREPARATIONS
by Richard Hadnut

LIFE'S REPORTS



Marines raise flag atop Mt. Suribachi. This is the dramatic picture made by A.P. Photographer Rosenthal. It was second flag raised on peak, which was still under fire.

THE FAMOUS IWO FLAG-RAISING

A striking picture of U.S. marines raising the American flag atop Mt. Suribachi during the fighting for Iwo Jima (*above*) has become one of the most talked-about pictures of the war. Taken by Associated Press Photographer Joe Rosenthal, it arrived on the home front at the right psychological moment to symbolize the nation's emotional response to great deeds of war. Schoolboys wrote essays about it, newspapers played it for full pages and business firms had blow-ups placed in their show windows. There have been numerous suggestions that it be struck on coins and used as a model for city park statues. Editorialists have likened it to the painting of *Washington Crossing the Delaware*.

Years after the Washington painting had been established as a classic, it became generally known that the artist, Emanuel Leutze, had painted it from German models in a boat on the Rhine River.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"Washington Crossing the Delaware" bears similarity in composition to Mt. Suribachi photograph. A classic American painting, it was posed by models on the Rhine.



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First flag on Mt. Suribachi was photographed by S/Sgt. Louis R. Lowery of *Leatherneck*. His camera was later smashed when he plunged downhill to escape a Jap grenade.

LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

The story behind the Iwo flag-raising picture is equally interesting.

Actually the A.P. picture does not show the first flag-raising on Mt. Suribachi. The only pictures of that historic event were made by S/Sgt. Louis R. Lowery of *Leatherneck*, the Marines' magazine. The facts were told in the following dispatch sent to *Leatherneck* by a Marine correspondent:


"A four-man patrol of F Company, 28th Marines, made the first ascent of the volcano at 8 o'clock Friday, Feb. 23. They went almost to the top, looked over the volcano rim and went back to report they met no resistance. Then Lieut. Harold Schrier, executive officer of E Company, led a platoon to the top.

"This platoon took over the peak, meeting little resistance on the way up. At 10:30 these marines raised the first American flag over Iwo Jima, a ship's flag from an assault transport, brought ashore in a map case by Lieut. George Wells, 2nd Battalion Adjutant. A length of Jap pipe was the flagpole.

"With the platoon as it climbed Suribachi was S/Sgt. Louis R. Lowery, staff photographer for *Leatherneck*. No other photographer came up until after the flag was raised and Lowery got a clean scoop on pictures of the ceremony and the climb up the volcano. As the flag was put up a Jap hiding in a near-by cave hurled a grenade, then charged out waving his sword. Marine fire cut him down and he fell in a bloody heap down the inner slope of the crater, his sword broken. A second Jap hurled a grenade which landed at Lowery's feet and he dived down the steep side of the volcano, rolling 50 feet before he could stop. The grenade blast missed him but he wrenched his side and broke his camera in his tumble. His only other camera was smashed when he landed on the beach 30 minutes after H-hour."

Later that day, while the peak was still under enemy fire, Joe Rosenthal went up with another group of marines. Standing on rocks and a Jap sandbag at the edge of the volcano crater, he photographed them raising a second and larger flag. This picture, far more dramatic than Lowery's, was the one published throughout the U.S. and hailed by Secretary of the Navy Forrestal as "that unforgettable photograph."

War historians will also note that at other heights on the island the Lone Star flag of Texas and a Confederate flag were raised in pictorially unrecorded and spontaneous bursts of enthusiasm. These events all occurred before the formal flag-raising on March 14 when, with planes roaring overhead and gunfire still rumbling in the distance, Admiral Nimitz took over command as military governor of the island and its offshore rocks.



How about a job in 1967?

Why a job in 1967?

Simply because the young man has been taking a look at statistics and has decided he can get ahead faster if he has a college education. He figures he'll be ready to be a lot of help to some good organization by 1967.

Pretty confident about his education?

Of course.

He and his Dad had a talk about it. Then Dad called in his John Hancock agent who worked out a plan. That plan is the secret of the young man's confidence. It guarantees his education.

As for Dad, he expects to live to be eighty. But he too has looked at statistics. So he's taking no chances. If the young man never has to use the life insurance,

Dad will have saved some money anyway—systematically.

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LIFE

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LIFE'S COVER

Gjon Mili took this photograph of Ice Skater Carol Lynne by the intricate method described on pages 106-109. In the picture Miss Lynne is doing a ballet leap, coming in at the right and skating off left. The lines of light trace the patterns of her feet. Daughter of a cattle rancher, Miss Lynne took up skating to improve her ballet dancing and now practices ballet to improve her skating. She now headlines New York's revue, *Hats Off to Ice*.

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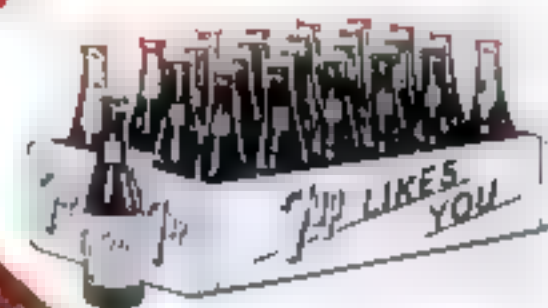
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LIFE'S PICTURES

With a nervous eye cocked at the high-voltage electric wires that surrounded him, LIFE Photographer Nat Farbman perched precariously on top of the 40-foot tower shown at left to take pictures of a house being built in only 34 minutes (see pp. 12-14). Hal B. Hayes built the tower especially for LIFE's use, attached a sign to the scaffolding which said, "... only for LIFE magazine." This forestalled other photographers who were near scene from duplicating Farbman's original idea.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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ANGEL IN MUDDY BOOTS...

I remember you...you are the girl with flying feet who led the way to laughter... you are all the girls I ever liked who brightened a fellow's life...

You didn't always wear muddy boots.

Once you raced over summer lawns in bright, skylarking shoes...a flash of shining brown bare legs...sunshine on wind-tossed hair...I even remember the things you said.

You are the same girl, aren't you—you, there in your muddy boots? The gay companion I needed then—that was you. The angel of mercy that I need now—still you. You grew up, didn't you?

Yes, she grew up...It is the challenge of meeting a need that stimulates growth.

Her muddy boots are an example of that.

The men and women—skilled craftsmen, all—who had made the Gaytees she once welcomed for wet weather protection, the Kedettes that first gave her the delight of casual shoes in color, turned their hand to meeting the need for a sturdy boot that would carry a nurse through mud and rain.

It was because Kedettes and Gaytees met her requirements for health and fashion—because she wanted more of them—that the footwear division of the United States Rubber Company grew in the first place. More and more people were required at bench and assembly line to meet her demands and those

of thousands of other women. She and her friends helped make this company big.

When the war came, these same bootmakers turned their craftsmanship to even tougher problems. They created the Nurses' Arctic, the Soldiers' Arctic, the Jungle Boot, the warm Pilots' Boot, the deck-gripping Sea Boot, the Arctic Mukluk...

Someday peacetime living will come again. Someday there will be girls again who know only the way to laughter—girls who fly over sun-flecked lawns with the lilt of summer in their hearts and rainbows on their feet. Kedettes will be back.

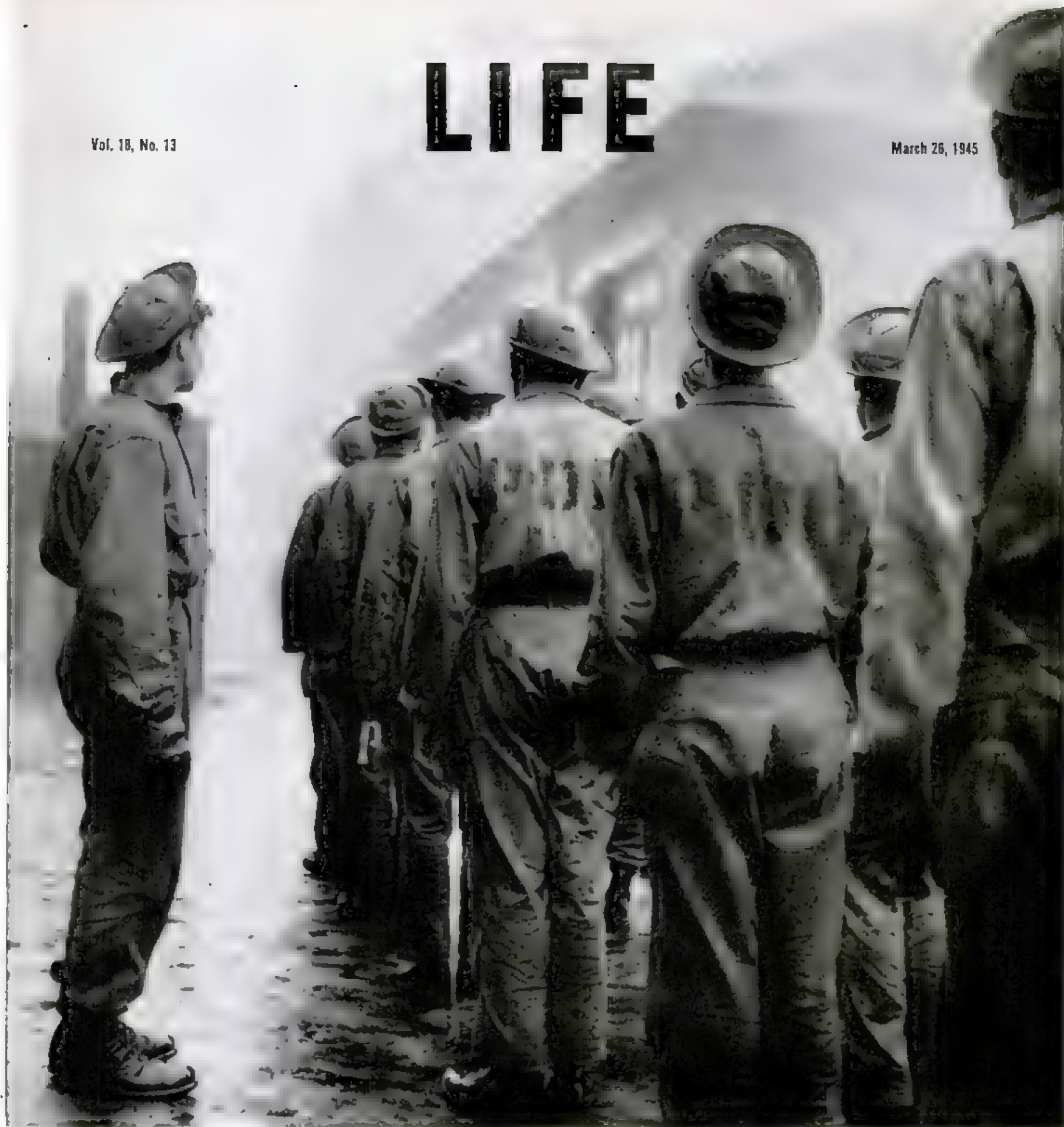
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AMERICAN GIs WHO WENT WRONG IN FRANCE ARE HELD IN THE CASERNE MORTIER DETENTION BARRACKS OUTSIDE PARIS FOR U. S. COURT-MARTIAL AND SOMETIMES EXECUTION

PARIS BLACK MARKET ROBS U. S. ARMY

For the past few months the U. S. Army in France has been fighting a small but important battle far behind the lines. Last week it reported that it was winning its fight against the draining of Army supplies into the voracious French black market. Hundreds of GIs had been caught and punished for stealing supplies. French authorities were helping break the back of the organized black-market gangs. One U. S. railroad battalion (LIFE, March 12) was decimated by court-martial sentences for supply thefts.

It was inevitable that some GIs would get involved in the French black market. In France the people have little, the U. S. Army a lot. The GI is paid in francs at the official rate of 50 francs to the dollar whereas the open-market rate is 200 to the dollar. A soldier on leave is tempted to supplement his meager supply of francs by selling his spare cigarettes at \$2.40 a pack. But the real menace is the handful—some 2,500—of long-term, permanent U. S. Army deserters who turn criminal in order to live in France. True

deserters are punishable by death. Several dozen have already been executed in France. Some have been killed resisting arrest.

Among these last were members of the "Voltaire" gang of Paris, who stole Army trucks, collected gasoline at military depots on fake requisitions and lived well. LIFE Photographer David Scherman went with the Army's Criminal Investigation Division men, recorded in step-by-step photographs the grimly efficient way the Army tracked down the Voltaire gang.

THIS IS THE SAD CASE OF THE "VOLTAIRE" GANG OF GI BLACK-MARKET DESERTERS



1 Case begins quietly when U.S. military police spy U.S. Army trucks at the far end of a deep alley off the Avenue Chateillon in Paris. They ought not to be there. Military police look into it.



2 A guard is posted in garage at end of alley, in case black marketeers return. In the garage are three military 2 1/2-ton trucks in fairly good condition, worth \$4,000 apiece in Paris black market.



3 Inside trucks are U.S. Army gasoline cans, full, as well as a number of hand grenades. A can full of gasoline brings \$15. The officer is an agent of Army's Criminal Investigation Department.



4 Civilian manager of garage tells an MP that an apparently genuine U.S. officer in uniform had "requisitioned" his garage. Case breaks when a Negro GI member of gang returns to garage.



5 Trail leads to Hotel Familia on a dark and snowy night. The white leader of the gang, Walter, and two Negro followers start shooting at the Army police and seriously wound two with 45s.



6 The end of gang leader Walter, called "Voltaire," comes in a corridor of Hotel Familia. One Negro was also killed, another escaped. They had stolen several thousand gallons of gasoline.

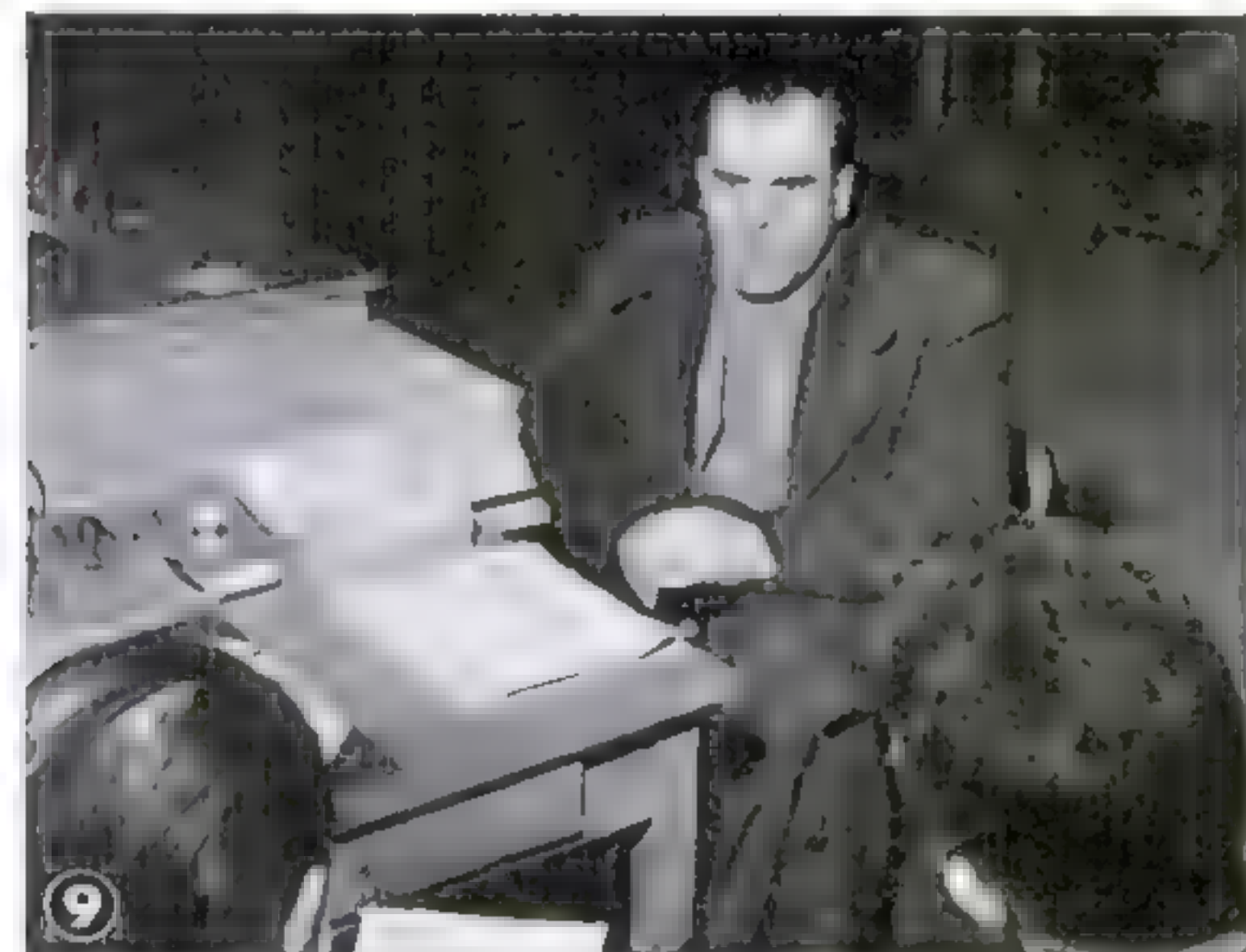
IT BEGINS IN A PARIS ALLEY AND ENDS IN THE DEATH HOUSE OF CASERNE MORTIER



French Detective Marius Prot (right), attached to U.S. headquarters, questions Camellia, mistress of one of the gang. He is on trail of a French civilian who drove the Voltaire gang around.



A French convict and murderer called "Monsieur Jean," whose real name is Oudart, is caught by Prot after chase across most of France. He had been gang's chief contact with gas outlets.



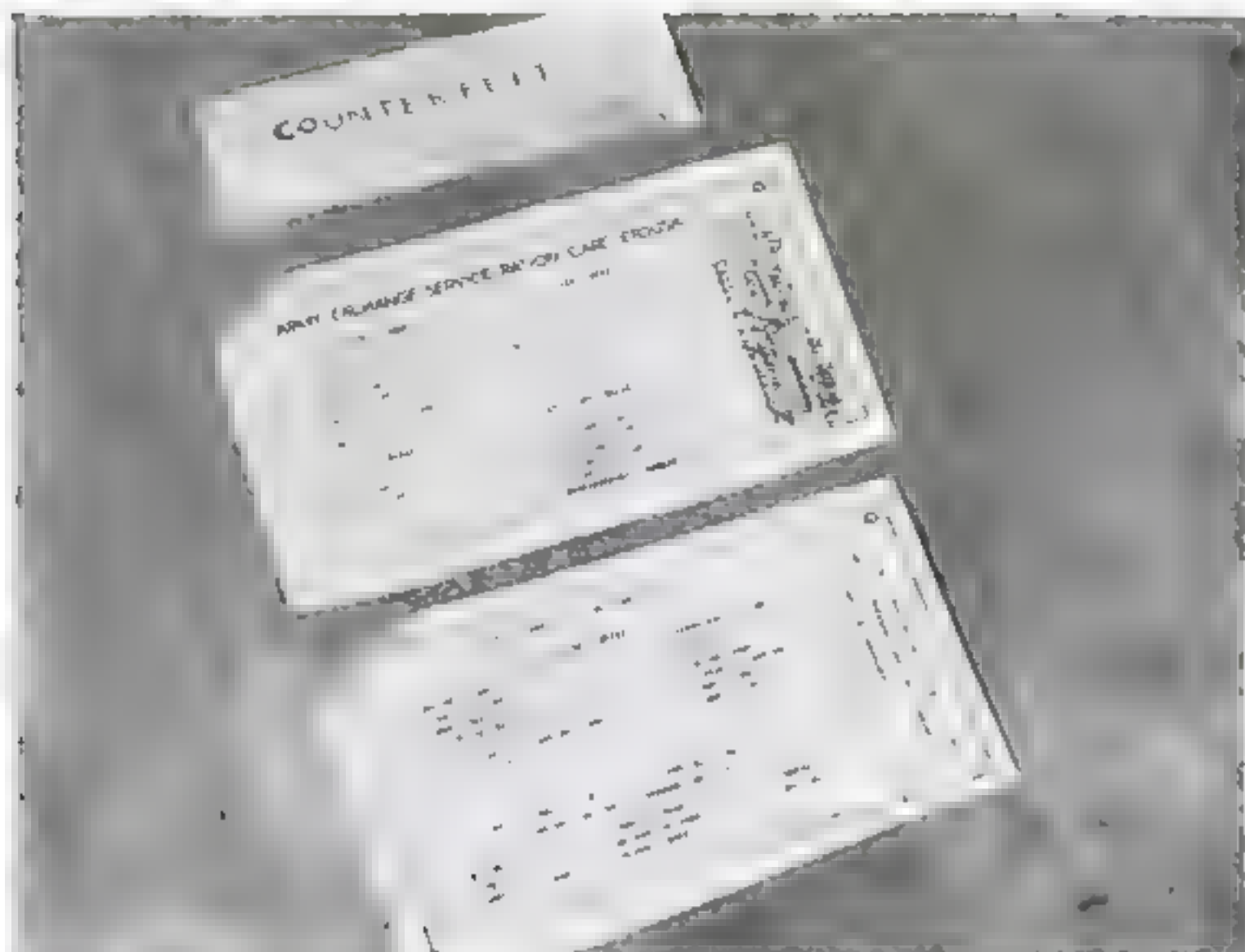
Monsieur Jean denies everything, claiming false arrest. He would only admit to having bought a few gallons of gas and four turkeys from GI gang. Detective Marius Prot is unimpressed.



Identification of Monsieur Jean is made by two captured gang survivors, Herman and Davis (right), in the barracks at the Caserne Mortier in a Paris suburb. This virtually closes the case.



Condemned cell block in prison is where deserter-black marketeers frequently end. Nine GIs were executed in Paris in January, primarily for long-term desertion lasting over 90 days.



Counterfeit ration cards, used at U. S. Army post exchanges, were peddled by GIs. After four years of expert counterfeiting under the German occupation, the French are probably the best document-fakers in the world. For a few francs one can buy a fake pass to fly home to the U. S.



GI soap sells on Paris black market at \$1.20 for Lux, \$1.50 for bigger Ivory, \$3 for big laundry soap. Other prices: condensed milk \$4 a can, butter \$12 a tin, small Hershey bar \$1, galoshes \$100, whisky \$20 a quart, coal \$100 a bag, gasoline \$30 for a five-gallon can. Gas is the big item.



A nightclub raid is run off by French police. All Paris nightclubs had been closed two weeks before by police order because of the critical shortage of electricity. This place also sold American cigarets and charged exorbitant prices. The customers were questioned and then released.

JEEPS, CIGARETS, GASOLINE, SOAP TRICKLE INTO FRENCH CIVILIAN USE

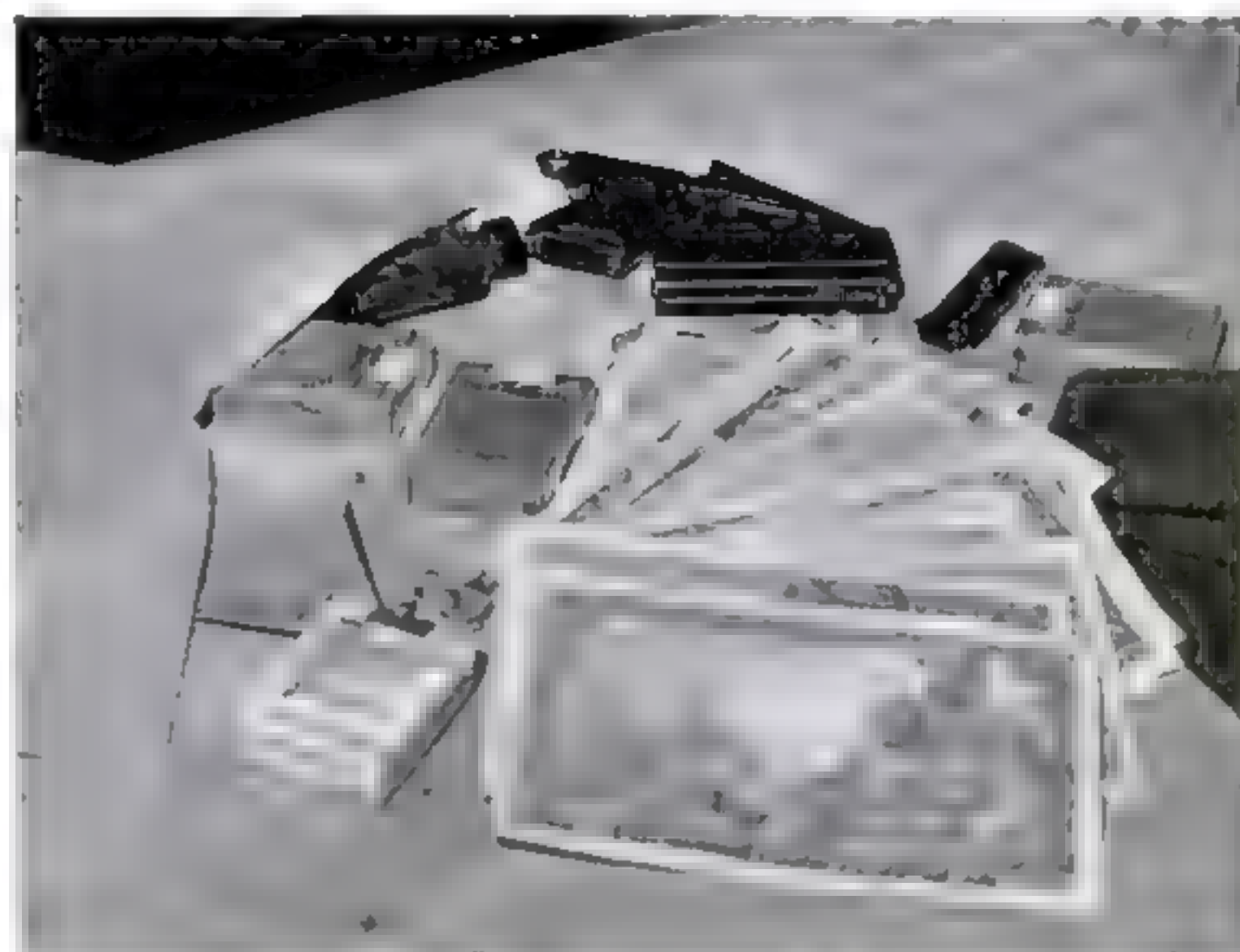


ROTOR ARM IS GOOD TO STEAL JEEP

The handiest black-market item to have is the rotor arm of a jeep. This is what soldiers remove from the jeep's distributor to prevent its being stolen while parked. Thus, anyone with a jeep rotor arm can drive off any jeep he finds. Rotor arms sell in Paris for \$40. Commonest black-market item is American cigarets (*opposite*), selling for \$2.40. There were plenty in Paris until the recent stiff convictions. Said the

Paris provost marshal, "In London we got along with 700 military police. Here we have 4,000. Paris is where the money is and that is where the trouble is, too."


Frenchmen find it difficult to get excited about the black market. They had one for four years under German occupation, when the black market was considered a patriotic institution because it thwarted the Nazis. Now they are money-rich and commodity-poor. Their desperate demand tends to create a supply. An additional aggravation to the Army were late-comer, hoodlum Maquis who hijacked or "requisitioned" U. S. Army supplies by force, as "allies." The French government, long indifferent to the black market, has lately begun to crack down in earnest. But the French courts are already clogged with "purge" cases of accused collaborationists.



\$800 in serially numbered French francs, apparently a pay-off, was found in one GI's pocket. Soldier also had small automatic. Since soldiers are not permitted to carry weapons on furlough, he was picked up in the hope that he might lead agents to another black-market leak.



Meat-running is controlled by examining packages and valises of French civilians riding on trains. Agents are from Parisian Police Economique newly formed to fight black market. Meat goes to expensive restaurants that charge up to \$100 a meal, thus benefits only the very rich.



ONLY THING WRONG IN THIS SCENE AT PARIS CAFE
IS PACKAGE OF BLACK-MARKET AMERICAN CIGARETTES

"UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES"

WHAT ARE THEY? THE SUCCESSOR TO THE DIES COMMITTEE IS TRYING TO FIND OUT

What was wrong with the late Dies Committee? One thing, certainly: the prejudiced and primitive methods of its chairman, Martin Dies. In six years he spent \$675,000 investigating "un-American activities." At the end of it he had so many enemies, so few friends, that he decided not to run for re-election. But though Martin Dies is politically dead, his committee is not. Congress has established it on a new and permanent footing.

The new committee's auspices are better. One of its Republican members, Karl Mundt of South Dakota, has begun his job in a very serious and public-spirited manner. Seeking advice, Mr. Mundt has written to both friends and foes of the dead Dies Committee, including Eleanor Roosevelt, Henry Wallace, Harold Ickes, officers of the American Legion and Knights of Columbus and the editors of *LIFE* and other publications. "Too often," he writes, "we are inclined to attribute 'un-Americanism' to political, economic and social theories with which we disagree. Obviously this is not the proper test."

Then what is? Mr. Mundt wants to know.

One piece of advice to the new committee is easy: avoid Martin Dies's obvious bias and errors. Toward the end he ran a one-man show, issuing "committee reports" which the other members had not even read. He attached as much importance to gossip and opinion as to evidence and facts. The "facts" he got were often wrong and seldom corrected. His "star" investigator was one J. B. Matthews. As an avowed fellow traveler in earlier life, Matthews had made irresponsible attacks on good conservative Americans. So he tried to atone by making equally irresponsible attacks on good liberal Americans. The Dies Committee's highhanded methods and procedures are easily corrected if the new committee obeys a single injunction: play fair.

What "Un-American" Is Not

The Democratic mayor of Jersey City, Frank Hague, once said in a speech: "We hear about constitutional rights, free speech and the free press. Every time I hear those words I say to myself, 'That man is a Red, that man is a Communist. You never heard a real American talk in that manner.'" That is one definition of un-Americanism. Is it also an example of it? The *New York Times* has called the Dies Committee itself un-American. Is the poll tax un-American? Is anti-Semitism? Anglophobia? Anglophilia? The Anti-Saloon League?

The doctrines of Americanism are gloriously many and diverse. Only in totalitarian countries is the national dogma so flat and bounded that heresy can be readily spotted. Nevertheless there is something peculiarly American about the impulse that starts an investigation of un-American activities. A restless national conscience is always driving

us to examine and re-examine our own beliefs and behavior. The quest may do much good if it does not get lost in false objectives.

First of all, the committee is directed (by resolution) at "un-American activity." As Representative Voorhis has pointed out, this does *not* mean thoughts. There is no such thing as an un-American thought. To hold any views, popular or not, is "a fundamental, moral and constitutional right," says Voorhis, "so long as they are openly and honestly held and so long as the ends sought . . . are pursued only by open, peaceful, democratic, constitutional means." Even this may be too restrictive a charter. Jefferson prescribed "a little rebellion now and then" for a healthy nation. Lincoln spoke of the people's "revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow" the government. Such views are American enough. Against incitement to crimes of violence there are specific laws, whose violators may safely be left to the courts and police. So much for what the Japanese call "dangerous thoughts."

In the second place, all that is non-American is not necessarily un-American, even if it is clearly activity. Pulaski remained a Pole, Lafayette a Frenchman, but their activity was not un-American. Non-Americans have defended American interests in every war we have fought. We need no congressional investigation of foreigners as such. They may be left to the Immigration and Naturalization Service—and in some cases to the Hall of Fame. So much for aliens.

Not even all that is criminal activity is un-American. To err is human and so sin—like virtue—is international. Jesse James, Richard Whitney, the GI cigaret hijackers in France are all sons—erring sons—of our nation. So are the convicts who volunteer as guinea pigs for wartime malaria experiments. Care of all such may be left to our penal code. So much for lawbreakers.

And, finally, not all foreign-directed activity is un-American. Ambassadors, consuls, visiting lecturers of all nationalities who are financed from abroad speak for foreign interests. Some may even be anti-American; but they are not what we mean by un-American. They are required by law to register as foreign agents. Care of them may be left to the State Department.

The Masked

Thus many activities which are non- or even anti-American have been foreseen and their handling provided for by law. What then remains for a congressional committee on un-American activities?

If we bear in mind that the main function of this congressional investigating committee is not to convict, not to indict, not necessarily even to propose legislation, but to *study* and *expose*, the answer becomes a little eas-

ier. Its chief target should be political activity which pretends to be what it is not.

Both of the world's great revolutionary organizations—the Communist Party and the Nazi Party—are adepts at the masquerade. They employ sympathizers to perform innocently or at least legally what they can not effectively do themselves. Thus *Social Justice*, Father Coughlin's magazine, used to carry articles which pretended to be written from one American to another, but which were actually written in Berlin in pursuit of Nazi foreign policy. Assuming that Father Coughlin knew what he was doing, he was un-American. He may tell himself that his end—a technocratic, theocratic America or whatever the hell it is—justifies the means: concealed collaboration with a foreign power. But one basic tenet of Americanism is that ends never justify means; the means are just as important.

So with the Communists. America needs strong radical parties as a challenge and stimulus to free capitalism. The Communist Party (or Political Association, as it is now called) cannot fill that usefully competitive role because it has no scruples about means and because its first loyalty is to the national interest of a foreign (however friendly) power. The Communists operate through numerous and ever-changing "fronts," from labor groups to share-cropper rallies. These fronts often hold good American aims. But so long as the Communist interest in them is *concealed*, we need a committee with sovereign powers to keep "unmasking" it (to use a favorite Communist word). The subsequent fate of the exposed front is no business of the committee.

And the Unbelievers

The Swiss dealt with the Nazi and Communist masquerade by outlawing both parties. That was the easy way. For us to do so would seriously weaken our Bill of Rights. Yet this fact brings up another reason why these and other parties, such as the Ku Klux Klan, need exposure. Although they are protected by the Bill of Rights they do not respect its protection of others and if they came to power they would abolish it.

It would be un-American to deny the protection of the Bill of Rights to its enemies. In the center of that paradox lies the vital area where a committee on un-American activities can usefully operate. Let it, without fear or favor, ceaselessly look for the unbelievers and the masked. Not to persecute, but to expose and identify. A good labeling job would be worth many times the \$675,000 which Martin Dies misused. And if the labels are correctly affixed, our Bill of Rights will survive its foes and our political fortunes may be safely left to the good sense of the American people.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

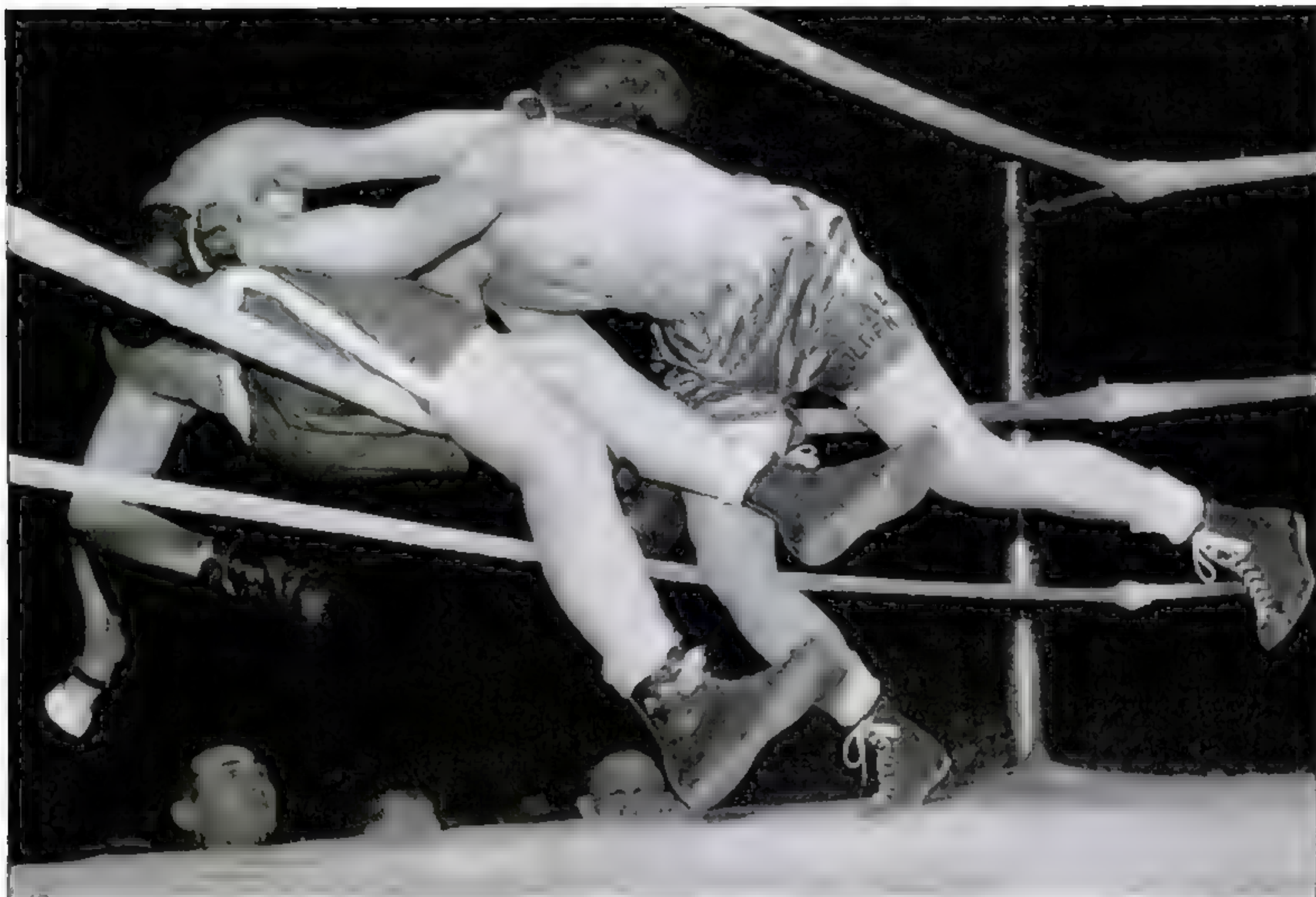
For 30 years a royal edict forbade taking of pictures of an investiture in Buckingham Palace. Royal reason: bright lights might tire the monarch or

disturb solemn atmosphere. Recently *The Times* of London got the rule relaxed and photographed King George giving Major Tasker Watkins the Vic-

toria Cross. In France Major Watkins had led a bayonet charge, singlehanded wiped out an enemy gun position and brought his men back to safety.



Investiture at Buckingham Palace is photographed for first time when King George presents Victoria Cross to war hero



IN CHICAGO GOLDEN GLOVES BOUT ROBERT WILSON OF SIOUX CITY, IOWA SAILS THROUGH ROPES WITH SGT. TRUMAN SWINGLE OF OMAHA TOPPLING OVER HIM, WILSON WON

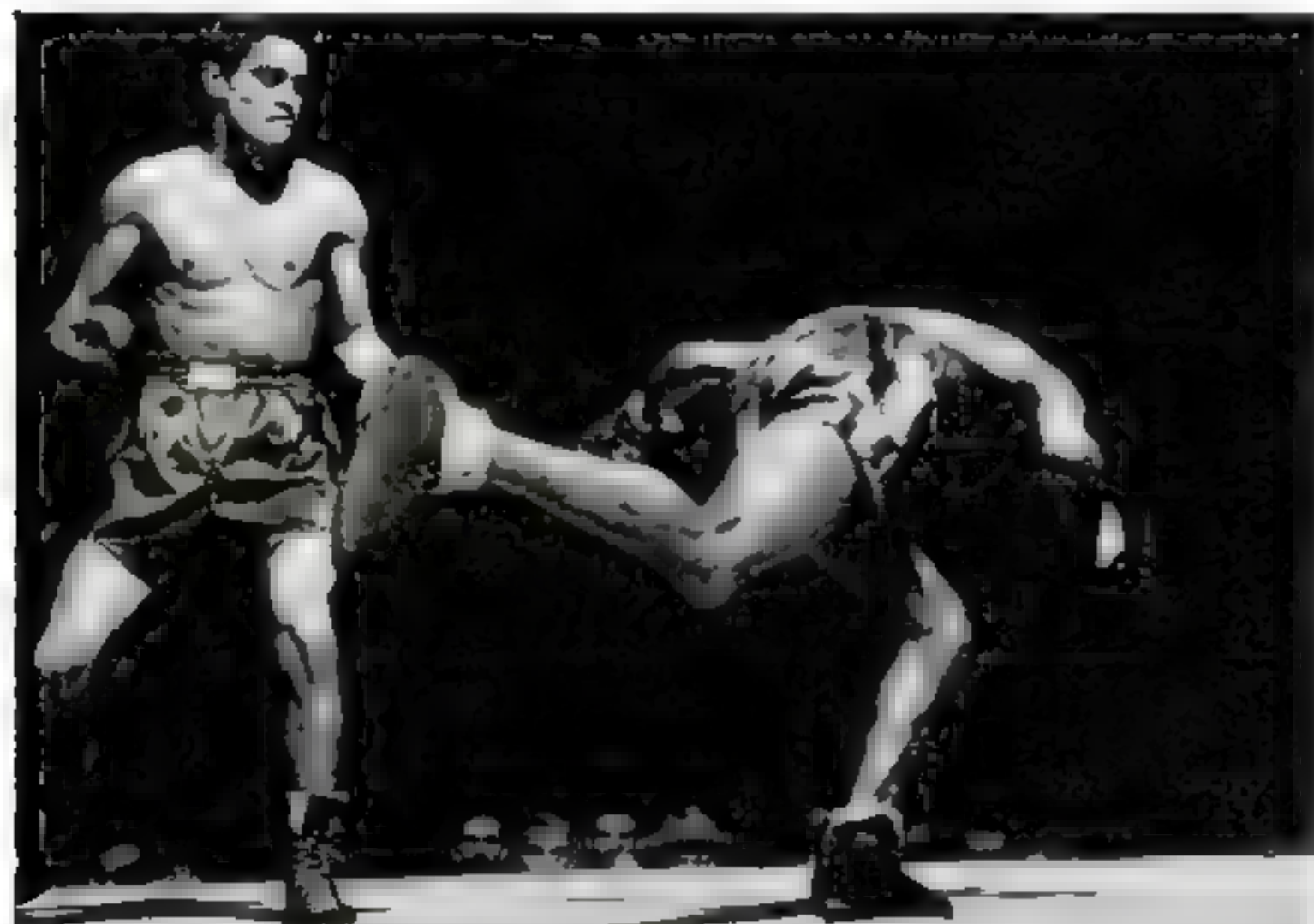
"GOLDEN GLOVES"

Young amateurs knock each other
in a nationwide slugging match

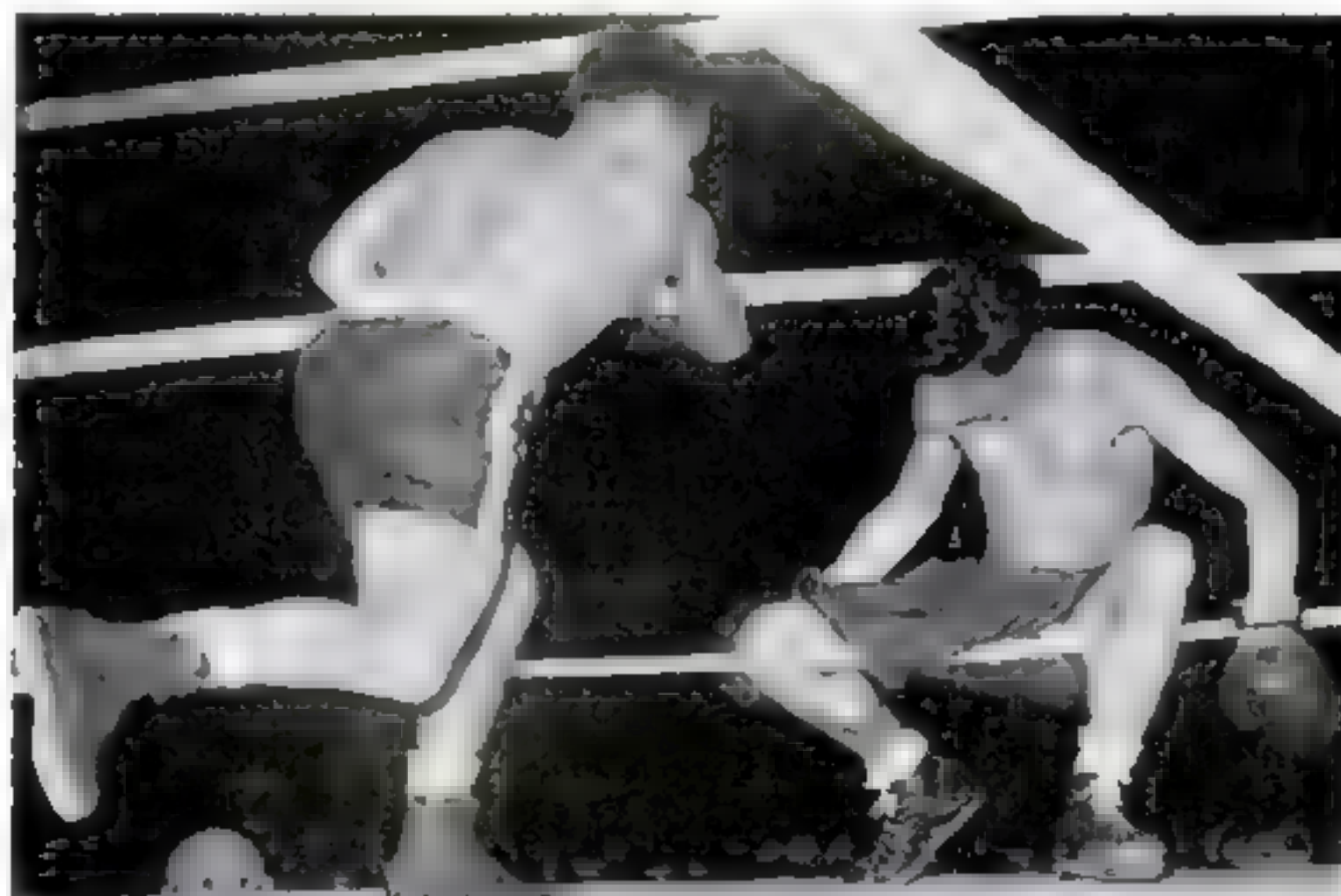
All over the U.S. during the last few weeks large numbers of young men were sent thudding onto the canvas floors of prizefight rings. The occasion was the 1943 performance of the 18-year-old Golden Gloves boxing tournaments. Sponsored by big city newspapers, they help discover young talent in amateur prizefight circles and annually provide more murderous slugging than almost any other boxing event. Last week the semifinal tournaments were held in Chicago and New

York. They produced some promising boxers and some exceptional sports pictures. Best of the pictures was the frightening photograph of the wind-up of a right hook shown on the opposite page.

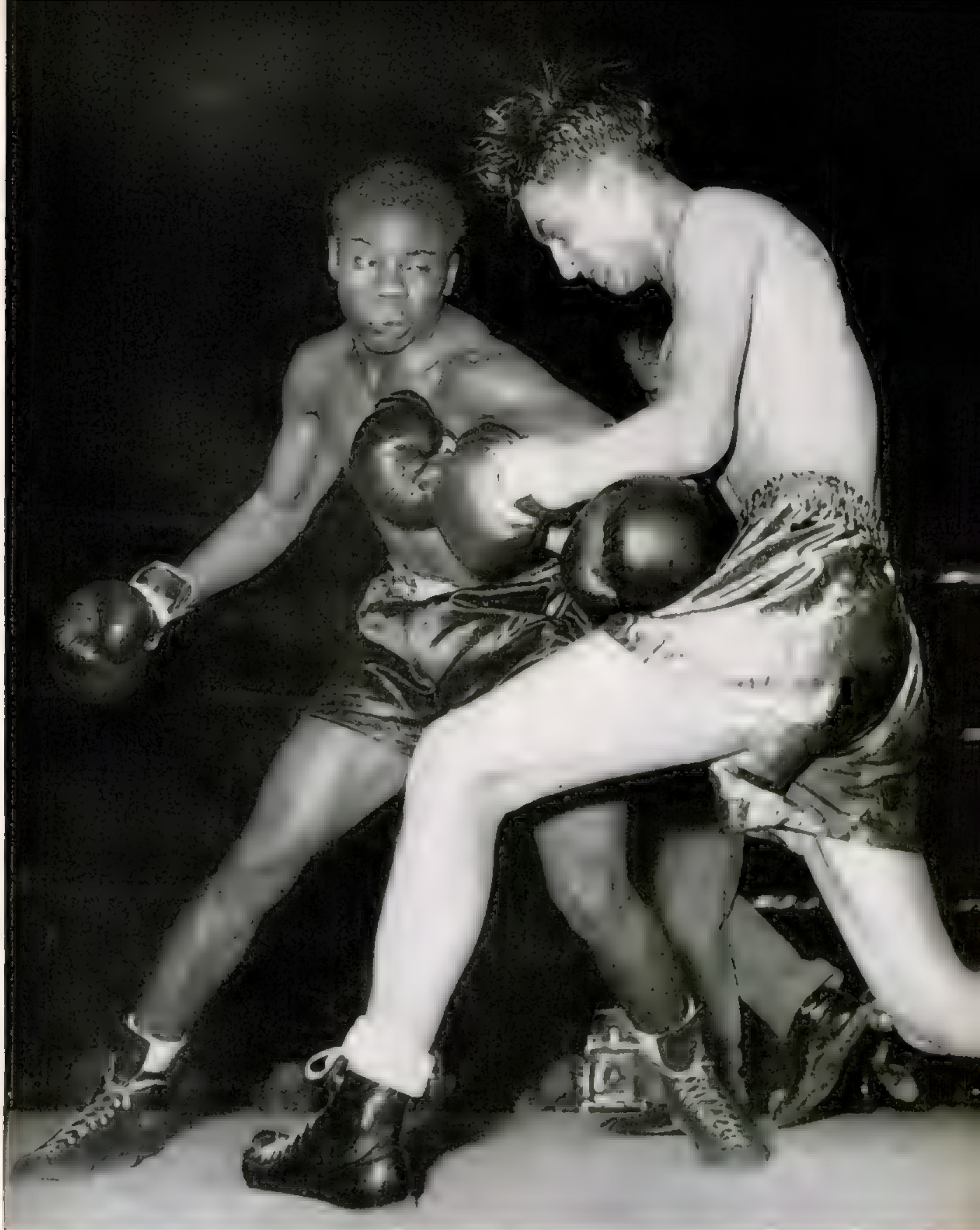
In New York City a sporting flair was added to the event when the winning New York team gave its trophy to the second-place Puerto Rico fighters. From the New York winners a team will be selected to fight the best of the West in Chicago for the all-American title.



Going down from blow on chin, William Simon of New York falls away from Francisco Colon Garcia, captain of Puerto Rico team. Almost knocked out three times, Simon lost to Garcia.



Tangling with the ropes, Russell McCarthy of Grand Rapids sits on the bottom strand. He lost his fight to Los Angeles' Aldo Lupari in Chicago Stadium. Chicago team won the tournament.



Winding up a killing right, Puerto Rican Adolfo Calderon almost knocks out New Jersey's Sal Puzzo in third round of bout in New York's Madison Square Garden. Calderon won match by

decision. This picture, one of the best boxing photographs of the season, was taken by Photographer Lawrence Froehner of the New York *Daily News*, which sponsored the bouts in New York.





The Emperor's palace grounds, never photographed by Japanese, are seen from B-29. Palace is in upper half of picture on

bank of small moat, opposite cross-shaped moat. Stables are at the lower left. High walls hide grounds from common eyes.

B-29s BURN OUT THE CENTER OF TOKYO

Air-Force photograph shows destruction wrought by 300 U.S. bombers

Early on the morning of March 10 Tokyo was swept by destruction hitherto visited on it only by catastrophic earthquakes. A fleet of 300 B-29s from the Marianas, officially known as Mission 40, flew in low over Japan's capital and saturated the slums and business districts on either side of the Sumida River with flaming jellied gasoline. Whipped by brisk March winds, the flames leaped across newly built fire breaks, engulfed the city's great east-section industrial area.

The terrible earthquake fire of 1923 had trapped and burned thousands along the banks of the sewerlike Sumida. Mission 40 caused as great a fire, but not so great a loss of life. Still Tokyo counted its dead by the thousands last week and the unprotected masses jammed railroads in panic-stricken attempts to get out of the city.

When U. S. reconnaissance planes flew over Tokyo 48 hours after the raid to take the extraordinary photograph at the left, the white cap of Fujiyama gleamed 60 miles away. The city itself was whitened by ashes of its flimsy wooden houses and smoke was still rising over the huge burned-out patches (lower right of photograph). Thirteen major war plants had been

destroyed along with hundreds of smaller plants. So far as could be seen in the photograph, the fire had not scarred the Emperor Hirohito's moated palace.

Two days after the Tokyo strike, the same planes and the same crews struck Nagoya, Japan's third largest city. The ground crews on Saipan, Tinian, Guam had worked 36 hours without sleep in order to get the planes ready. It had always been thought impossible to return nearly 100% of a fleet of B-29s to the air so quickly. Then two days after Nagoya raid, 300 B-29s raided Osaka, Japan's second city. Three days later

a greater number seared Kobe, Japan's most important ship-building center. The week's known losses from the four missions totaled four B-29s.

Japan had entered a new phase of the war. Already it was virtually cut off from the resources of the Indies to the south. Now its industry faced siege and destruction from the still-growing American airpower. Germans took time out from their troubles to say, "Japan is in the same position as Germany in many ways." But airmen seasoned by Europe's campaigns knew how much pounding a modern industrial nation could take and still fight a full-scale war.



Key to photograph at left locates landmarks and areas. Burned-out section is light patch, lower right.



A poker-faced German girl rests with her dog while carrying her personal belongings through the streets of Cologne. In background are the skeletal towers of the cathedral. When the Amer-

icans arrived Cologne's civilians came out of their cellars at the strange quiet, blinking in the light. Only an estimated 120,000 people remained of the city's prewar population of 780,000.



IN CENTER OF COLOGNE THE CATHEDRAL SOARS OVER THE CITY'S CRUSHED HOUSES. TO THE RIGHT OF THE CATHEDRAL THE HONENZOLLERN BRIDGE IS CRUMPLED IN THE RHINE

THE DESERT OF COLOGNE

Germany's fourth largest city is war's biggest ruin

Air intelligence officers, studying reconnaissance pictures at their bases in England, knew Cologne was destroyed. After 167 raids and 50,000 tons of bombs, nearly every house cast the shadow of empty walls when the sun shone through the roof. It nevertheless remained for the American troops who entered Cologne to realize the full horror of the ruin. The center of Cologne was a desert, described by one soldier as "wrecked masonry surrounded by city limits."

The Germans who stayed in Cologne were hysterical with relief when the Americans came, but the war was still close to the city. Although the battle's center of gravity had shifted southward to the Remagen bridgehead and the Saar Basin, shells from U. S. guns rumbled over Cologne to fall on the other side of the Rhine, echoing strangely among the hollow buildings.

The disaster of this war is the biggest event in Cologne's thick encrustation of history. The Three Wise Men were buried here. One of Cologne's churches is decorated with the bones of 11,000 English virgins murdered here by Huns while making a pilgrimage to Rome with St. Ursula. Cologne has been populated by Romans and by Napoleonic soldiers, who inspired a poem by Samuel Taylor Coleridge:

*In Cologne, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches;
I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks!
Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?*



Captor of Cologne, Major General Maurice Rose (left), commanding U. S. 3rd Armored Division, stands before cathedral with two of his staff, Brigadier Generals Hickey (center) and Budnot.



Inside the Cologne cathedral American sightseers stand among the stones shaken from the 148-foot vault. Though the cathedral was not struck by bombs, it was often jarred by nearby hits. The stained glass and much of the statuary had been removed before the great raids

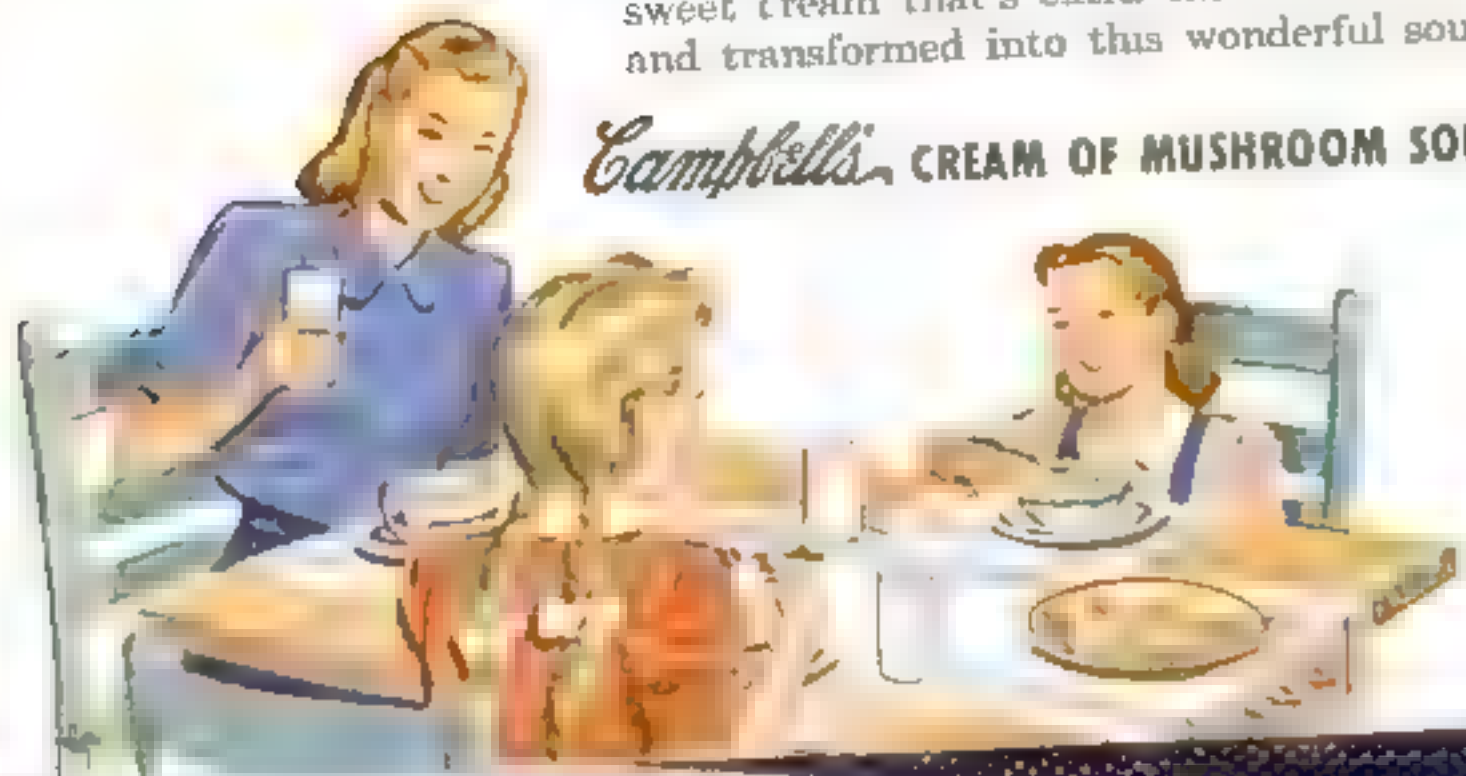
began. The remains of the nave above, built from the 13th to the 16th Centuries, are in the oldest part of the cathedral. For 300 years afterward, cathedral was left half finished, covered with a wooden roof. By 1880 the roof and the two great towers were finally completed.

GIRLS GOTTA EAT

...EVEN WHEN DADDY'S AWAY

For a cheerful meal, start with a soup that's festive. This soup is so particularly good because it's made with extra special care. Tender, cultivated mushrooms are rushed from the hothouses to Campbell's Kitchens the very day they're picked, blended with sweet cream that's extra thick and rich—and transformed into this wonderful soup.

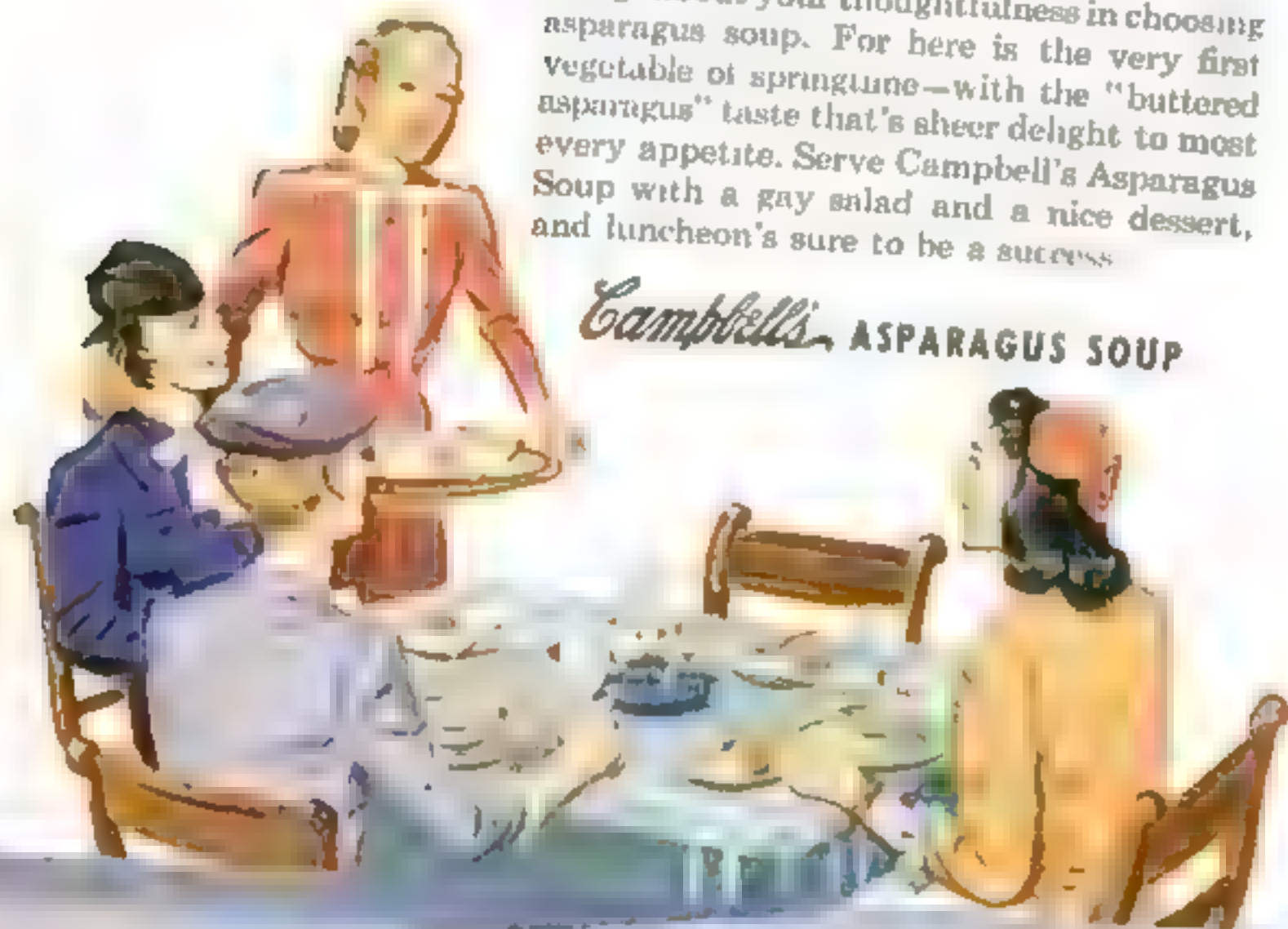
Campbell's CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP



...SOMETIMES "WITH THE GIRLS"

Girls will talk, you know—and say only nice things about your thoughtfulness in choosing asparagus soup. For here is the very first vegetable of springtime—with the "battered asparagus" taste that's sheer delight to most every appetite. Serve Campbell's Asparagus Soup with a gay salad and a nice dessert, and luncheon's sure to be a success.

Campbell's ASPARAGUS SOUP



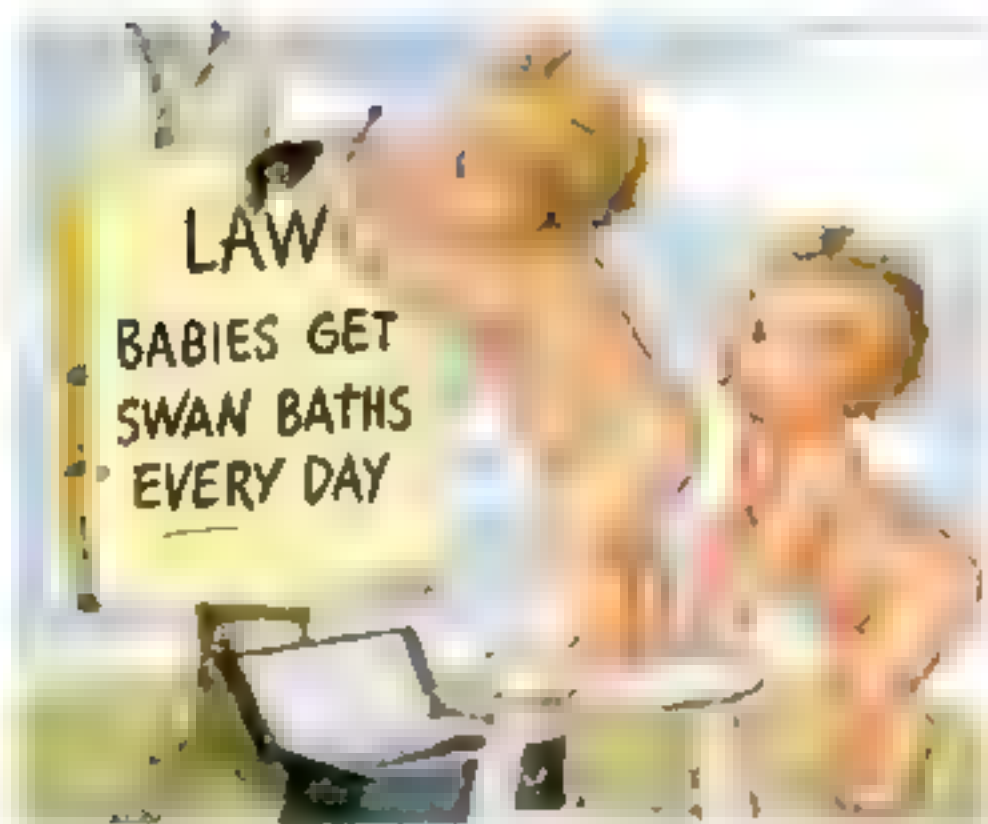
...MANY TIMES "ALL ALONE"

There's a true hominess about chicken soup as Campbell's make it, that lifts the meal "all by your lonesome" into a spot of real enjoyment. It's amazing that a dish so easy to fix, could taste so wonderful. It's because this soup has what fine chicken soup needs—a chicken broth that glistens with richness, fluffy rice and pieces of chicken galore.

Campbell's CHICKEN SOUP



IF BABIES RAN THE WORLD...



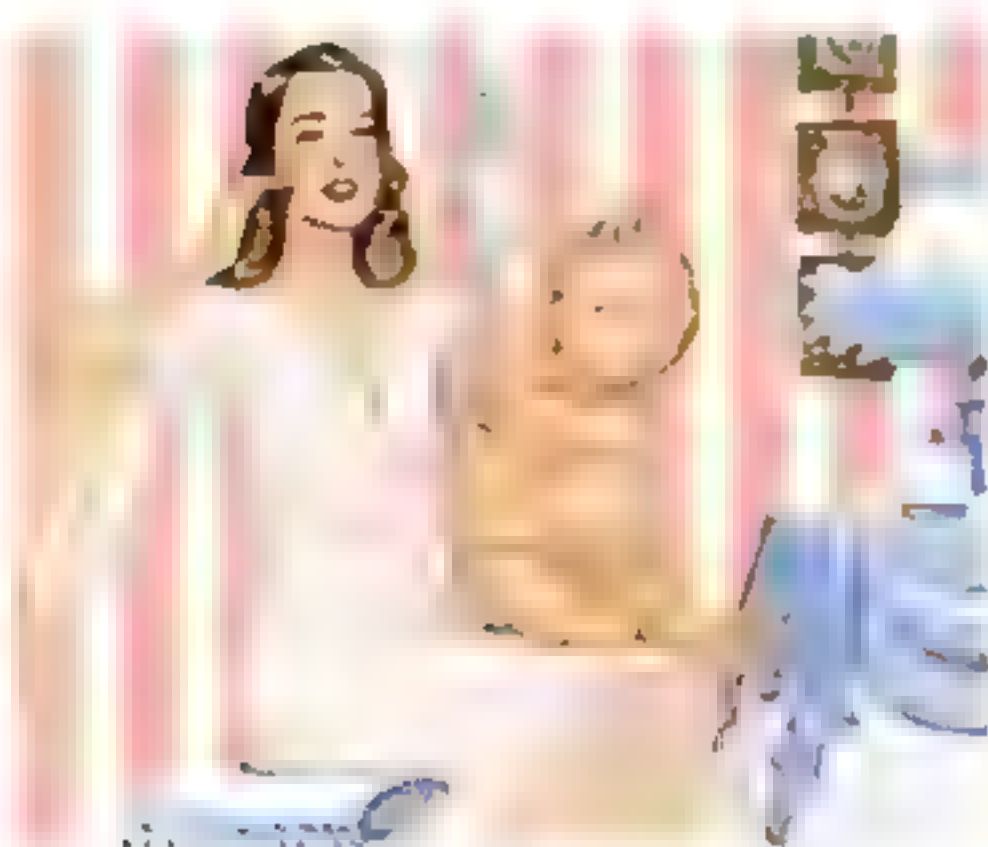
They'd pass a great big law to say
All babies get a bath a day
With gentle Swan. So pure! So mild!
(It's simply *perfect* for your child!)



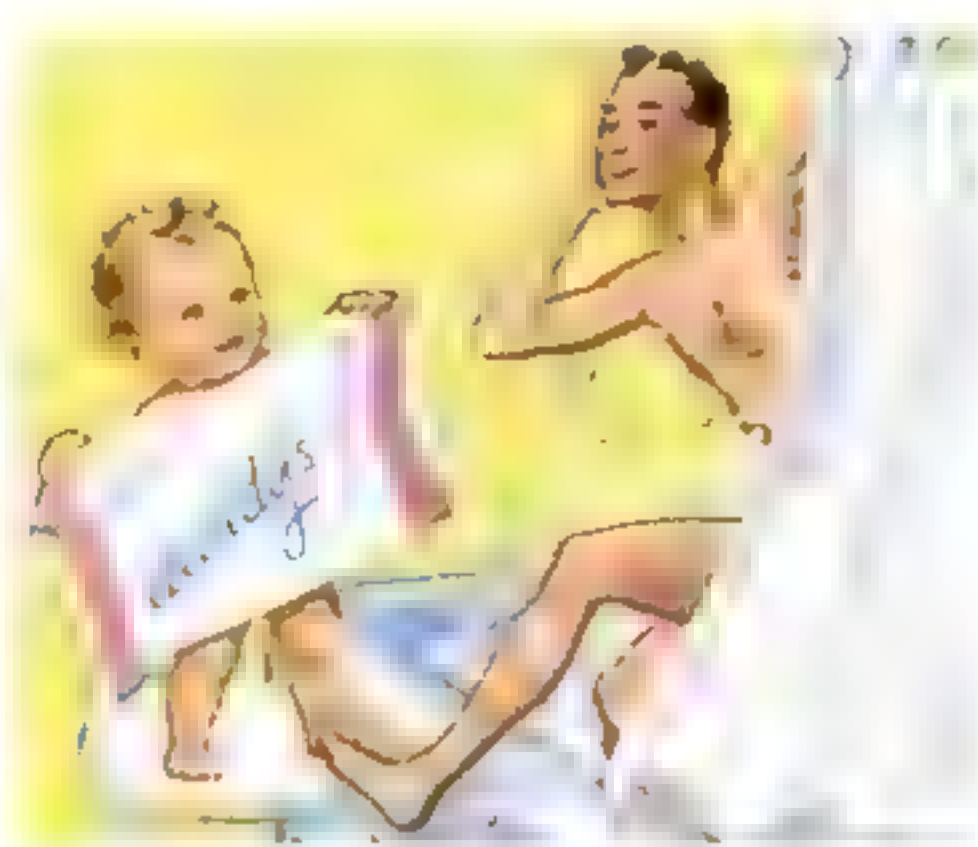
They'd tell the world what doctors know—
Swan's mild as fine castles! And so
Its suds are safe for tender skin.
Just right to dunk a baby in!



They'd splash in tubs so happily
With snowy Swan that folks will see
That Swan's the bestest soap by far
For baths—no matter *who* you are!



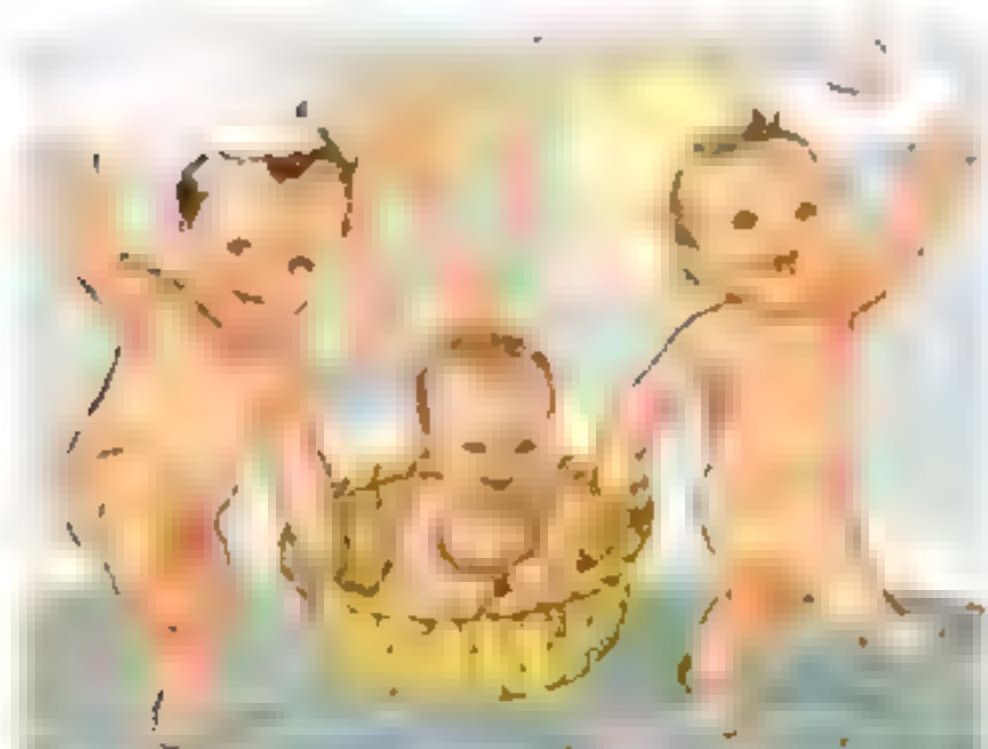
Then watch the babies' mamas beam
'Cause Swan complexions are a dream.
So soft! So smooth! So very fair!
(Why don't you try Swan's pure, mild care?)



Then see the babies' daddies grin
'Cause Swan agrees so well with skin.
They like that lather . . . creamy! Thick!
Swan's *one* pure soap that lathers *quick!*



In kitchens and in laundries, too,
There's lots for baby's Swan to do.
Dishwashing with this grand, mild bar
Leaves soft hands lovelier by far!



While pretty duds stay fresh and bright
With Swan's pure suds to treat 'em right.
Yep, babies know what grownups should—
For *every* job, Swan's mighty good!



So doesn't it seem pretty smart
To use pure Swan right from the start?
For baby! Bath! For dishes! Duds!
Buy Swan! Get *baby-gentle* suds!



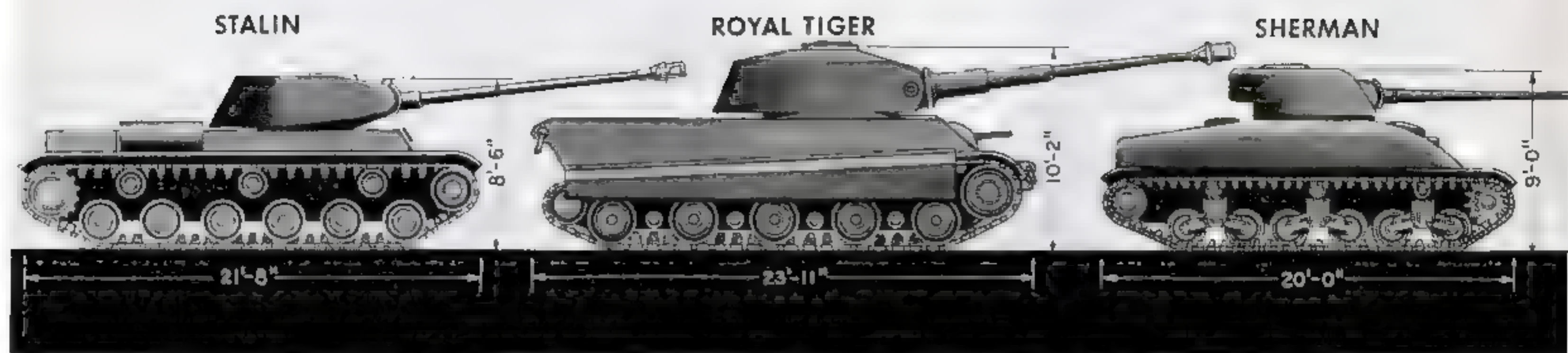
P.S. To all new babies that arrive
Sometime in 1945
We'll send a pure, *free* cake of Swan!
Just ask your dealer for coupon.

(Offer good in U. S. only Expires Dec. 31st, 1945)

BABY-MILD
FOR EVERYTHING **SWAN** **IS PURE AS FINE CASTILES**

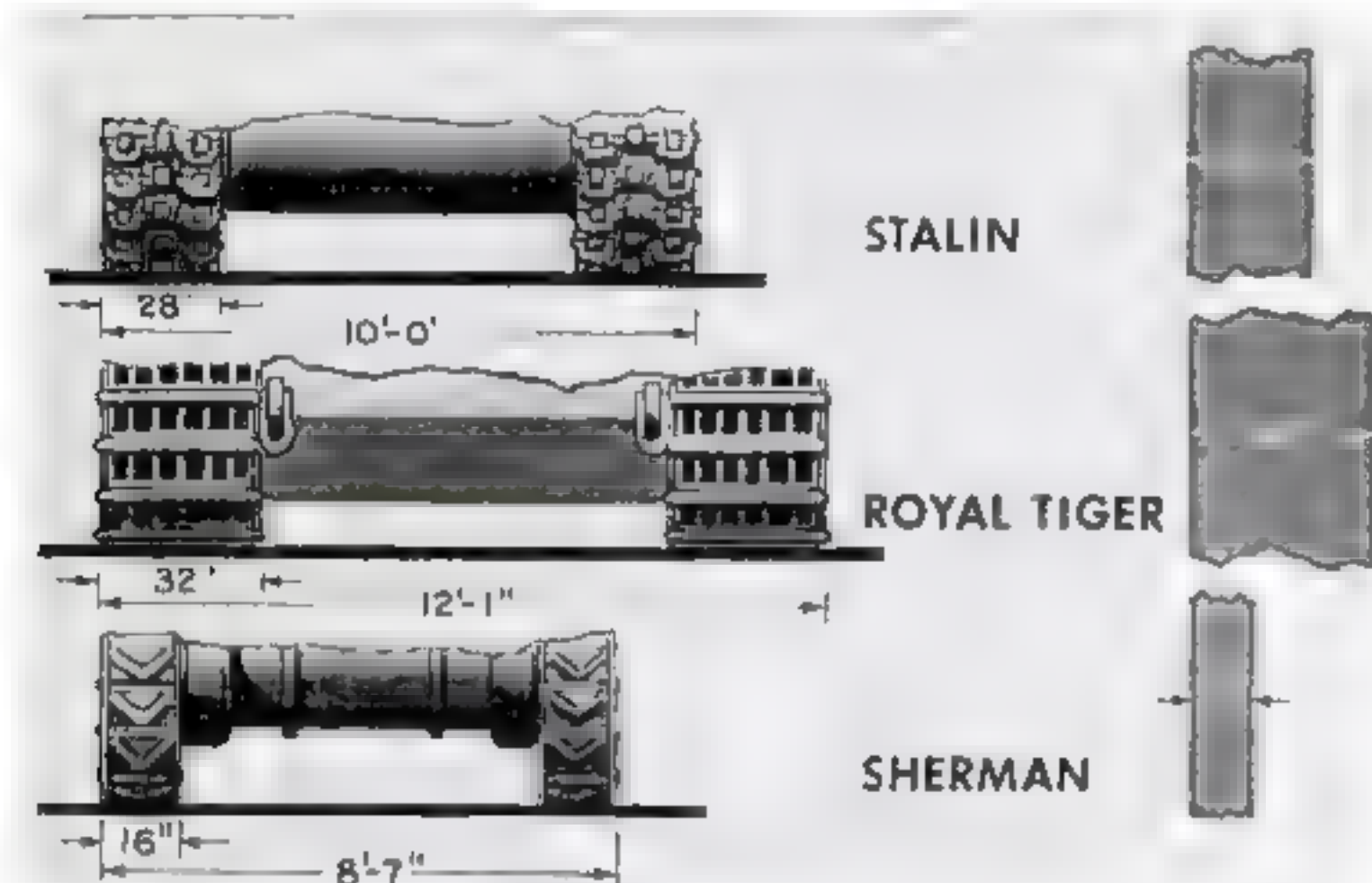


TUNE IN: George Burns & Gracia Allen, CBS, Monday Nights

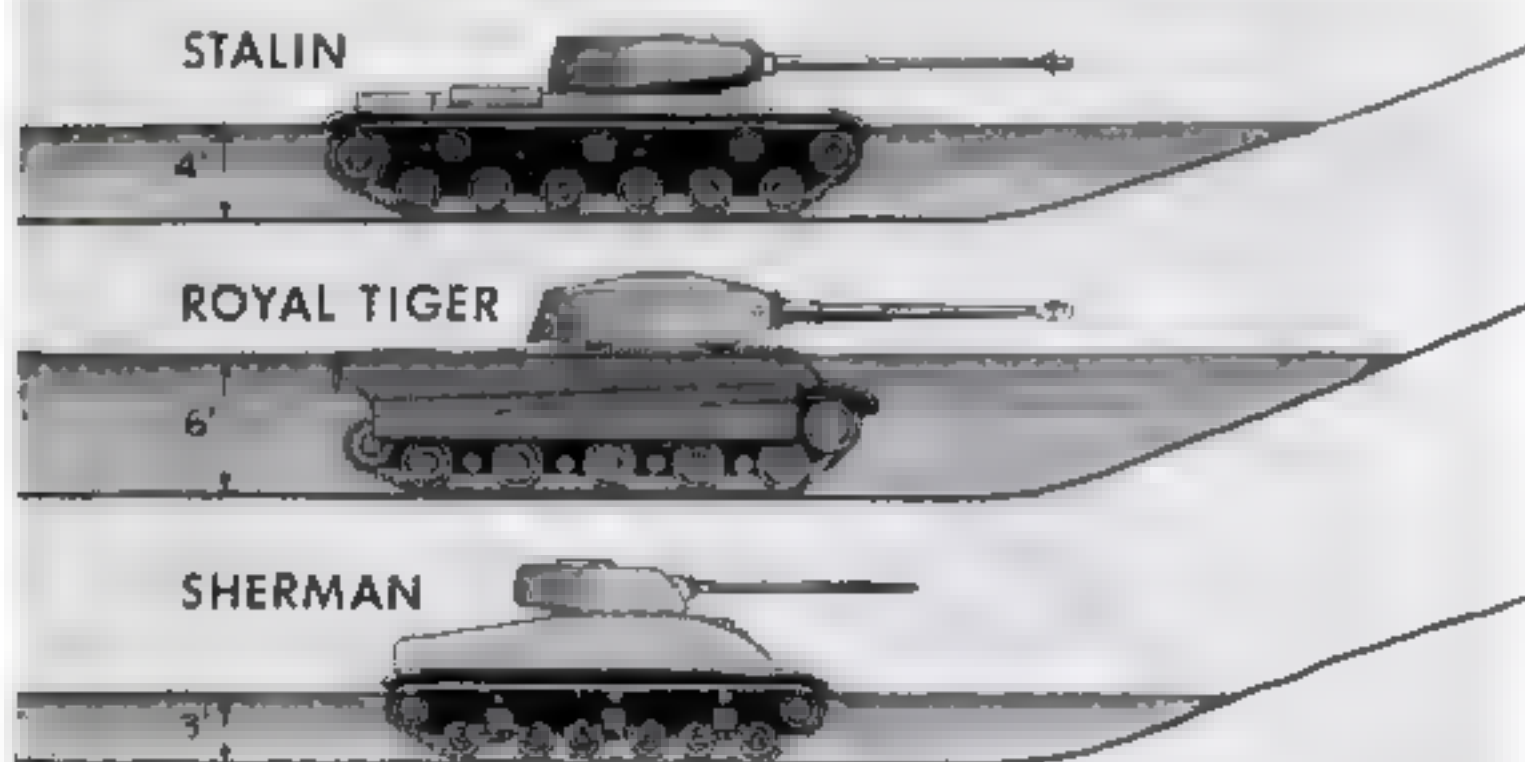


Heaviest Russian, German and U.S. tanks in general combat use are (from left) Red Army's 60-ton Stalin, Wehrmacht's 75-ton Royal Tiger and U.S. Army's 34-ton Sherman. The short

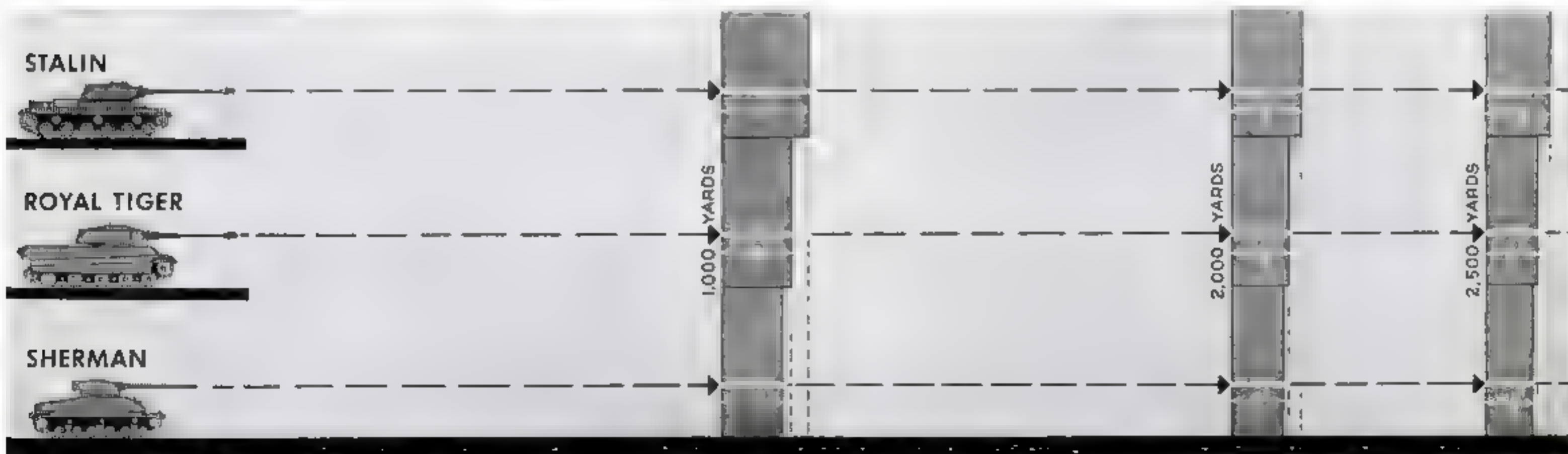
Sherman has a relatively high silhouette. The Stalin has lowest silhouette of the three, though it is by far the most powerful. The Royal Tiger is distinguished by wide band of side armor.



Width of tracks of the three tanks is an index of ability to keep afloat on mud. Sherman often sinks two feet in mud that Royal Tiger slides over. At right are maximum thicknesses of armor.



Crossing water, Royal Tiger can go in deepest without stalling because of watertight body. But the Stalin presents a scarcely larger target above water. Sherman sits as high as a duck.



Penetration power of the three tanks' guns is shown above at three ranges. The improved Sherman has a 76-mm. gun, outranged by Tiger 88-mm., which in turn is outranged by Stalin

THE BATTLE OF THE TANKS

The Russian and German armies for the past three years have been devoted to the heavy tank. The U.S. Army developed a heavy tank in 1941 and discarded it. Since then a great tank argument has been raging among the general staffs. It reached the press recently with open criticism of the Sherman from soldiers on the Western Front and came to some kind of conclusion with the current production and combat use of the U. S. Pershing, a 45-ton tank with a 90-mm. gun.

At the heart of the argument is a difference in theory as to what the tank is supposed to do. The Russians and Germans are agreed that it should be sent not only against infantry positions but also against artillery, antitank guns and other tanks. The Americans and British try to avoid tank battles. They use self-propelled guns against enemy guns and tanks and call on nimble, little tanks to clean out infantry positions. Nevertheless, in battle American tanks run into enemy guns and tanks, to their great discomfiture. They have 7 mph more speed than the Royal Tigers, but in cross-country action this makes small difference. Chief U.S. asset on the Western Front has been vast numerical superiority in tanks.

For general tactical reasons, Generals Eisenhower, Patton, Devers and Campbell have defended the Sherman. For personal reasons, American tankmen have long complained of at least eight superiorities of the enemy tanks: 1) low silhouette which makes it harder to hit, 2) wider tracks which give better flotation, 3) superior gun, 4) uncluttered, more comfortable interior, 5) superior vision slits, 6) thicker and better-angled frontal plate, 7) a track-locking device that enables the German tank to spin around on one track, 8) superior storage space for ammunition. Our tankmen have seen only four German tanks. Actually, the Red Army's Stalin is better than anything the Germans have. The three chief tanks in general use by the three armies are compared in the diagrams on these pages.

Obviously, the four counts on which one must judge a tank are mobility in all weathers and on all terrains, firepower, defensive armor plate and the target that the tank presents to enemy guns. Naturally, as the comparative diagrams on this and the following page show, the Sherman is simply not in the same company with the Russian and German heavy tanks, nor is it supposed to be. A tank sergeant, recently interviewed at SHAEF in France, reported that his gunner had hit a Royal Tiger 14 times without disabling it, and that the enemy tank was so silent its clanking treads could be heard before its engine. "Certainly," said the *Army and Navy Journal*, "the U.S. soldiers will fight in the Sherman tank. It is the best we have. They would also fight with blowguns or clubs if that were all we had."

122-mm. gun. On occasion a single Royal Tiger tank has held off a number of Shermans. Shermans have to get very close to side or rear of a Royal Tiger in order to get in a crippling blow



Ironing day's
a trying day... but
there's

**QUICK
COMFORT**

in a cup of **TENDER LEAF TEA!**



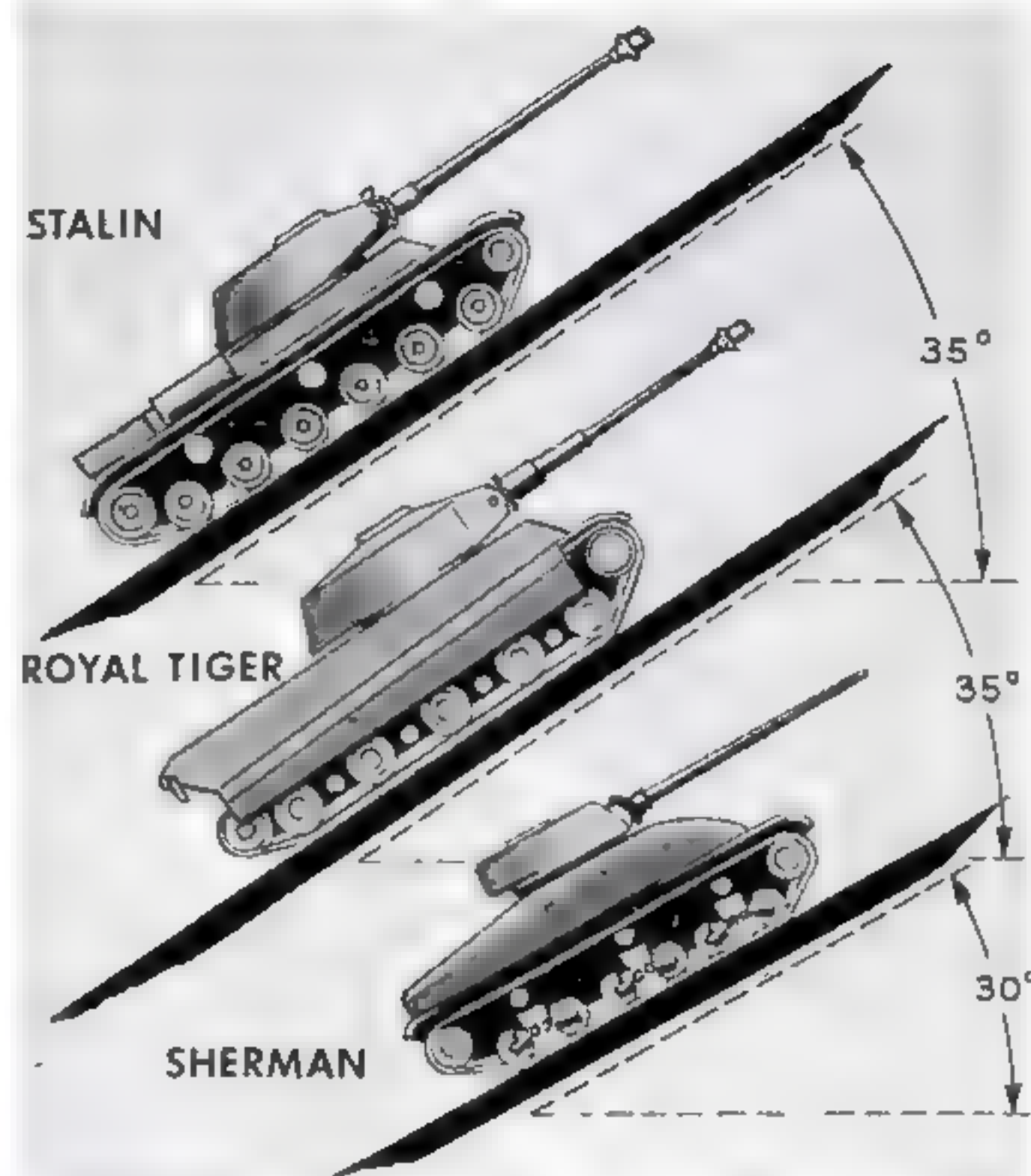
When the job's all done, and you're all in, remember there's quick comfort in a cup of Tender Leaf Tea. Toss a Tender Leaf Tea Ball into a cup, zip in some boiling water, and in a matter of minutes you're a new woman.

Here's warmth and good cheer, here's a bright new outlook, here's tea at its finest. Rich, fragrant, famous for flavor—and always crystal clear! Tender Leaf Brand Tea Balls filter; no specks, no stray leaves.

Next time, try America's largest selling tea balls...

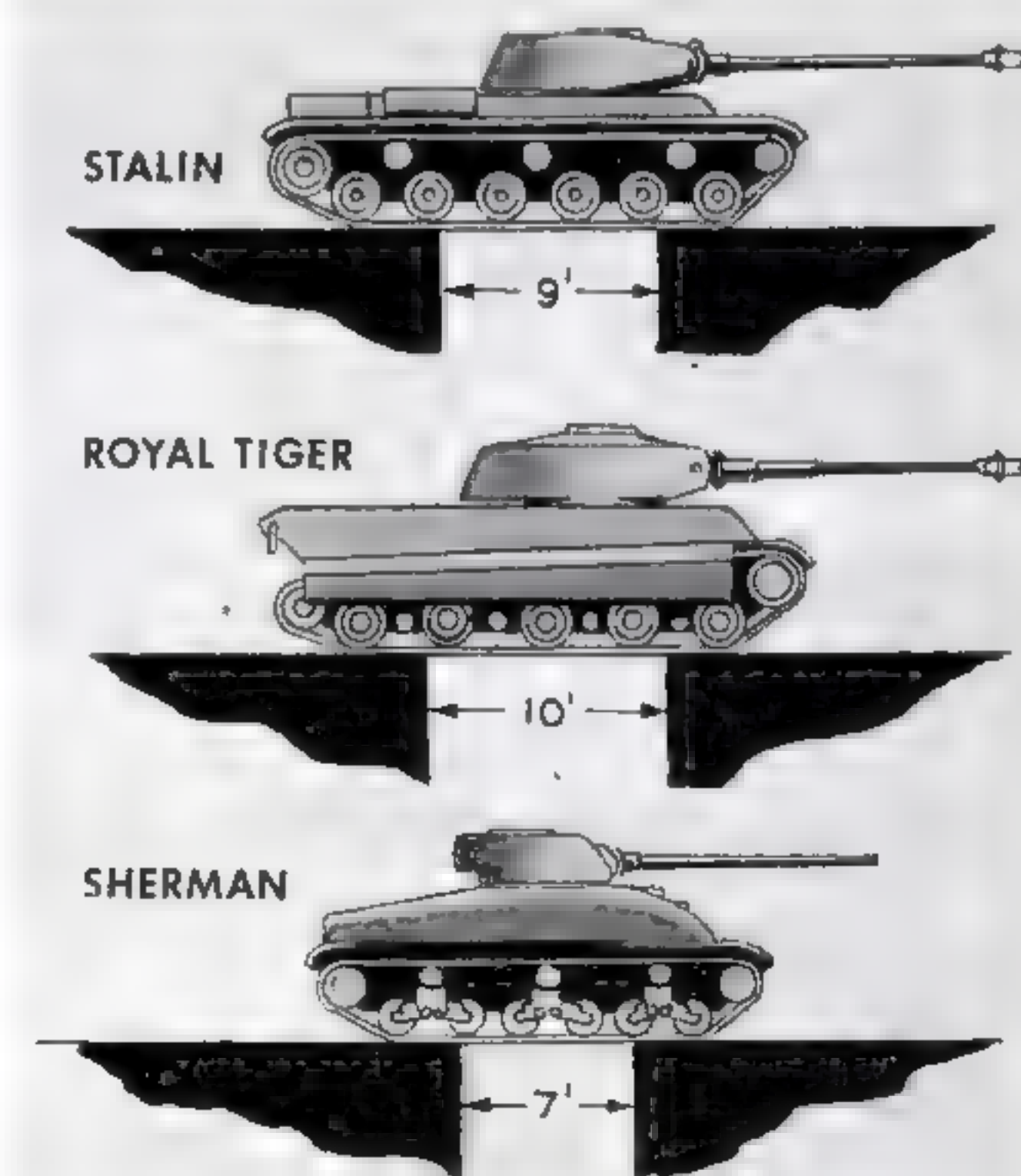
TENDER LEAF TEA BALLS

The Battle of the Tanks (continued)



In climbing, wider tracks enable Stalin and Royal Tigers to mount steeper slopes than the Sherman can negotiate. Width of tracks gives traction as well as flotation.

The Stalin tank, used in the opportunistic, sluffy, fluid Russian way, is said to have won the battles of Poland. The Stalin's superiority lies in its emphasis on a powerful gun. The Stalin, like all other Russian weapons, was produced not by a regular army ordnance department, as in the U. S., but by one of several independent construction bureaus, each headed by a highly trained specialist. Russia's celebrated tank specialist is Joseph Kotin. The Russian system for producing weapons is in essence purely civilian and individualistic, whereas the system of western armies is the ordnance bureau or kind of soviet, the anonymous operation of a tight organization.

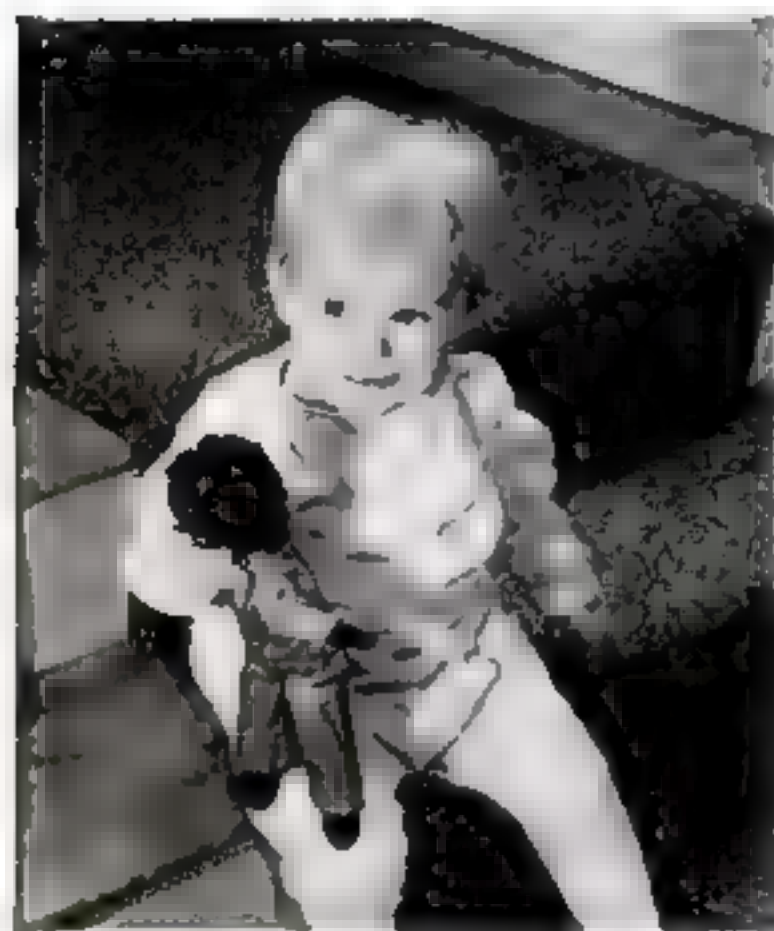


In crossing ditches, length of tank determines width that tank can cross without toppling in. Many Sherman inferiorities are corrected in the new Pershing tanks.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

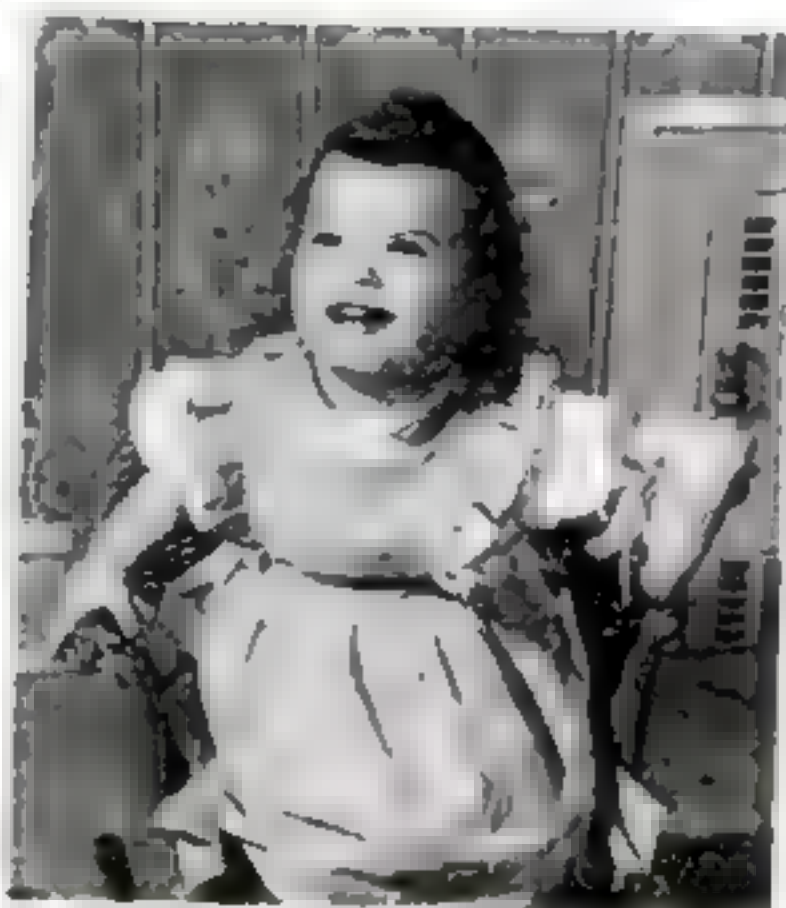
7 of the "growingest" babies in Hartford, Conn.

(HOW DOES YOURS COMPARE?)



Name: Donald Starkey
Age: 19 months
Wt.: 23 lbs, 6 oz. Ht.: 32 in.
Principal baby food: Clapp's Baby Foods

{ Clapp's Baby Foods are made to meet doctors' requirements. }



Name: Darlene Jack
Age: 14 months
Wt.: 28 lbs. Ht.: 30 1/4 in.
Principal baby food: Clapp's Baby Foods

{ What a lot of vitamins and minerals she's getting! }



Name: George W. Pickering, III
Age: 12 months
Wt.: 22 lbs. Ht.: 30 in.
Principal baby food: Clapp's Baby Foods

{ Clapp's meat-and-vegetable dishes are so nourishing—each almost a meal in itself. }



Name: Branda Lee Farley
Age: 13 months
Wt.: 23 1/2 lbs. Ht.: 31 in.
Principal baby food: Clapp's Baby Foods

{ Clapp's Junior foods have the right texture to help her get ready for grown-up diet. }



Name: Thomas Michael Ryan
Age: 16 months
Wt.: 21 1/2 lbs. Ht.: 32 in.
Principal baby food: Clapp's Baby Foods

{ Only the finest, freshest vegetables are used in Clapp's. }



Name: Richard G. Lunde, Jr.
Age: 9 months
Wt.: 24 1/2 lbs. Ht.: 30 in.
Principal baby food: Clapp's Baby Foods

{ Clapp's strained foods are just fine enough—not too liquid! }



Name: Carol S. Blaudell
Age: 18 months
Wt.: 24 lbs. Ht.: 33 in.
Principal baby food: Clapp's Baby Foods

{ Clapp's pressure-cooking helps preserve vitamins and minerals. }



Name: _____
Age: _____
Wt.: _____ Ht.: _____
Principal baby food: Clapp's Baby Foods —we hope.

{ Ask your doctor about Clapp's! }

WHY YOUR BABY WILL THRIVE ON CLAPP'S:

- We make all our baby foods to fill doctors' requirements.
- We make them better than we have to.
- We control the growing of our foods so that we can keep an eye on them, from the seeds up.
- We discard fruits and vegetables that might be perfectly acceptable for adults, but not, in our judgment, for Clapp-fed babies.

- All our foods are *pressure-cooked*—to help retain vitamins and minerals, fresh color and flavor.



- We believe our business is the most important business in the world. For 21 years it's been our *sole* business, not a side line.

- Perhaps this is why so many doctors prescribe Clapp's Baby Foods regularly.

Millions of babies
have been raised on



**CLAPP'S
BABY FOODS**

He wants TruVal
in his Easter basket now!



URGENT!
Experienced Seamen
needed: Wire collect
Merchant Marine
Washington, D. C.

Reading clockwise around the basket: • TruVal rayon sport shirt in sand-dune, convertible collar, two flap pockets. • TruVal pajamas in regimental stripes and all-over patterns. • TruVal white Sanforized broadcloth shirt, patented starchless collar. • TruVal dress shirt in new Spring colors. • TruVal sport shirt in plain colors, convertible collar. • TruVal sport shirt in choice of bright plaids.

— Sold by one dept. store and the better men's shops in your town.
TruVal Manufacturers, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

The Battle of the Tanks (continued)



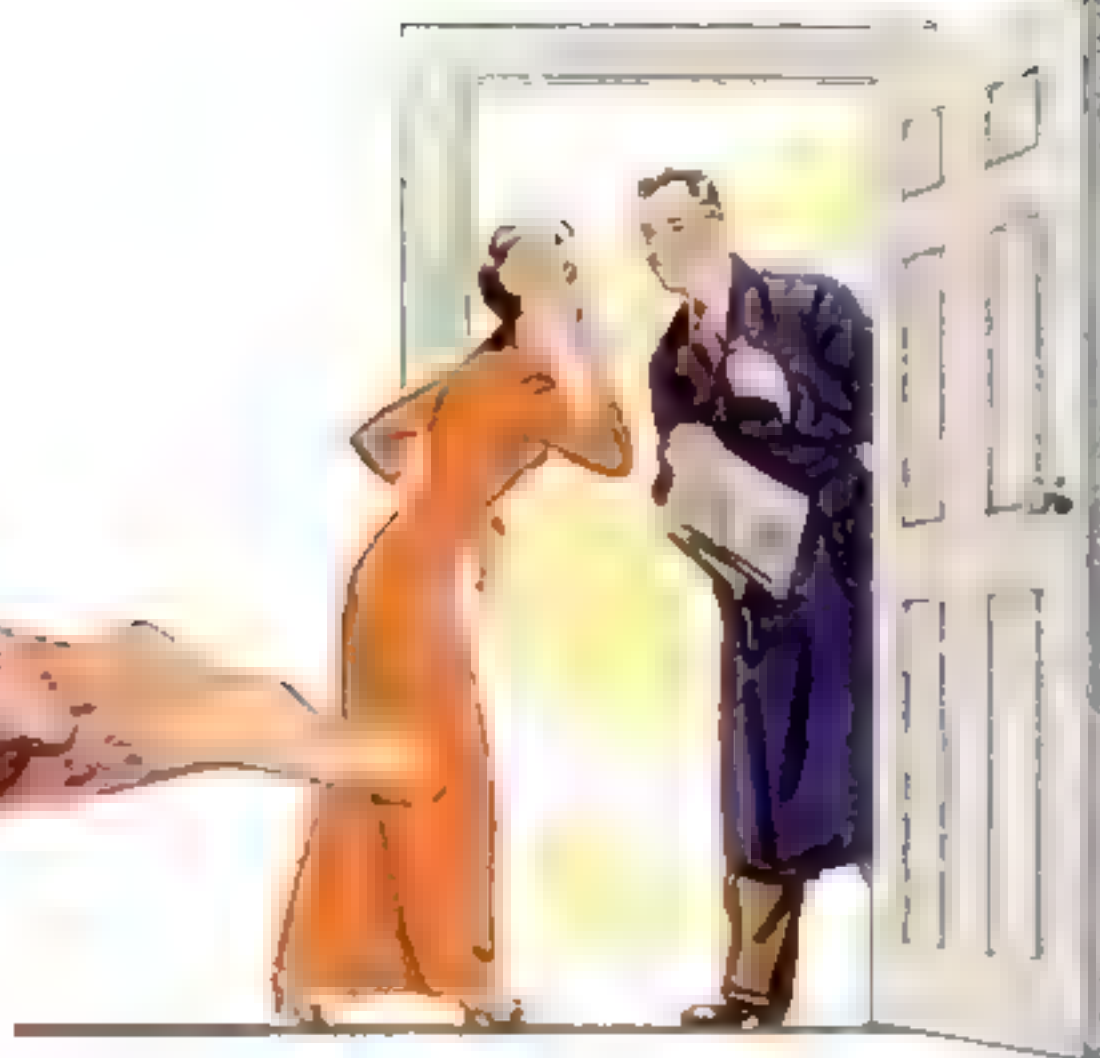
Stalin, revealed at last, has actually been in general use since mid-1943. More than U.S., Russians use tanks as integral part of infantry-artillery-tank-cavalry team.



Royal Tiger, captured by Americans, displays long, low silhouette. The lighter Tiger tank is more maneuverable. Most Roynls have been moved now to Russian front.



Sherman in new version has been equipped with muzzle-braked 76-mm. gun, superior to this 75. It is a useful tank, the best in the world after Russian and German.



NOTHING TO SLEEP ON

is so restful as

FOAMEX*



*TRADEMARK

THIS IS A FOAMEX MATTRESS—cut away to show the millions of buoyant little air bubbles that cradle you to better rest.

Some night you're going to *float* deliciously off to sleep—and you *won't* be dreaming.

Some night you'll recapture the deep, sweet, all-renewing sleep of childhood.

Some day you'll own a mattress of genuine *Foamex*—Firestone's rubber latex foam.

It's blissfully different from any mattress you've ever known—a cloud of tiny breathing bubbles—each one air-soft, alive with springy buoyancy, as only latex foamed by Firestone can be.

No wonder *Foamex* can shape itself to you so perfectly, lying down feels like delightful floating. No wonder it can't push you out of shape, cramp muscles, block circulation.

Foamex is cleaner! Its millions of breathing bubbles keep it always fresh and sweet—dust-proof, damp-proof, odor-proof.

And Foamex wears so much longer that railroads and airlines prefer it for both mattresses and seat cushioning. It's all *one* permanent, molded material, with no loose padding to lump, no inside parts to sag.

Foamex is at war now, shielding men and instruments from concussion. But Victory will put its super-restfulness under you—in bed, in your chairs, sofas and car seats.

So buy *extra* War Bonds, and be ready for *Foamex*, the minute *Foamex* is ready for you.



NOTHING TO SIT ON IS SO RESTFUL AS FOAMEX

ANOTHER CONTRIBUTION TO A BETTER WAY OF LIFE BY

COPYRIGHT 1945. FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

Firestone

LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE MONDAY EVENING OVER NBC



How the Skilled Hand and the Busy Wrench Have Kept America's Old Trucks Rolling

THE SKILLED HAND and the busy wrench are fighting this war right here at home, and fighting it well. For the skilled hand and the busy wrench are keeping America's trucks rolling.

Those trucks carry meat and potatoes, guns and shells—the foodstuff and the fighting stuff of a nation at war. They *must* get their cargoes to destination *on time*. They do.

The old trucks that are doing this tremendous job are kept rolling by the skilled hand and the busy wrench. Since 1941 precious few new trucks have been made. The truck transportation job became the job of the 4,800,000 trucks on hand.

And half of these trucks are now more than seven years old.

So the watchword of the trucking industry became: "We can't replace it; let's fix it."

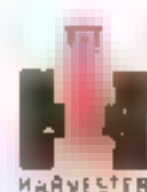
Thus truck service—preventive maintenance, expert repair—became a part of this nation's strategy. And the wrench became a battle weapon.

In peace International Harvester developed the world's largest company-owned truck service organization. Now that organization is devoted to war... every man in it a specialist in truck maintenance, pledged to do his part

—with his skilled hand and his busy wrench—to keep America's trucks on the go.

New trucks will be scarce for some time to come. Service is still a big word, and a big job. Depend on International specialized service to keep *your* trucks rolling until Victory is won.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
80 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois



OUR JOB TODAY—Let's all remember that our job today—the job of all of us—is to fight harder on the home front... fight on the fond front... give to the blood bank... buy extra War Bonds... fight inflation... FOR VICTORY.

INTERNATIONAL Trucks



ON TOWN HALL STAGE JEAN CARLTON MAKES A NEW YORK CONCERT DEBUT. THIS IS HER BIG TEST. AUDIENCE IS SMALL BUT ITS REACTION MAY MAKE OR BREAK CAREER

SOPRANO'S PROGRESS

JEAN CARLTON (FORMERLY CUBBAGE) OF DES MOINES STARTS HER CAREER AS A DIVA AT TOWN HALL

by WINTHROP SARGEANT

To thousands of musicians all over the U. S. the center of the world is a prim, New England-style auditorium called Town Hall, just around the corner from Times Square. Practically nobody who sings or plays there makes any money at it. The cost of a Town Hall recital runs close to \$1,000. The intake at the box office is usually somewhere between \$6.50 and \$200. Yet every year at least 200 people practice like mad, suffer the hazards of stage fright and gladly accept a financial trimming in order to appear at Town Hall.

The answer to this economic paradox is musical prestige. Town Hall is not just a place where people go to listen to music. It is the highest court where musicians who have accused themselves of talent can be condemned or acquitted. It is also a market place where impresarios and concert managers can appraise the artistic commodities in which they deal. Eight or ten of New York's busy music critics go to Town Hall practically every night. If the recitalist is a singer, the Metropolitan Opera House has a talent scout somewhere in the audience. Representatives of the big concert-bookings agencies are always lurking in the lobby. Fellow musicians go there looking for potential rivals. Publicity agents look for clients. Piano and violin dealers look for customers. Publishers of music trade magazines look for advertisers. Teachers and coaches look for pupils. One of Town Hall's most constant habitués is a tall, weary-looking man named Paul Engel who specializes in designing gowns for prima donnas.

Engel is a sound judge of sonatas and arias, but what really rouses him to a critical frenzy is a misplaced corsage or a tiara that is a shade too gaudy. Hardly any of Town Hall's regular patrons go there just to enjoy the music.

A Town Hall debut is to a young singer what a maiden race is to a 2-year-old horse. It usually constitutes the most crucial point in the singer's life. A few weeks ago this exciting and nerve-shaking day arrived for Jean Cubbage, a good-looking, 24-year-old blonde who hopes someday to be a celebrated diva. Jean Cubbage comes from Des Moines, Iowa. She could be from almost any place in America because every town periodically produces some-

one a good deal like her—except that most small-town hopefuls don't get as far as Town Hall.

Jean Cubbage happens to belong to a musical family. Her brother, now a Chicago lawyer, played the cello and a sister played the piano and flute. Jean herself studied the violin from the age of 5. Her mother, widow of a Des Moines lawyer who died when "Cubby" was an infant, supported this musical family by teaching Latin at Drake University. Cubby became a fairly proficient violinist. But ever since the age of 4, when she had been taken to a Galli-Curci recital at the Des Moines Coliseum, Jean's dominant ambition had been to sing. A prospective diva can't take up the study of singing with any profit until the age of 16 or 17 when the voice begins to mature, so Jean had to wait, playing her fiddle and taking out her prima donna instincts in high-school theatricals. At 16, she got a singing scholarship at the big summer music camp at



GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPH IS FOR USE IN JEAN'S POSTERS



If she always
struggles like this...



When you wish she'd
snuggle like this...



TRY THIS

MORAL: Everybody's breath
offends sometimes. Let Life
Savers sweeten and freshen
your breath — after eating,
drinking, and smoking.



Where, oh where, has my favorite flavor gone?
To the men in the Armed Services, of course!
But please keep looking. Or better yet, try
one of the other delicious Life Savers' flavors.

Interlochen, Mich. Next year she was back in Des Moines appearing as a vocalist with a tea-room ensemble in Younker's department store. The year after that she hopped a big Greyhound bus, sat up two nights and arrived in Manhattan.

For an 18-year-old, Jean Cabbage was pretty shrewd. She had to be. There is probably no group of people by whom an unwary out-of-towner is more likely to be sold the Brooklyn Bridge than the voice teachers of Manhattan. Their studios, which range from reconditioned lofts to palatial suites, cut through the roar of 57th Street's traffic with a perpetual bedlam of vocalizing, yodeling and plain howling. Practically all the vocal teachers of Manhattan's musical 50s regard all the other vocal teachers as arrant imposters or self-deluded cranks. A good many of them are probably right.

The fact is that the human voice is something of a mystery even to its most accomplished trainers. Its culture is surrounded with an amount of superstition, hunch-following and trial-and-error thinking that is baffling to the ordinary, matter-of-fact mind. In Manhattan's 50s singing is taught by methods that resemble yoga, mesmerism, autosuggestion and the laying on of hands. It is taught by people who claim that only a thorough anatomical study of the vocal cords will produce results, by people who claim that a scientific study of the vocal cords will prove fatal to the voice, by people who are ex-opera stars, by people who can't sing a note, by people who once met Caruso personally and learned his "secret," by broken-down operatic maestros, ex-cops and retired osteopaths. Nearly all of them have persuasive personalities, charge substantial fees and claim an inside track to the stage door of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Perhaps the most remarkable of these pedagogues was a distinguished-looking, white-haired gentleman who, up to a few years ago, taught in a Carnegie Hall studio what he described impressively as the Darwinian Method of Scientific Voice Production. His theory was founded on the doctrine of evolution. The voice, he believed, should develop naturally, step by step, beginning with the sounds made by primitive woodland animals. His pupils spent their preparatory years patiently perfecting the art of roaring, barking, mooing and quacking. His studio sounded to his neighbors like a panic in a zoo and eventually he was forced to move.

Singers are born but also made

Jean Cabbage knew that there are such things as competent voice teachers and that you have to exercise great care in picking them. The first thing she did was find a \$5-a-week room in a big students' residential club near Columbia University. To help pay her room rent she got a job as a waitress in a near-by restaurant. There she happened to meet a round-faced, drawling fellow singer named Burl Ives.

Burl Ives had not yet made his reputation as one of the most popular folk-song singers in the U. S., but he knew a thing or two about singing. Moreover, he knew a good singing teacher, a tiny, 75-year-old lady named Ella Toedt, who taught in a modest top-floor studio just around the corner from Carnegie Hall. He took Jean Cabbage to see her. Ella Toedt was a trim, businesslike character without a trace of affectation. She made no promises, offered no system but hard work. Two years later Ella Toedt died. But by then Jean Cabbage was ready for a scholarship at Manhattan's Juilliard School of Music.

Most people believe that singers are born, not made, and to a certain extent this is true. But the average person would be surprised at the amount of processing required to turn a healthy Middle Western girl with a good natural voice into a fairly finished operatic artist. The Juilliard School specializes in this sort of processing and is as well-equipped for it as a factory. It not only irons out and enlarges a singer's voice, it corrects her speech and deportment and teaches her how to act. By the time she reaches the end of the assembly line she is a fairly good pianist, knows how to write as well as read music, how to speak as well as sing in Italian, French, German and English, how to go through the vocal and dramatic motions of at least a half-dozen operatic roles.

Like a couple of hundred other Juilliard students, Jean Cabbage soon found that this processing demanded practically all her waking hours six days a week. The seventh, Sunday, she spent making a little pocket money by singing in church. At Juilliard she was fussed over by a staff of at least a dozen experts. A sedate, middle-aged woman specialized in teaching her how to pronounce German vowels and consonants. Another diction specialist checked her pronunciation of English. A well-known composer taught her harmony and counterpoint. For several hours nearly every day she walked up and down in a large studio acting out opera roles under the excited eye of an English stage director. She was drilled in French grammar,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 5.

Dependable as a . . .



Long Lived as an . . .



Powerful as a . . .



Make Your Car Battery Last—Here's Why:

- ★ There is a huge demand for storage batteries to meet military needs. This demand must be met.
- ★ Lead is a critical material . . . and automobile batteries are more than 50 per cent lead by weight.
- ★ It takes manpower to build batteries. Manpower is needed today for building military batteries.

SO . . . keep your battery properly filled with water—make sure connections are clean and tight—recharge when necessary—and *don't buy a new battery until a qualified automotive service man tells you your battery is beyond repair.*



Delco-Remy . . . WHEREVER WHEELS TURN OR PROPELLERS SPIN

SEEK
BUYING
YOUR BATTERIES



Bottled in Bond

under U.S. Government supervision,
your assurance of *age, proof and*
quantity. The signature of the maker
is your assurance of the *finest quality*.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

JAMES E. PEPPER

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Bottled-in-Bond

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

THIS WHISKEY IS 5½ YEARS OLD, 100 PROOF, JAMES E. PEPPER & CO., LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY



Training of a prima donna is hard work. Jean practices her singing at home (upper left), rehearses ballet (upper right) and opera scenes (lower left) at school, eats big breakfasts.

SOPRANO'S PROGRESS (continued)

German literature, piano playing, ballet dancing, radio-microphone technique. She was also trained in singing, of course. But even this was a job for several specialists. Her principal vocal teacher was a tall, suave, white-haired man named Francis Rogers. His job was to see that Jean Cabbage's voice developed like the muscles of a trained athlete until it combined power, ease and perfect coordination. When Rogers was through with Jean's vocal cords she was taken over by an ex-opera star, Queena Mario, who taught her how to give the proper emotional color to her voice in roles like Mimi in *La Bohème* or Micaela in *Carmen*. A bespectacled German vocal expert named Sergius Kagen then took her through the hurdles of lieder singing. Between lessons she had to find time to practice. Hour after hour, day after day, Jean Cabbage bobbed through the marble corridors of the Juilliard School like a hopeful tomato in an elaborate cannery. Eventually, properly graded, stamped and labeled as a "lyric soprano," she would reach the market.

Cabbage Into Carlton

One thing about Jean Cabbage that was not marketable, however, was her name. The fact was, it sounded too close to the name of the most glamourless of vegetables. You simply couldn't visualize a girl named Cabbage as a lobster-supper diva having toasts drunk from her slippers by operatic stage-door johnnies. Her teachers agreed. So one day Jean Cabbage decided to get a more glamorous name. To find it she very practically thumbed through the telephone book where she came across the name Carlton. Now Carlton—as in Ritz-Carlton, for example—certainly suggested glamour. It also had the same initial as Cabbage. She wouldn't have to change the lettering on her handbag and suitcases. So Jean Cabbage from Des Moines became Jean Carlton, potential celebrity of the international musical world. She felt more like a prima donna already.

By now, reports and rumors of Jean's progress were reaching the offices of the big musical managers. In his modest, old-fashioned quarters backstage at the Metropolitan Opera House, General Manager Edward Johnson had placed her name and description on a card in his big file of talent to be watched. Uptown on 57th Street a ponderous man in a far more up-to-date office was also keeping tabs. As president of the Columbia Concerts Corporation, Arthur Judson is to the \$10,000,000-a-year concert industry what General Robert Wood and Sewell Avery are to the U.S. mail-order business. Between flicks of his big Havana cigars Judson moves half the most celebrated musical careers in the country like rooks and queens in a chess game.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



It's a long, hard road . . .
but the going isn't so tough
when they carry with them
snapshots from home . . .

One of the ever-present hardships the boys have to face is just plain homesickness.

That's why snapshots are so important. They mean more than almost anything else we can send. Cheerful pictures of the home folks—the home scenes—that a fellow can carry about with him, show his friends; it's like carrying along a little piece of home itself.

Film isn't easy to get (military demands still come first)—but keep on trying. And when you do get a roll—snap the people and places you know he loves the best. As far as you can, make your letters “snapshot visits from home” . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

REMEMBER THE 14 NURSES ON CORRECTOR?

Three years ago—down in the “tunnel” jammed with sick and wounded . . . working by flashlight through bombings . . . only two operating tables . . . short of food, quinine, anesthetics? Remember how a few of the heroic girls escaped before the Japs arrived but some failed to get away? There's a stern example . . . BEYOND AND HOLD—MORE MAIL BOXES.

Visit your man in the service
with **SNAPSHOTS**

Official U.S. Signal Corps Photograph

On the Normandy beach

Kodak

CORN SUFFERERS!

*Here's
Good News*

*Get
Greater Relief*
**NEW
BLUE-JAY**
WITH PAIN-CURBING
Nupercaine

HERE'S RELIEF you've never known before from corn torture! New, improved Blue-Jay Corn Plasters now activated with war-proved Nupercaine.

Here's what Nupercaine does: it deadens tormenting nerve ends around hard "core" of the corn—it's harmless—you enjoy the absence of surface pain! Wonderful relief!

Of course Blue-Jay gives you INSTANT relief from shoe pressure that makes corns hurt deep down. While Blue-Jay's gentle medication loosens the "core" itself until you're ready to lift it out, Nupercaine eases the surface soreness often so painful. For less painful corns get regular Blue-Jay.

**ONLY BLUE-JAY HAS
NUPERCaine**

Insist on Blue-Jay. It's different, too, in new, more comfortable,

"streamlined" design, and flesh-tinted color. For sale at drug and toilet goods counters. Don't accept substitutes.

For more serious foot ailments, see a chiropodist.

A product of
BAUER & BLACK
Division of The Randall Company • Chicago 16

For New Blue-Jay look for red Nupercaine panel... regular Blue-Jay in Yellow and Blue package without panel.



Copyright 1945,
Bauer & Black

SOPRANO'S PROGRESS (continued)

America's Jean Carltons regard his chessboard as the promised land, and hope against hope that someday he will pick them for pawns. But Arthur Judson was not likely to pay much attention to Jean Carlton until she proved her abilities in a Town Hall recital.

Jean Carlton was already earning a small amount as a professional singer, mostly in churches and nightclubs. This and her scholarship barely made ends meet. Raising the cash for a Town Hall recital was a big problem. Inquiring among her friends, Jean found that her plight had been foreseen. There exists in Manhattan an organization founded for the express purpose of helping talented young musicians to make debuts at Town Hall. It is called the Naumburg Musical Foundation. Each year, helped by a jury of eminent musicians, the Naumburg Foundation holds auditions. The odds are pretty tough. Applicants usually number up to 200. From these only three are finally chosen. But these three get a Town Hall debut with all the trimmings. Jean Carlton tried out and won.

The cost of Jean Carlton's Town Hall recital came to somewhere over \$500. Rent for Town Hall was \$150, accompanist was \$75, and the rest went for promotion and publicity. Tickets bought by friends at the box office totaled \$50. This, following the policy of the Naumburg Foundation, was turned over to Jean Carlton as net profit. She could, of course, have made the same amount on a few Sunday engagements singing *Abide with Me* in some suburban church.

Jean spent the weeks before the recital like a boxer training for his first big bout. Her teachers, Francis Rogers and Sergius Kagen, carefully selected a program that would show off her best qualities without overtaxing her voice. It included songs in French and German. These were indispensable. No soprano can present herself as a candidate for big-league honors if she sings only in English. Meanwhile Mrs. Rogers shopped around on Park Avenue for a gown for Jean to wear, finally deciding on a demure, sleeveless dress of a dark olive-green color. Sergius Kagen agreed to act as her accompanist. Two weeks before the concert he started putting her through a week of grueling daily rehearsals. Then Jean's voice was given a week of complete rest.

In order to keep from getting the jitters, Jean called off all social engagements. She spent day after day in movie houses keeping her mind distracted with double features. Four days before the concert she went through the motions of a dress rehearsal at Town Hall, walking on and off the stage and getting her bearings. The following day a tickle in her throat sent her scurrying to the doctor, who assured her it wasn't laryngitis. Two days before the concert she decided to attend a recital by Lotte Lehmann in the same hall. It was an unwise move. Seeing the great soprano occupying the stage where she was shortly to appear herself didn't do anything to calm her. She went home with a feeling of panic.

Friends and critics

But on the actual day of the concert Jean was as cool as a cucumber. She put on enough make-up to offset the glare of the Town Hall footlights and sent her roommate for a taxi. Then, all alone, carrying her olive-green dress over her arm because the weather was wet, Jean rode to the stage entrance of Town Hall. After all this, the concert itself was almost an anticlimax. She simply walked out onto the stage, took her place in front of the grand piano where Sergius Kagen sat, clasped her hands as all soprano recitalists do and started her first number. In a box she could see the short, white-haired figure of her mother, Mrs. Carrie Cabbage Bartlett, who had arrived from Des Moines just in time for the recital. Among the scattered audience of 500-odd people there were other familiar faces—her teachers at the Juilliard School, her married sister who had come in from Hartford, Conn., her fellow students, all looking very proud and anxious.

At the back of the hall near one aisle sat a detached, poker-faced group of men who watched her every move with catlike attention. One was Oscar Thompson, portly critic of the New York *Sun*, one of the most expert connoisseurs of voices in Manhattan. Another was the *Herald Tribune's* critic, Jerome Bohm, a professional operatic coach whose precise, acid opinions had caused far greater singers than Jean Carlton to wince. Enjoyment of Jean Carlton's singing was out of the question to Thompson, Bohm and their colleagues. Their attitude was more like that of a group of judges at a cattle show. They judged her on points. The first thing they measured was the volume of her voice. Was it big enough to fill a concert hall or opera house? A small voice may win success on the radio, but it is useless in concert or opera. The next thing they looked for was the quality of the voice—its warmth and expressiveness. Then they checked on its range—whether it sounded equally well and had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54



TAVERN WAX

FOR LONGER-LASTING LUSTRE

Here's a Non-Rub Floor Wax that resists even water spots

Socony-Vacuum developed Tavern Non-Rub Floor Wax to put a longer-lasting lustre on all kinds of floors—linoleum, rubber, asphalt tile and wood. That's one reason housewives all over America are changing to Tavern Wax.

They've discovered that Tavern's long-wearing lustre gets brighter with use and resists even water

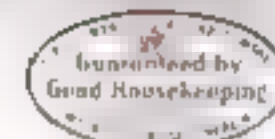
And so quick to use! Tavern Non-Rub floor wax goes on in seconds! Dries in 20 minutes! Makes housecleaning easier because it leaves a long-lasting, lustrous finish that protects your floors.

Tavern Liquid Wax, Tavern Paste Wax

These two famous buffing waxes give a long-wearing lustre and are especially recommended for wood floors to bring out their natural beauty. They remove unsightly marks and clean as they wax. Excellent for polishing and protecting window sills, woodwork, furniture and painted surfaces. Use Liquid or Paste as you prefer.

★ ★ ★

Ask for the wax best suited to your needs at your favorite department, hardware or grocery store! Tavern Non-Rub Floor Wax, Tavern Paste Wax, or Tavern Liquid Wax.

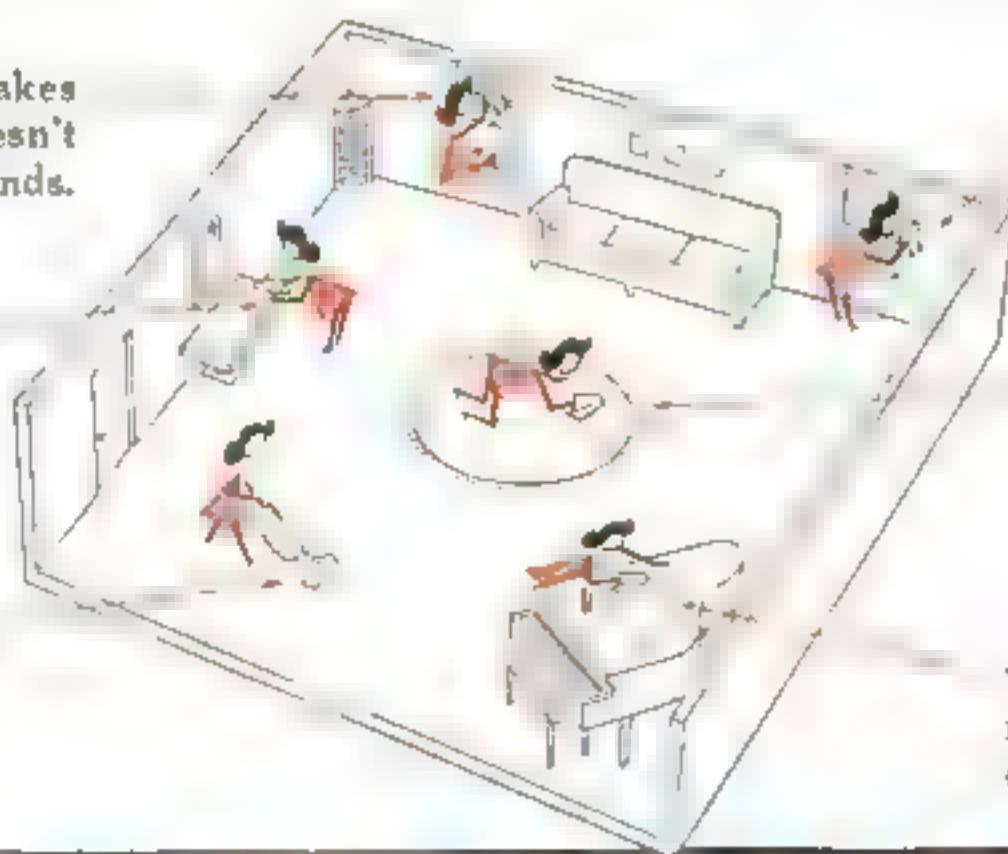


TRY THESE 6 OTHER WAYS TO MAKE HOUSECLEANING EASIER

Tavern Window Cleaner makes window cleaning easy. Doesn't streak. Won't chap your hands.

Tavern Furniture Gloss leaves a lustre that won't attract or hold daily dust. It's a white, creamy emulsion. Leaves no oily surface.

Tavern Electric Motor Oil. Special lubricant for vacuum cleaners, fans, bicycles, etc. Gives long-term protection.



Tavern Paint Cleaner removes grease and smudges from painted walls and woodwork. Porcelain and tile, too!

Tavern Rug Cleaner—A super-shampoo for rugs, draperies, upholstery. Non-caustic, non-inflammable.

Tavern Lustre Cloth—A special flannel treated so that it polishes as it dusts. Restores lustre.



A Tavern has always been a symbol of welcome and hospitality. Typical is Angel Inn, at Grantham, England

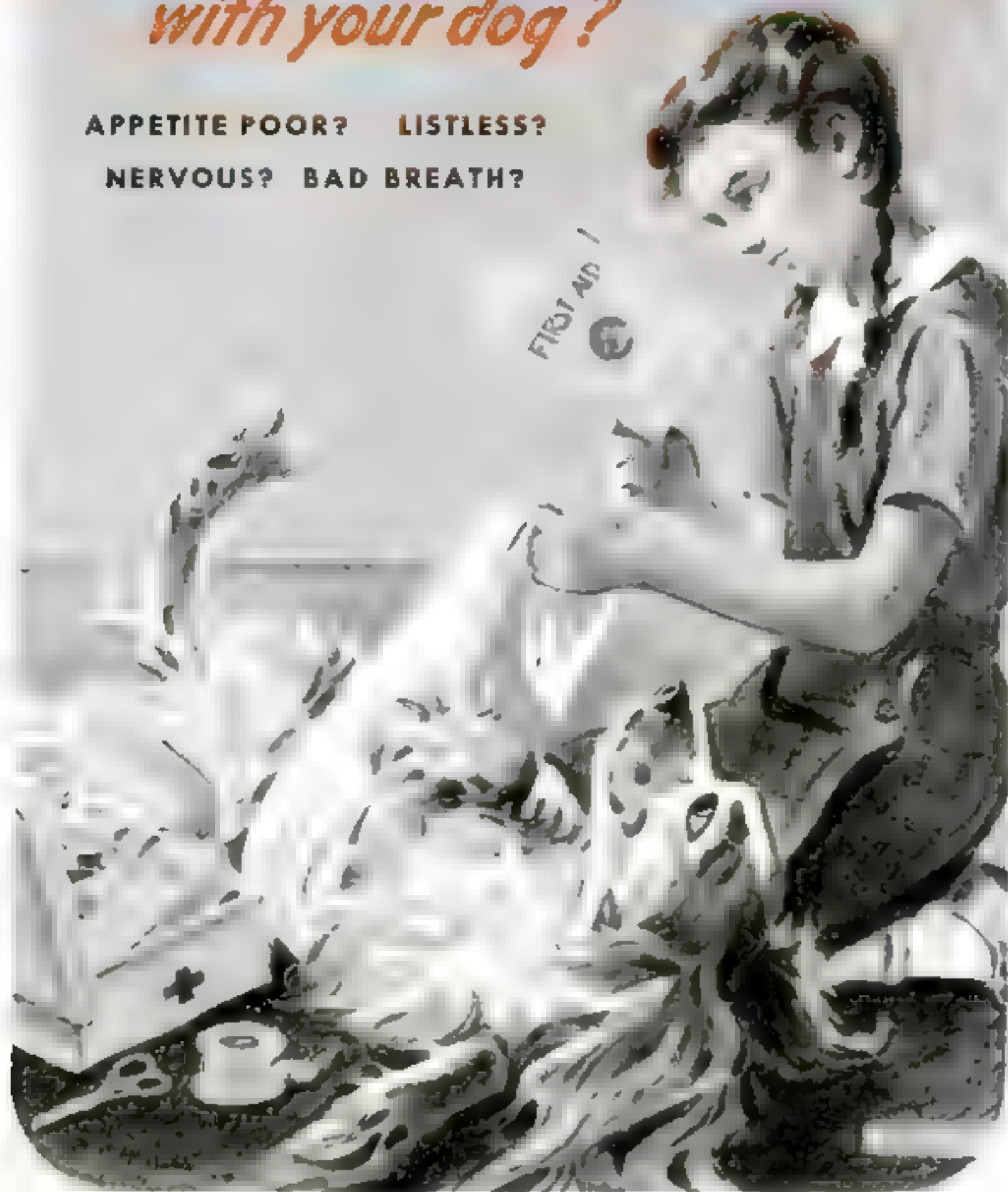


TAVERN HOME PRODUCTS

Also: Tavern Parowax or Paraseal Wax, Tavern Leather Preserver, Tavern Dry Cleaner, and Tavern Candles

Are wartime foods agreeing with your dog?

APPETITE POOR? LISTLESS?
NERVOUS? BAD BREATH?



WHY YOUR DOG WILL do better on PARD

Vital nutrients usually lost in dog food manufacture are adequately retained in Pard . . . full strength nutrition assured by an exclusive Swift low temperature process.

The more heat used in preparing human food, the less nourishing it usually is. This is also true of dog foods. All dry rations manufactured with excessive temperatures lose vital food elements. In time, this nutritional loss may adversely affect your dog.

That's why Pard is more than ever a boon to dog owners. For Pard is dehydrated at nutrition-conserving low temperatures. At temperatures so low,

Pard's rich store of high quality meat proteins, vital vitamins and essential minerals is adequately retained—full strength! It's the same fine Pard with only the moisture removed. No other dog food is made with this exclusive Swift low temperature process (patent pending).

Feed your dog Pard just 10 days. Watch for noticeable improvement in his coat, appetite, disposition—and a return to his gay, spirited ways. Get several packages of Pard today—the really satisfying ration with full strength nutrition.



Proof of Pard's Full Strength Nutrition! Dull coat, nervousness, poor appetite, listlessness—these are among the common diet-caused ills. Yet in successive generations of dogs fed Pard exclusively (8 on Canned Pard, 3 on Pard Dehydrated) not one dietary illness ever appeared. Robust health always! Cats, too, thrive on Pard.

SOPRANO'S PROGRESS (continued)

equal power in the high, middle and low notes. They analyzed what they call her "production," looking for any telltale signs of strain in the way she sang. They noted the agility with which she sang fast phrases, checked the accuracy of her French and German pronunciation. Last of all, they made a few mental notes on her personality and appearance. Near them the costume designer Paul Engel sat with a weary, agonized expression on his face. He didn't like the olive-green gown. "Blue," he murmured. "It should have been robin's-egg blue with silver trimmings."

After the concert Jean had dinner with her visiting relatives and went home, where she sat up waiting to see what the morning papers would say. Success might mean a contract with Arthur Judson or a chance to sing small roles at the Metropolitan Opera House. Failure might mean a lot of things. Some Town Hall failures gather up their press clippings, pack their trunks and go back to Des Moines where they marry and settle down to a quiet life teaching singing. A few never stop trying and spend the rest of their lives giving unsuccessful Town Hall recitals. The outlook for these never-say-die recitalists is not favorable. Only one of them, in fact, ever succeeded in beating the game, and she became a legend.

She was Florence Foster Jenkins, an elderly Philadelphia club-woman whose unquenchable ambition to sing triumphed over what was probably the most complete and absolute lack of talent ever publicly displayed in Manhattan. Florence Foster Jenkins not only had no voice; she couldn't carry a tune. She cheerfully attacked programs that would have taxed a Tetrassini. Appearing in a wardrobe of flame-colored gowns, with bustles, stomachers, mantillas, tiaras and corsages to match the mood, she would treat her Town Hall audience to an evening of gargles and hoots that had to be heard to be believed. When critics referred, with good-natured sarcasm, to her "inimitable style" and "unique art," Mme. Jenkins triumphantly clipped their reviews and quoted them in advertisements. Before long, people began to go to her concerts just to laugh, and they went in droves. The gales of unrestrained glee that swept her audience she accepted as sincere tribute.

Last year Florence Foster Jenkins, at 76, found herself too successful for Town Hall and gave her annual recital in Carnegie Hall instead. All of Carnegie Hall's 2,752 seats were sold nearly a month in advance, and the scene at the concert resembled a riot. A few weeks later Mme. Jenkins died. She had never had the slightest inkling of the real reason for her enormous popularity. In her own way she had achieved the goal of every hopeful artist who walks onto the stage at Town Hall. She died famous.

But Jean Carlton didn't want that particular kind of fame, and she waited for the critics' verdict as excitedly as she had for the concert itself. By 1 a.m. a friend who was on sidewalk vigil at a newsstand telephoned her. The verdict was beginning to come in. Critic Bohm had praised her intelligence, found her voice flexible and wide in range, picked a few flaws in the quality of her highest and lowest notes, predicted that a little more study might take her far. Other critics were equally favorable.

A few weeks passed, during which Jean rested up from her ordeal. Then, suddenly, two weeks ago all her years of hard work paid off. Arthur Judson's Columbia Concerts Corporation called her on the phone and asked her to sign a contract. Now the words, "Jean Carlton, Soprano," would start appearing on the billboards of concert halls all over the U.S. Cubby had at last become a diva. When she came home after signing the contract, she weighed herself. She had lost eight pounds. She was delighted.



Music Critics Jerome Bohm and Oscar Thompson (center and right) carefully judge Jean's good and bad points at debut. Dress Designer Engel (left) looks on bemused.



Serge Koussevitzky

WITH THE GREAT BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PLAYS THE IMMORTAL WALTZ MUSIC TCHAIKOVSKY CALLED "THE BEST THING I HAVE WRITTEN"

Music so gay and sparkling with melody—no wonder Tchaikovsky called his Serenade for Strings "the best thing I have written!" No wonder it is a favorite of concert and ballet audiences!

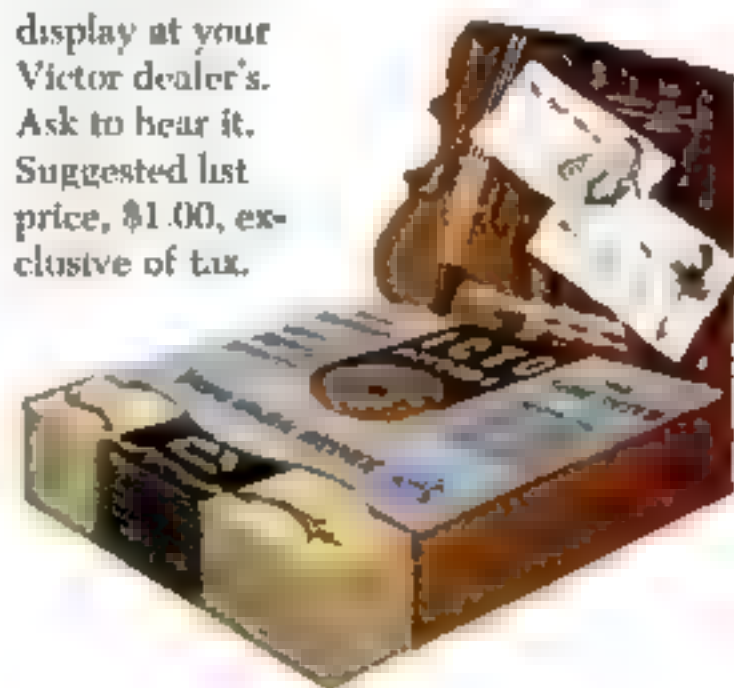
You'll be enchanted by the graceful Waltz section. Recorded by Koussevitzky and the fabulous string section of the Boston Symphony, it becomes a thing of shimmering, soaring beauty. Great music it is indeed—yet, when touched by the genius of

Koussevitzky, it glows even brighter . . . its singing melodies become even lovelier!

On the reverse side of the record you will hear Koussevitzky conducting "The Last Spring" by Edvard Grieg, on whose life and music the Broadway success, "Song of Norway" is based. It is a melody of singular beauty and simplicity.

Listen to *The Music America Loves Best* every Sunday at 4.30 p.m., EWT, over NBC. Buy More War Bonds

This delightful record is now on display at your Victor dealer's. Ask to hear it. Suggested list price, \$1.00, exclusive of tax.



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RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA, RCA VICTOR DIVISION, CAMDEN, N.J.

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hundreds saw Rio
by television...**



Tomorrow thousands



ON STATION WNBT

TELEVIEWERS:—Visit foreign lands by "video." Dial in "Wings of Democracy," Pan American's new television program. Every Monday evening over Station WNBT.

will go to Rio by CLIPPER

Yes, you will be able to afford the trip because Pan American's post-war fares will be so low . . . And you'll have *time* to go because a two-weeks' vacation will no longer be a barrier to world travel.

TODAY Pan American is in the war up to the hilt. Every month, especially trained Pan American Flight Crews are piling up hundreds of thousands of miles of overseas flying for the Armed Services.

But some day soon, peace will come. Some day soon, Pan American's plans for high-speed, low-cost transport *within reach of the average man and woman* will come true.

These plans were laid *before Pearl Harbor*. Only the war held them back . . . All the giant, four-engined Clippers on order in 1941 were released to the Armed Services. Last year Pan American's plans moved forward once again. Orders were placed for a huge new fleet of 100-passenger, 300-mile-an-hour Clippers which will take you to Rio de Janeiro, for example, in *less than 20 hours* from New York City.



New, giant Clippers will mean new, low rates for world travel

Are you a war worker, doing your level best to knock out the Axis with production and putting away War Bonds for a well-earned post-war vacation?

Would you and your wife like to see one of the most breathtaking harbors in the world on that vacation? Would you like to see the *samba* danced as only Brazilians can dance it? Would you like to spend ten or twelve lazy mornings on the internationally famous beach at Copacabana . . .?

Then nothing must stop you from going to Rio de Janeiro



PLENTY OF ROOM . . .

Post-war Clippers will have ample space to move around in . . . Delicious, piping hot, complimentary meals served aloft will be planned by the world's greatest chefs.

by Clipper! Then you must begin planning now to drive along boulevards lined with scarlet flamboyants . . . Imagine stopping at sidewalk cafes with tables set in the shade of almond trees and purple-flowered *jacarandas*! And, best of all, you will be able to afford it because Pan American's proposed post-war fares will be so low! In addition, the world's best meals, served aboard the Clippers in flight, will be *included* in the cost of your ticket.



Seventeen years' flying experience . . . built up both in peace and war

And wherever you plan to fly after the war—Rio, London, Paris, Mexico City, Alaska, Hawaii, Australia or

China—remember that no other international airline in the world can equal the 17-year flying record built up by Pan American World Airways in both *peace and war*.

Pan American Clippers have now completed more than 323,000,000 miles of overseas flight. This experience will mean much to you when, after the war, you want to fly to Rio, London, Paris—or anywhere else in the world.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

The System of the Flying Clippers



has logged more miles than any international airline

All-American Taste

PERHAPS baked beans were first prepared by a Boston genius...but today their zestful flavor has made them an all-American favorite. You'll find them on the finest menus from Bangor to Seattle, New Orleans to St. Paul.

You'll find Seagram's 5 Crown on these same menus, and in the finest homes. For Seagram's 5 Crown is also an all-American favorite. To give it superb flavor, the finest whiskeys from the House of Seagram's treasure-store are blended with grain neutral spirits distilled especially for blending. Every delicious drop is *true pre-war quality*...worthy of Seagram's 88-year old tradition of craftsmanship.

Think of this when you buy. Good taste says "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"...because Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases good taste!

SEAGRAM TAKES THE
TOUGHNESS OUT — BLENDS
EXTRA PLEASURE IN



Seagram's 5 Crown

Say Seagram's and be Sure of Pre-War Quality

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BLDG., NEW YORK



THIS ANGORA RABBIT HAS JUST BEEN PLUCKED OF ITS LONG, FLUFFY WHITE HAIR. PLUCKING DOES NOT HURT ANGORAS. THEY USUALLY SIT STILL AND SEEM TO LIKE IT



BEFORE CLIPPING, HAIR IS PARTED DOWN THE BACK

ANGORA RABBITS

The fuzzy pets are profitable

Raising Angora rabbits for their hair, which is spun into soft yarn for sweaters, scarves and gloves, is fast becoming one of the largest small animal industries in this country. These white-haired, pink-eyed little animals are raised the same way as ordinary rabbits except that they require less space and less food. The soft hair is removed from the rabbits by plucking or clipping. Plucked hair brings the highest price. Current hair prices range all the way from 90¢ to \$11 a pound. A good rabbit, well-kept, will produce 12 to 14 ounces a year and can show a profit of about \$4 in one year. It costs about \$3 a year to feed an Angora and breeding stock sells for from \$4 to \$13.



AFTER CLIPPING, ONLY LONG HAIR IS ON FEET, EARS

* B.V.D. *Invented Comfort*



Now B.V.D.

Improves upon it in this

smart Sturdigab Ruggers Shirt

For generations now we've made the brand name of B.V.D. synonymous with *comfort*. Today we're demonstrating to millions of men that comfort can be combined with high style in a whole series of smart-looking men's apparel.

DRESS ON THE SUNNY SIDE!

in the Sturdigab Ruggers Shirt! Exclusive Flexible Fit collar looks *right*, whether worn open or with a tie. Woven from spun rayon and the new Teca rayon, in a handsome gabardine finish. Choice of colors. Guaranteed washable by 3500 commercial laundries!

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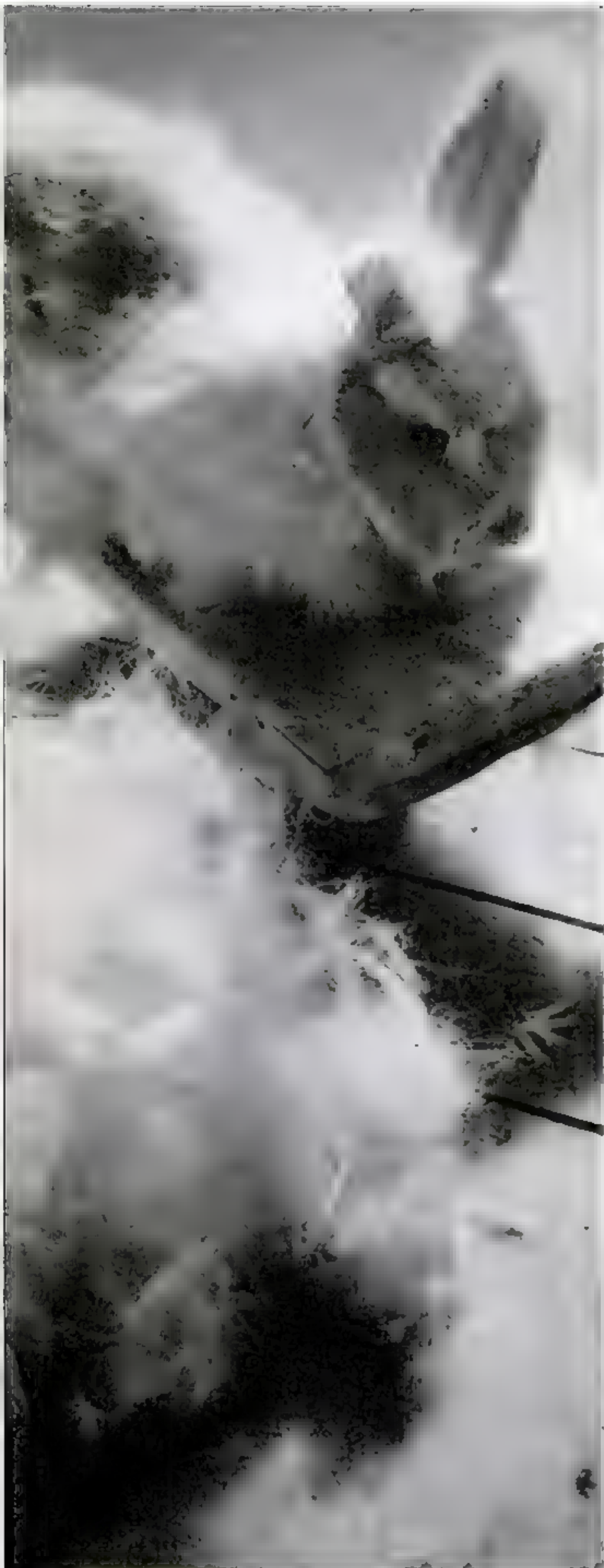
Sportswear • Pajamas • Swim Trunks • Underwear

THE B.V.D. CORP., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1, N.Y. • IN CANADA: THE B.V.D. CO., LTD., MONTREAL

Angora Rabbits (continued)



A single plucking yielded this five-ounce pile of Angora hair shown beside rabbit which sits on the revolvable clipping table. Angoras are plucked four times a year. During her first four years of life, this 6-year-old female grew 12 ounces of hair each year. She also had nine litters and raised 45 young. In the last two years she has



had no families but has produced 45 ounces of hair. Raised mostly as a sideline by farmers, Angoras are kept in small cages with wire floors. They are fed grain, good quality hay and an occasional bit of green or carrot as a treat. Angora rabbits have mild dispositions, make fine pets. If their hair yield is too low, they are good to eat.

"WHY DOESN'T MOMMY STAY HOME ANY MORE?"



That's a difficult thing to explain to a youngster. The answer is her Mother has to go out and work now in order to maintain a comfortable home, because the benefits she receives from Social Security are not enough even for her minimum needs. This little girl's Daddy, in a vague sort of way, overestimated the amount of the benefits which Social Security would provide, and failed to supplement these benefits with an adequate amount of life insurance. He didn't translate his vague ideas into specific facts about "dollars and cents."

Don't gamble with the future security of yourself and your loved ones. First get the full story about Social Security . . . how much? . . . for how long? . . . and under what conditions? Then figure out what would be left from the life insurance you own, after liberal deductions for the inevitable bills and expenses. Take these simple, prudent steps now, while you are earning money and in good health.

The Mutual Life field representative in your community is well versed in both Social Security and life insurance matters. He can show you how a reasonable amount of life insurance, teaming up with your Social Security, can brighten the picture of the future for yourself and your family.

Write for **FREE Social Security HELPS**

Every Social Security card owner can profit from **THIS FILM** for safekeeping the official records which help to collect benefits quickly. Gather and file these records now. Spare yourself—or your widow—trouble later, possibly costly delay. **THIS FOLDER** will help you calculate future income from Social Security and present life insurance. Mail the coupon today.



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THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

"First in America"

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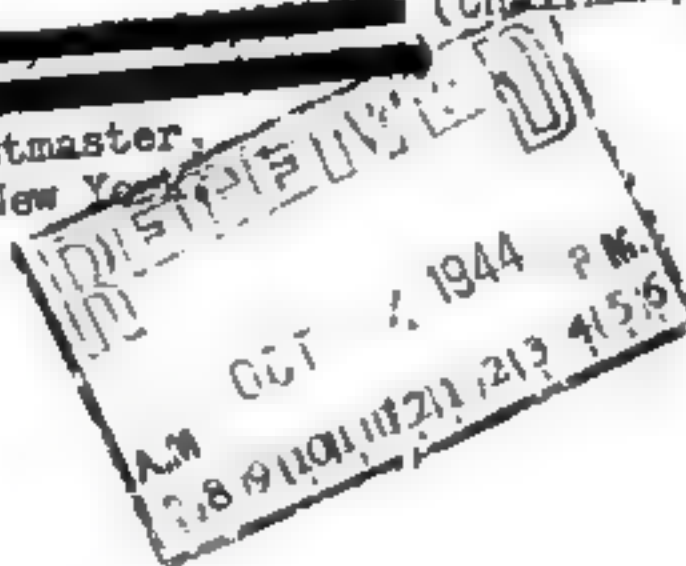
OCCUPATION.....

L-12

A Letter from Foxhole No. 9

SGT. [REDACTED] (Chairman)

APC 436, W/oPostmaster,
New York 1, New York



Schick Dry Shaver Company
Stamford, Conn.

France
13 September 1944

RECEIVED

OCT 4 1944

J. B. ELLIOTT

Gentlemen:

As an old and satisfied customer until now, I am writing this with tears in the eyes of nine men. One of our best and most valued friends is gone....irreplaceable, beyond return, beyond recovery—lost forever. The anguish in our souls overwhelms us with grief. Our only hope is this letter to you. If you fail us in this hour of need we can only revert to the status of barbarians. We'll roam the battlefield with the dazed look of hunted men, without recognition, without pride, without (yes, even without) self-respect. Listen, then, to our plea and we desperately trust you can see beyond the tears and make amends to hasten our return to normality. So begins our tale of woe:

For month after month, thru rain, storm, snow, sun, heat, desert, battle after battle, we have been the proud possessors of a genuine guaranteed SCHICK MODEL S electric razor. What joy was ours is now gone as the razor has become a battle casualty. A zealous search of the area has even failed to produce enough pieces of it to identify our former pride and joy. It is with trembling and humble thoughts that we notify you of this loss. Our purpose, then, is to secure another, nay, even more, we crave a SCHICK COLONEL (the finest electric razor in the world). Inclosed a money order for \$20.00, donated by all members of this unit, to pay for a new SCHICK.

We fully realize the tremendous role you are playing to produce military equipment to hasten the end of this global conflict. We only pray that hidden somewhere in some long-forgotten file or drawer reposes a new SCHICK. If that forgotten SCHICK could find its way across the ocean to these bereaved men we could gather courage and sufficient might to thrust our way across to continent to the heart of Berlin, nay to the gates of Tokio. How mortified, how disgraced, how disillusioned, to march down Unter den Linden horribly unshaven, unkempt, and crummy. Time is short, the hour draws near, the enemy is collapsing—hesitate no longer and search—search every cranny and every nook, turn the house upside down, stop production, take a holiday with our permission, BUT send us a SCHICK COLONEL and forevermore accept our undying gratitude, our heartfelt affection for all things that are being sent to the boys overseas. (Keep the change, if there is any)

THE BOYS IN FOXHOLE NO. 9.

◀ This Is What It Means to Lose a Schick

Wouldn't it be smart to take special care of yours by sending it for inspection, overhaul or needed replacement parts to your nearest Schick Service Office?

P.S. The money order sent by "The Boys in Foxhole No. 9" has been returned—together with the last prewar Schick we could lay hands on.



SCHICK
INCORPORATED

SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVER

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

ATTENTION: Overseas Sales Division.

SCHICK DRY SHAVES COMPANY
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

PAR
AVION



THREE VERSIONS OF PETTICOAT-BLOUSE DESIGNED BY DORINE LIEBERT ARE SHOWN ABOVE. ONE IN CENTER IS MADE OF EYELET EMBROIDERY, OTHER TWO OF RUSTLY TAFFETA

PETTICOAT-BLOUSE

Practical one-piece garment does double duty as underwear or dress

The trend toward simplifying women's wearing apparel has now been advanced by the introduction of the petticoat blouse. This is a one piece garment which can be used as a slip, a blouse or a bareback dress. Wearing it, a woman can consider that she has on either underwear or outerwear. But though this simplifies things for women, it complicates them for men who, looking at a woman in a petticoat-blouse, cannot be sure whether she is dressed or undressed.

Nevertheless, the petticoat-blouse has many virtues. It is easy to put on, fastens only at neck and center waistline in back. Worn with suits, it eliminates the blouse-plus-slip bulk around the waist. It provides a blouse which cannot pull out because it is attached to the petticoat. Most of all, it eliminates the unsightly hazard of a showing slip. The petticoat blouse, which is made of pretty taffetas and cottons, looks decorative even when it shows beneath a skirt.

The girl he can't forget



**-the girl with a
Solitair-lovely complexion**

You're the girl he'll carry with him everywhere, deep in his heart. For your satiny skin, your sweet-enough-to-kiss Solitair complexion makes you so appealingly, so unforgettably lovely! Let him remember:

GIN RUMMY FOR TWO—your complexion as smooth as your game. Thanks to Solitair your make-up loves NATURAL Solitair LANOLIN richness guards your skin against dryness.

GALA EVENING OUT—your complexion as fresh as the candle he sent. Thanks to Solitair, your make-up STAYS satin smooth for HOURS. Tiny lines and blemishes are YOUR secret.

Cake Make-Up with LANOLIN
60¢ and 25¢



A CAMPANA PRODUCT

Petticoat-Blouse (continued)



Three stages in wearing the petticoat-blouse are shown here. The girl at the extreme right has just stepped into a diagonal-striped taffeta petticoat-blouse. The girl in



the center has put on the skirt of her suit. The third girl has added the jacket of her suit. Whether the petticoat shows below the skirt or not is optional with the wearer.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



WHEN your boy is grown and his dog is gone, their joyous friendship will still be a reality to you who watched it affectionately... if you record it *now* in personal movies.

But remember—your movies can be no better than your camera. So get a Filmo, precision-built by the makers of Hollywood's preferred studio equipment to give professional results with amateur ease. Just sight, press a button, and *what you see, you get*—in rich, true-to-life full color or in brilliant black-and-white.



Filmo Auto-Load a big camera which is loaded simply by snapping in a film magazine. It auto-changes from color to black-and-white even in mid-roll. Also a complete line of accessories and related basic motion picture equipment.

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Register with your B & H dealer, so you'll be on his preferred list when the improved Filmo Cameras and Filmosound and silent projectors are available.

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*When it's mid-day
in the Philippines*

**IT'S FLASHLIGHT TIME
IN AMERICA**



Our Philippine victories are hastening the day when, once more, you can have all the Bond flashlights and batteries you want.

The need to ear-mark so many Bond batteries for war needs has not yet passed. When the war is won they will again be available for you. Bond Electric Corporation, New Haven, Conn., Division of Olin Industries, Inc.



Petticoat-Blouse (continued)



When worn with only a jacket (above) or with a full-length redingote-type coat open down the front, the petticoat-blouse serves as a dress. Price ranges from \$25 to \$30.



When worn with only a skirt over it, the petticoat-blouse serves as a bareback halter. The one above, of plaid taffeta, has a bow at the neckline. Others have ruffled jabots.



G.I.'S DEMAND, *Kostelanetz* CONDUCTS,
COLUMBIA RECORDS "AVE MARIA"

● On December 9th, Andre Kostelanetz and his wife, Lily Pons, abandoned all commercial radio and concert contracts to begin their second tour of the war fronts. Before departing, Kostelanetz recorded for Columbia and for you, the parents, relatives and friends of our fighting men, the favorite request music of our GIs overseas.

It is *Ave Maria*, both the Bach-Gounod and the Schubert compositions . . . music that has brought home closer to our men; music that will bring our men closer to us who remain here at home.

The man who has made great music popular and popular music great, includes in his Columbia repertoire the recently released *Oklahoma*

Medley and the *Music of George Gershwin*. These new Columbia recordings rank with his masterful interpretation of the *Music of Victor Herbert* and his superb recording of the immortal *Strauss Waltzes*.

Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra, like so many other great artists, record exclusively on Columbia Records. These records are laminated . . . pressed in layers . . . with surfaces of highly sensitized material.

This Sensitone-Surface, exclusive with Columbia, makes possible far richer tone, greater durability, amazing freedom from needle noise.

In deed and in fact, you will find that *Great Music Is More Faithfully Yours* on Columbia Masterworks Records.

COLUMBIA
Masterworks
RECORDS

Trade Marks: Columbia, "Masterworks" and CBS Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Basil Rathbone (Actor-Narrator) Stevenson's *Treasure Island* with supporting cast and chorus cond. by Richard Davis. Set M-MM 553 . . . \$3.50

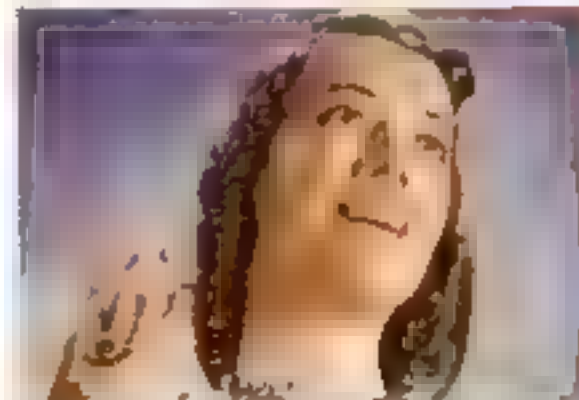
Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* with Stokowski and All-American Orchestra. Set M-MM 477 . . . \$3.50



Edward Kilenyi (Piano) with Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Orchestra, in Chopin's *Concerto No. 1 in E Minor, Op. 11*. Set M-MM-515 \$4.50

Schubert's *Wanderer Fantasy* (trans. Liszt) with Symphony Orch. cond. by Meyrowitz. Set M-MM-426 . . . \$3.50

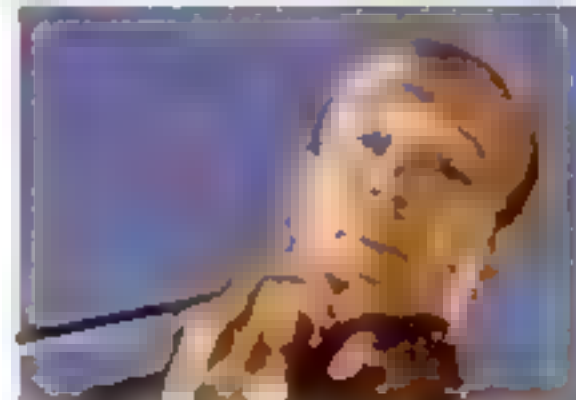
Prices shown are approximate



Lily Pons (Soprano) Bell Song from Delibes' *Lakmé* and *Mad Scene* from Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* Orch. cond. by Cimara. Set M-MM-561 \$3.50

Gaetano Donizetti *Daughter of the Regiment* with Metropolitan Opera Orch. Cimara cond. Set S-2-6 . . . \$2.50

Columbia Recording Corporation, CBS A Subsidiary of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.



Joseph Szigeti (Violin) Mendelssohn's *Concerto in E Minor* with the London Philharmonic Orchestra cond. by Bercham. Set M-MM-190 . . . \$4.50

Brahm's *Concerto in D Major* with Sir Hamilton Harty conducting the Hallé Orchestra. Set M-MM-117 . . . \$5.50



Fritz Reiner conducting the distinguished Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra in a superb Wagner Concert. Set M-MM 549 . . . \$4.50

Richard Strauss's *Don Quixote* Op. 35 with guest soloist Gregor Piatigorsky, 'Cello. Set M-MM-506 . . . \$5.50

ART BY JOHN FREDERICKS



Remember the Day EASTER APRIL 1ST
Remember the Girl
Remember the Gift



Whitman's CHOCOLATES

When you give Whitman's you show the sincerest of sentiments and give the finest of chocolates. The Sampler is the candy every girl likes best.



Whitman's
Confectionery Co., Inc., 1948

A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS



PRODUCTS OF FRACTIONATED HUMAN BLOOD STAND ON SHELVES OF REFRIGERATED PLANT AT HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL. TECHNICIAN SCRAPES POWDERED FRACTION INTO JAR

BLOOD

Research has made it raw material for spectacular new products

The techniques for preserving blood and plasma that have made possible the saving of countless soldiers' lives came out of the research laboratories just in time for their wide, meritorious use in this war. The same line of research has now yielded a spectacular new family of substances which make human blood a prime raw material for medicine.

These substances have been produced by separating blood plasma into its chemical components, much as petroleum is fractionated into fuels, oils and chemicals. Among the products made by the fractionation of human blood are plastic films that are useful in surgery, a sponge that stops bleeding, a fraction that controls shock and a serum that prevents and attenuates certain virus diseases. These products are shown on pages 70 to 72. The potential value of these substances and of substances still to be isolated from blood is so great that the nation must now consider means for maintaining permanently a large supply of blood.

The research that has produced these products began as a pure scientific study of the nature and functions of blood. The gallon and a half of blood which circulates in the normal human body contains a large variety of proteins in solution and trillions of living cells in free-floating suspension. These cells, which are described on pages 74-75, perform specific functions. The red cells carry oxygen to the tissues. The white cells scavenge the tissues and conduct the active resistance to infection. The proteins, which are contained in the red cells and in plasma, the liquid portion of the blood, perform equally specific functions. Some are the anti-bodies which carry immunity against infection. Another group forms the clots that stop bleeding. Another controls the volume of blood in circulation, which is a crucial factor in shock. Fractionation has separated these proteins and packaged them with their functional powers intact. Result is that doctors and surgeons can now employ the body's own mechanisms against the body's ills.

PRODUCTS HAVE MANY USES IN MEDICINE AND SURGERY

The pictures on these two pages make a photographic diagram of the fractionation of plasma. The dried powders in the dishes shown in the picture at top of the opposite page are the five major fractions into which plasma has been separated. Each fraction embraces a different group of proteins. From these fractions, as indicated by the arrows, have come the variety of products shown in the other pictures.

Fraction I contains fibrinogen, a protein with a long, fiber-shaped molecule. In the living body these molecules form blood clots when activated by thrombin, which is contained in Fraction III. Fibrin foam, made from fibrinogen and thrombin, must similarly be activated by thrombin when used to stop bleeding. Fibrinogen alone or in combination with thrombin produces the plasma plastics shown below.

Fraction II contains proteins called immune globulin, which carries immunity factors. Immune globulin has proved effective against measles and has been reported effective against infectious hepatitis, or virus jaundice. It may work against other diseases. Fraction V contains the plasma albumin proteins, responsible for 80% of plasma's effectiveness against shock. In Fraction III and especially in Fraction IV are proteins whose functions are not yet clearly established. These and the blood-cell proteins are the frontiers for further pioneering in blood-product research.

Plasma products have so far been reserved for the use of the armed forces and for clinical investigation. The research that produced this development in medicine was conducted by Dr. Edwin J. Cohn and a large group of associates at Harvard Medical School, where these pictures were taken by LIFE Photographer Fritz Goro.



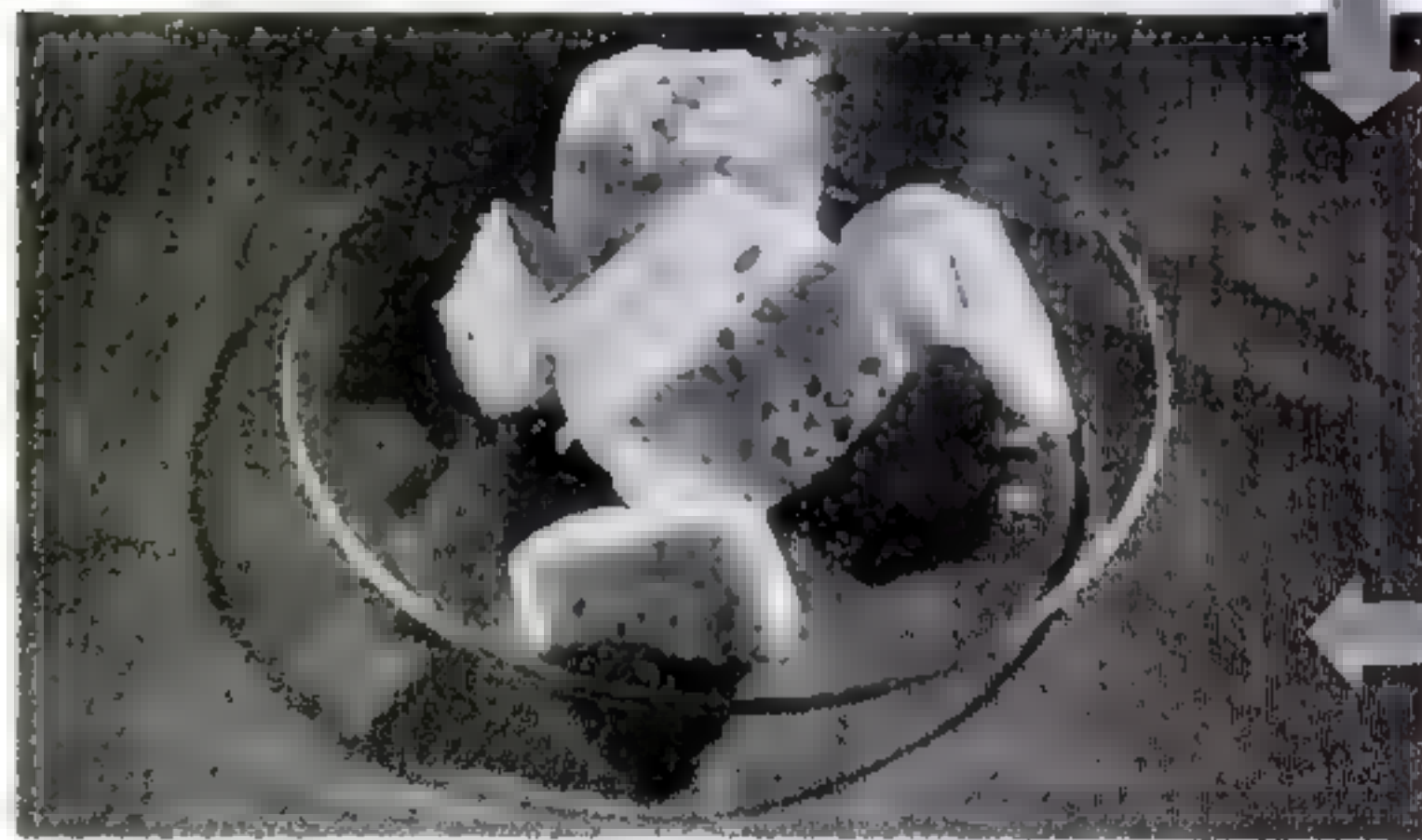
FIBRIN FILM is a strong, translucent sheet plastic made from fibrinogen (Fraction I), thrombin (Fraction III). Use in brain surgery is shown on page 72. Film can also be made in tube form.



BLOOD-GROUPING GLOBULINS, subfraction of Fraction III, determine a person's blood group (see bottom page 73). Whole blood in transfusion must be matched to the patient's blood group.



THROMBIN, another product, activates clot-forming function of fibrinogen both in living body and in product form. Fraction III contains other potentially valuable proteins.

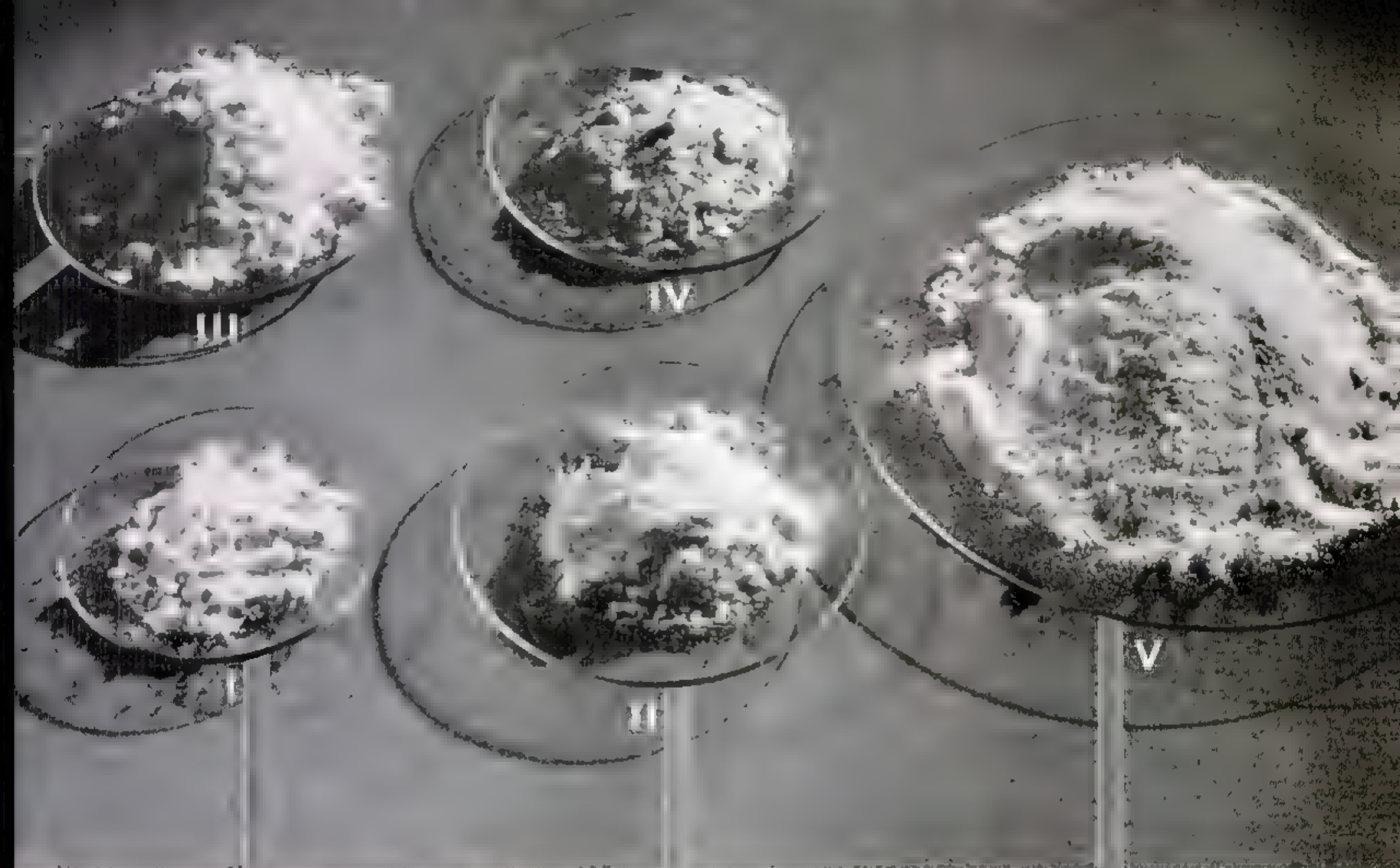


FIBRIN FOAM, a thrombin-fibrinogen product which looks and feels like a hard sponge, is applied to wound to stop bleeding. Before such use it must be dipped in a thrombin solution.



FIBRINOGEN PLASTIC can be worked up into any shape and any consistency from rubbery to hard. Because it can be absorbed by body or blood stream, it has many potential surgical uses.

ONE PINT OF BLOOD YIELDS THESE FIVE FRACTIONS



FIBRINOGEN has a long and fiber-shaped molecule like cellulose and is made in the liver. Like fibrin, therefore, it helps protect.



IMMUNE GLOBULIN is potentially most important of the fractions because it may prove effective in treating many diseases.



ALBUMIN, like whole plasma, is used in treating shock. Advantage is that it can be more easily shipped, stored and injected.

BLOOD CONTINUED



REMOVAL OF FOREIGN BODY is shown above; below, Thrombin-fibrinogen solution is poured into flask.



CAUGHT IN CLOT, foreign body is lifted out of flask. Technique has been used to remove kidney stones.



USE OF FIBRIN FILM is here shown in actual brain operation. At completion of surgery, transparent fibrin film is laid over brain

to replace protective dura membrane which sheathes brain under bone. As new dura sheath grows in, fibrin is absorbed by tissues



CLOTTING POWER OF FIBRIN FOAM and thrombin is demonstrated here. As first step, whole blood is poured into a beaker.



FIBRIN FOAM, held in tweezers, has been dipped in solution of thrombin. Here it is about to be dropped into beaker



CLOTTED BLOOD stands like lump of jelly on glass dish. The clot formed in a few seconds after fibrin foam was dropped in

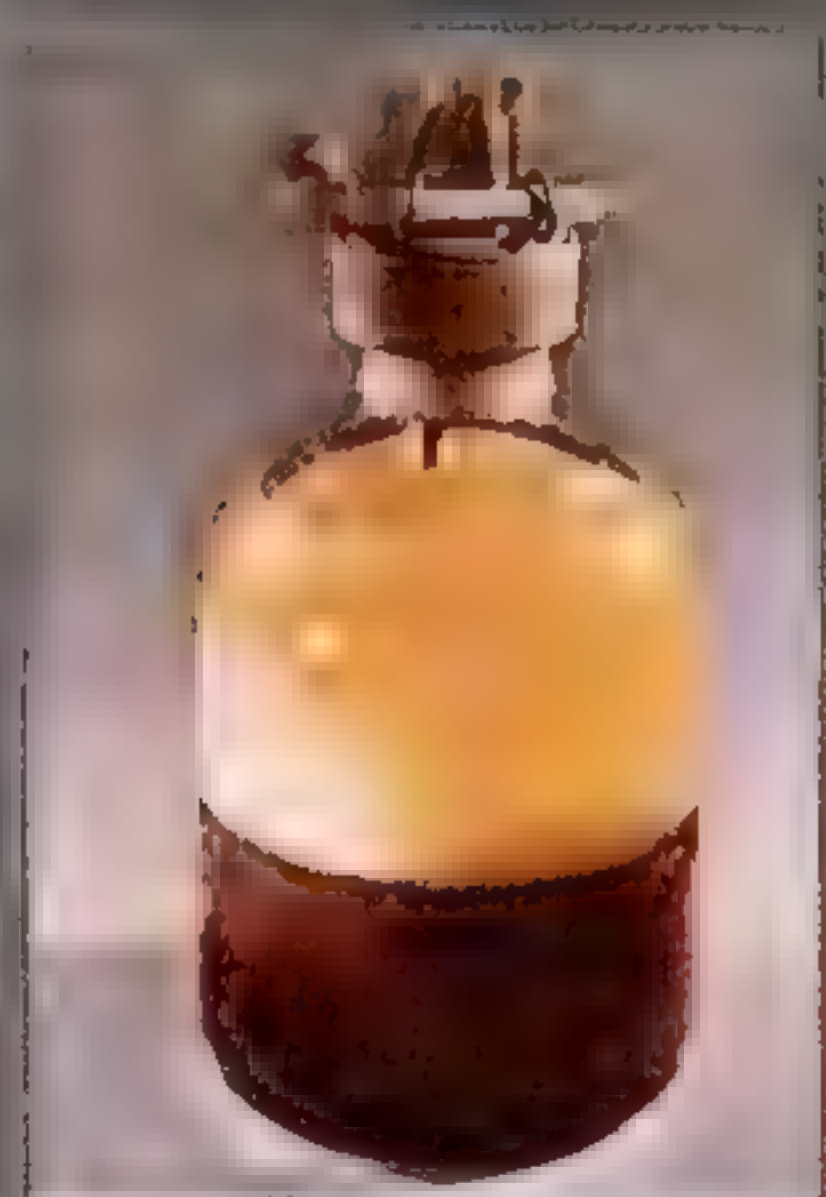


A PINT OF BLOOD is drawn from large vein in arm of donor. Donation ordinarily requires about five minutes. Donor's clench-

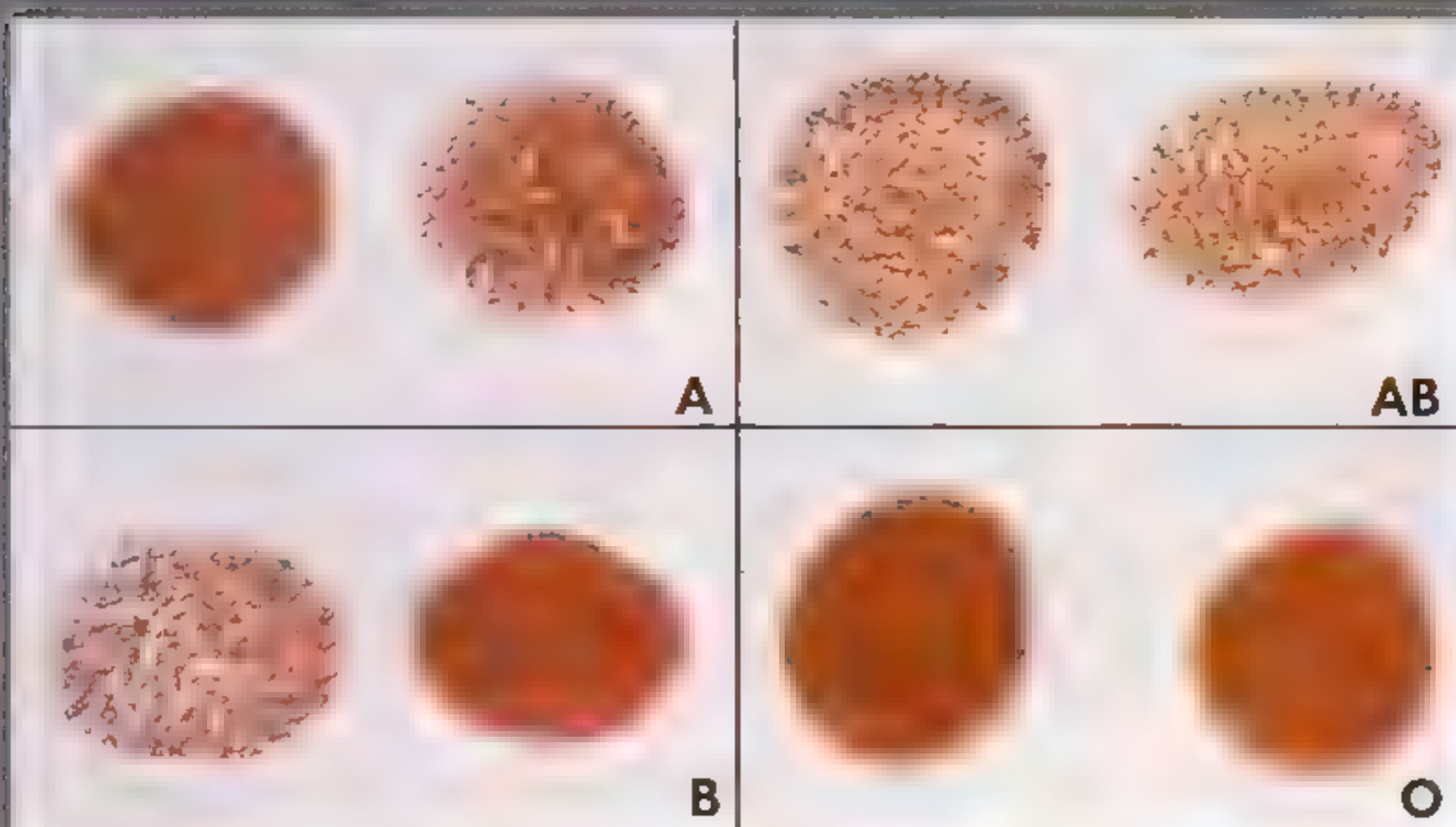
ing muscles assist to promote flow of blood. Cuff is plugged to keep air vents or pushed out of bottle by flowing blood.



WHOLE BLOOD, with cells suspended throughout, appears dark burgundy color in glass bottle.

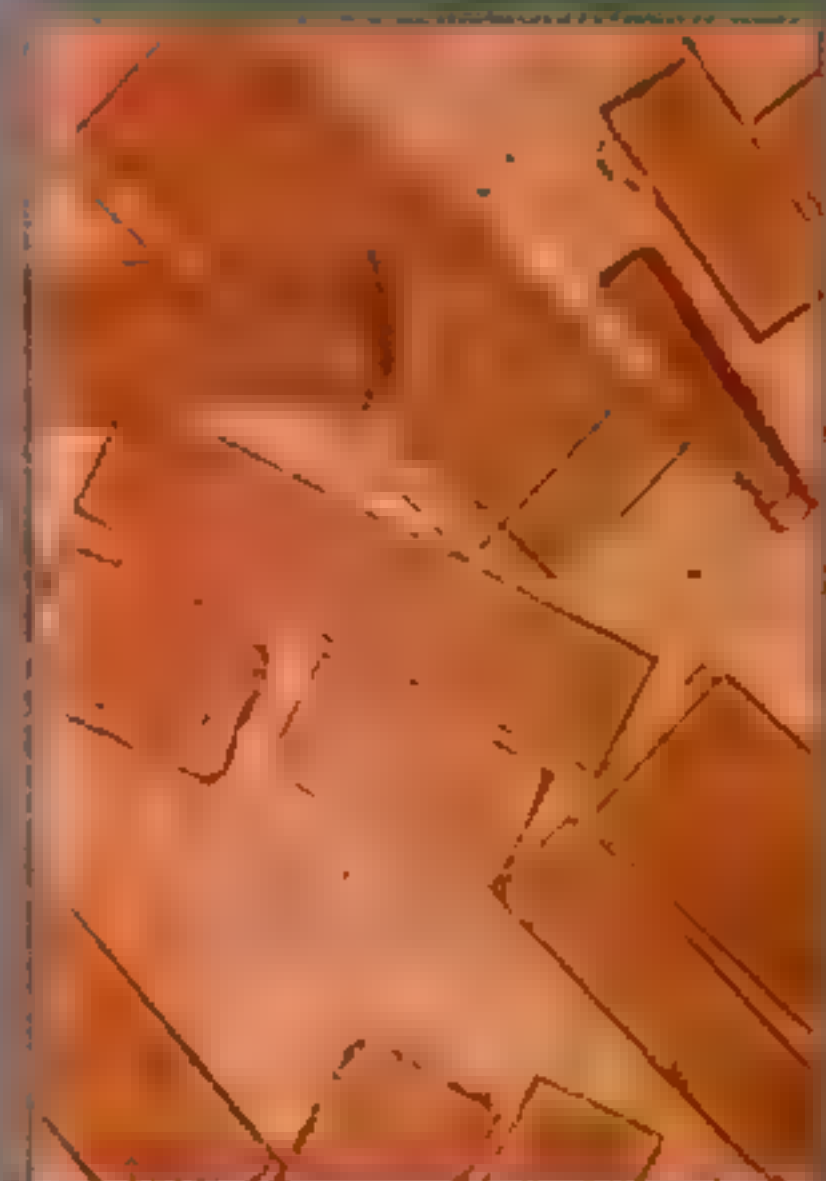


PLASMA appears as a fairly clear yellow liquid after red cells have settled to bottom of bottle.

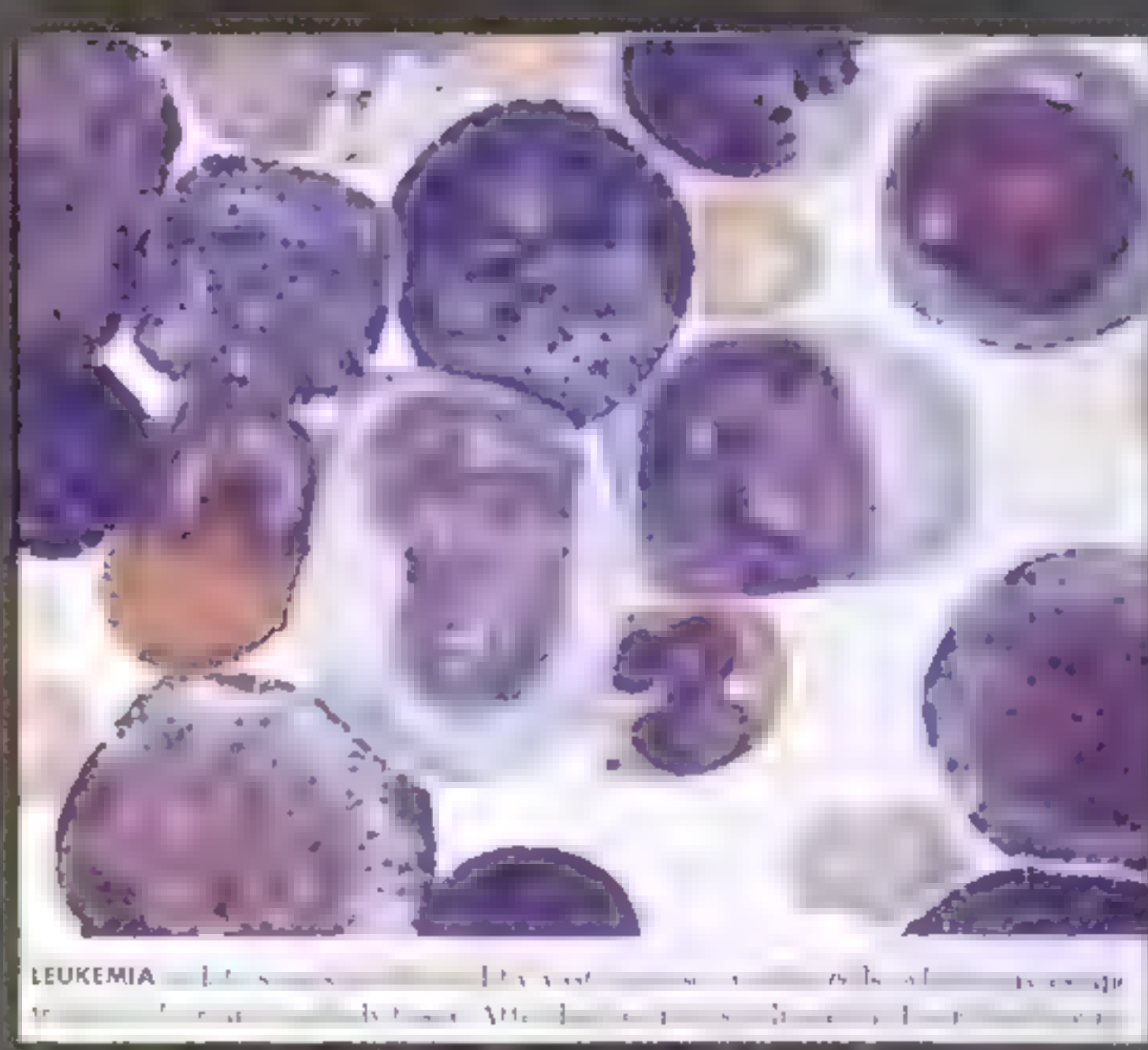
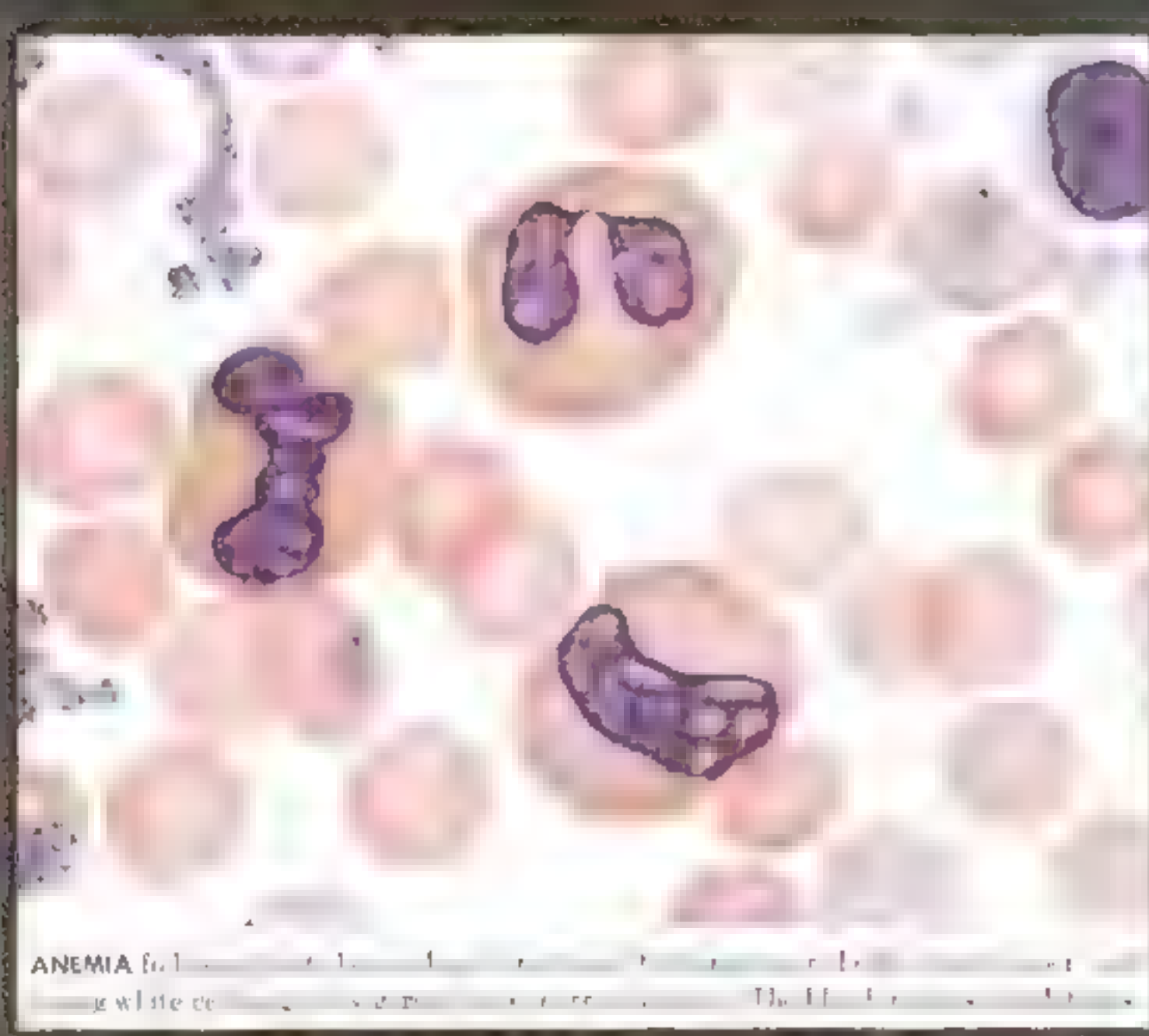
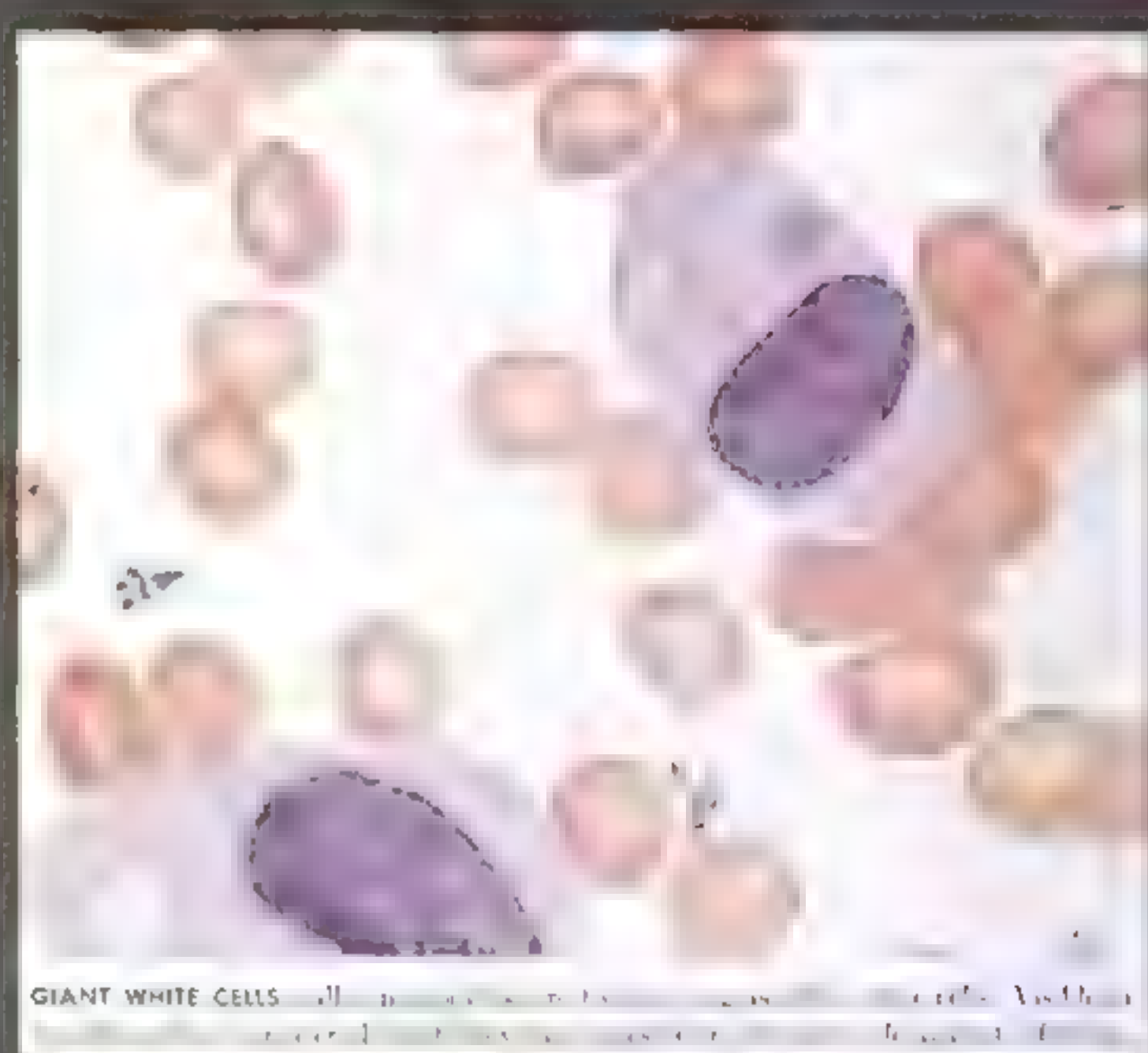
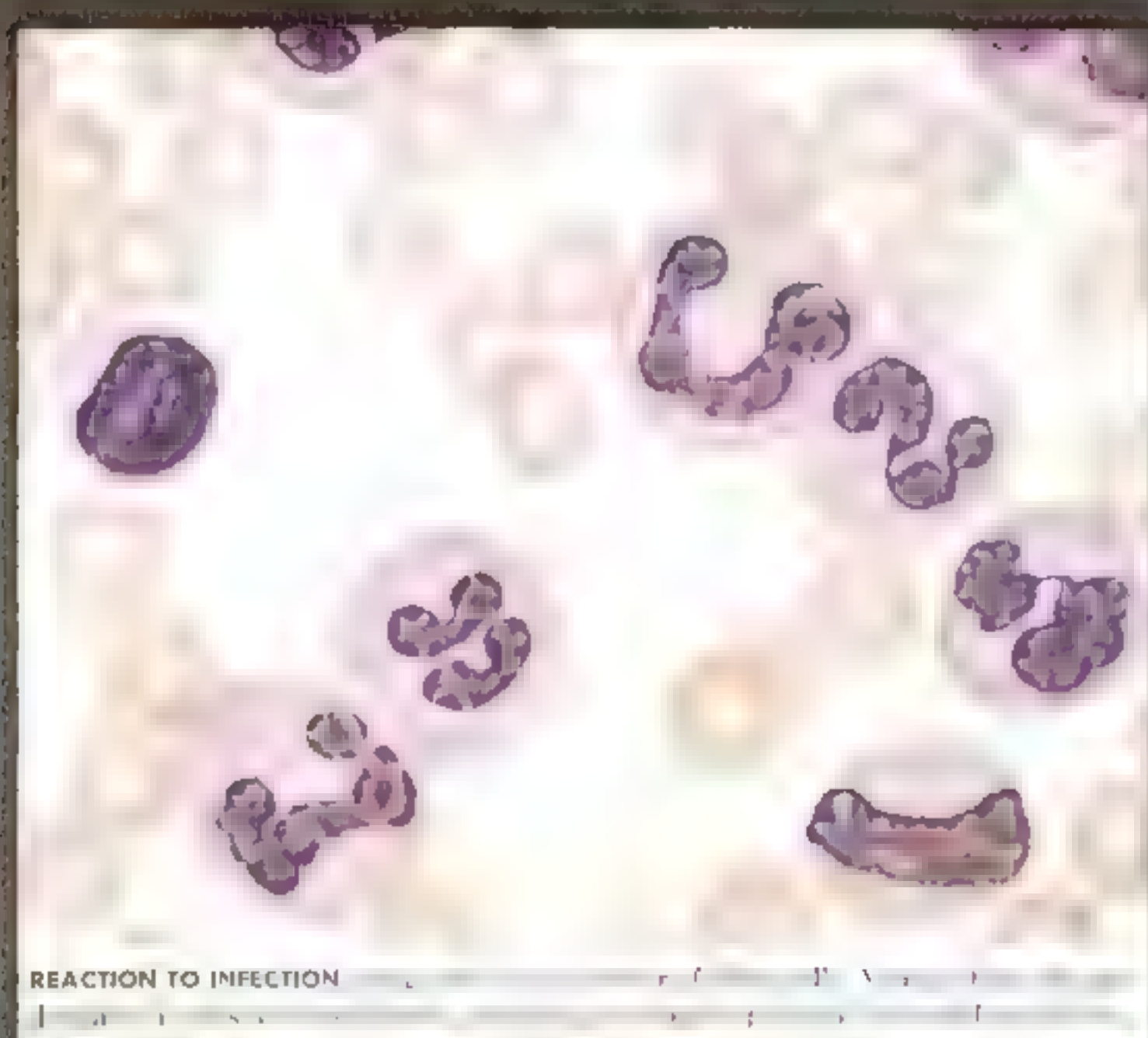
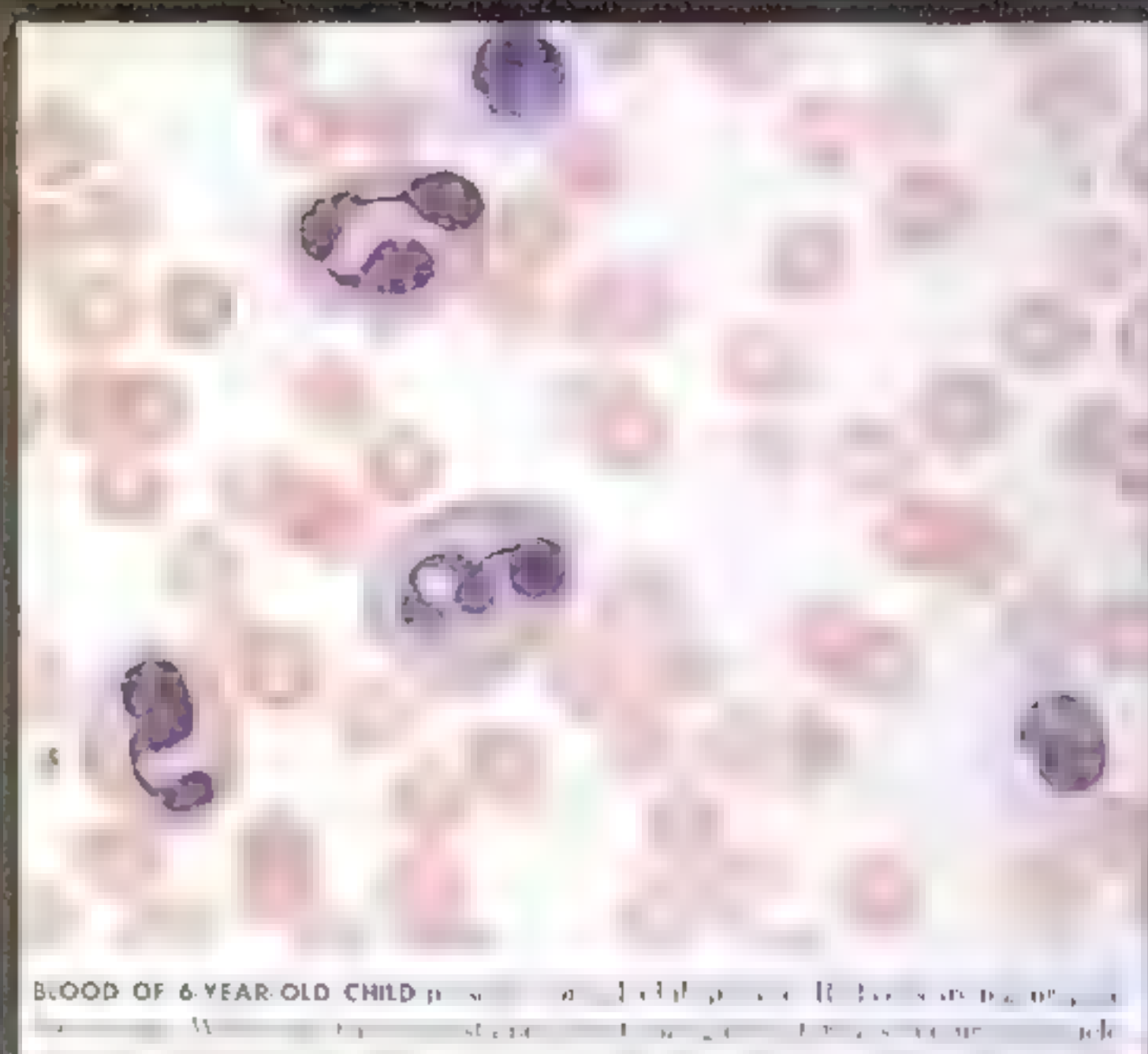
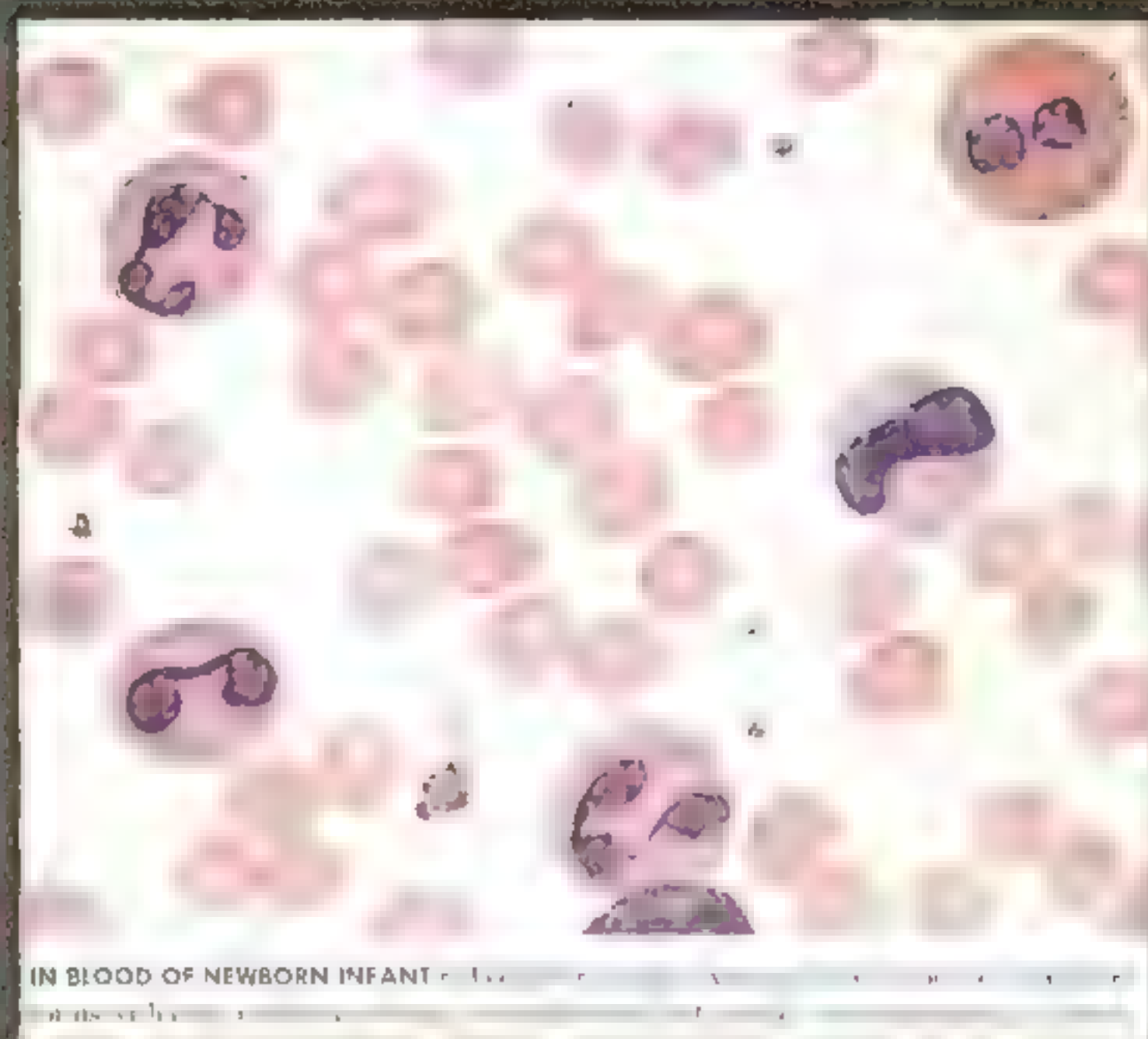


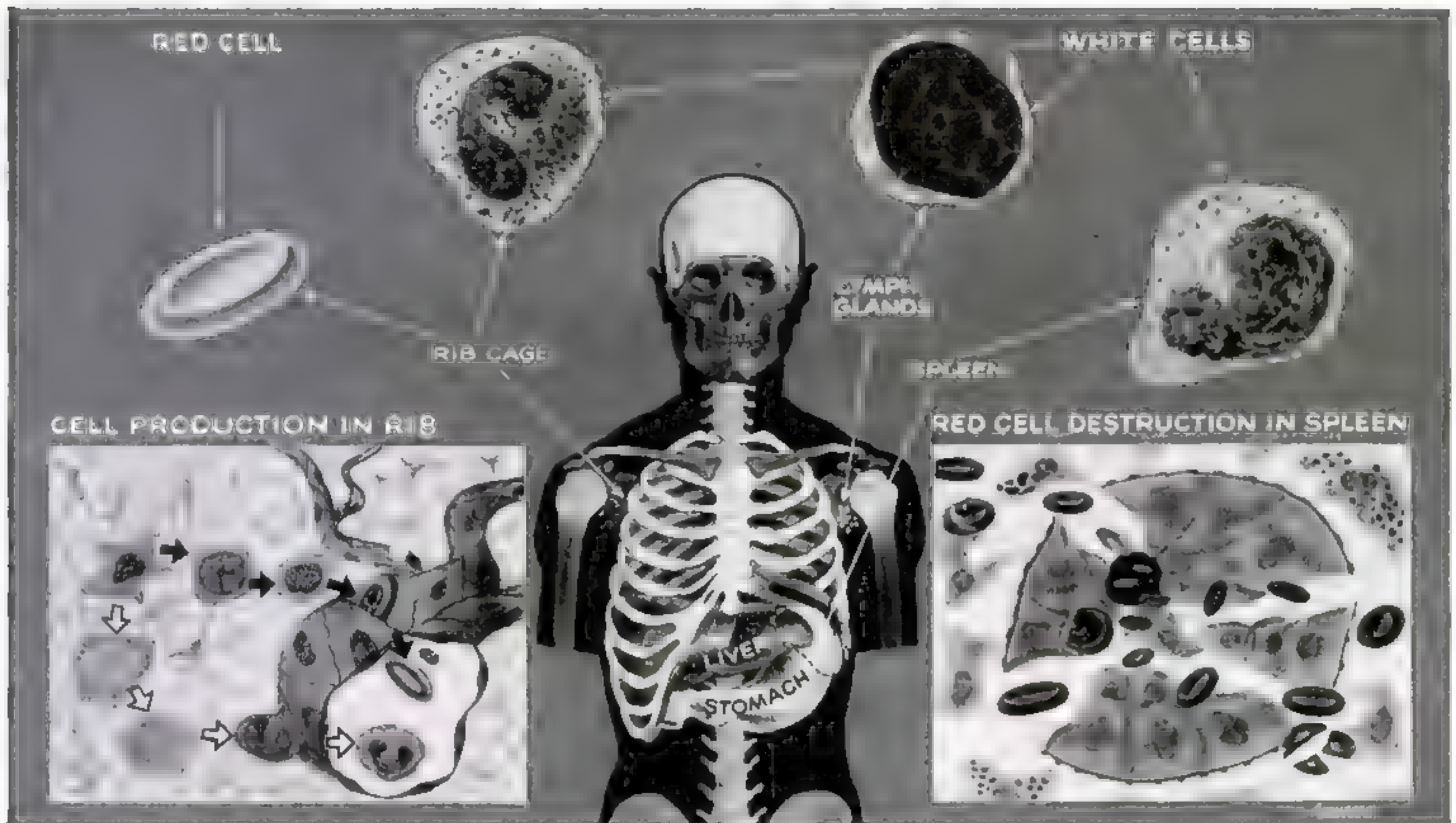
FOUR BLOOD GROUPS are identified by reaction with A and B sera. Each left-hand sample above has been mixed with A

serum, right-hand with B serum. A-group red cells are clotted by B serum. B cells by A. AB cells by both. O cells by neither.



BLOOD'S RED COLOR is given by hemoglobin, a protein in red cells, here in crystal form.





BODY'S BLOOD-PRODUCTION PROCESS is shown above. The main production center is the marrow of rib bones. Inside marrow (lower left) is connective tissue whose star-shaped cells turn into blood cells. Red and white cells evolve along

different lines to maturity, at which point they go into blood stream. In spleen (lower right) senile red cells are caught, ingested by tissue cells and salvaged of their iron compounds which are returned via liver to marrow. Stomach manu-

factures element essential to red-cell production. Spleen and lymph glands also produce white cells. Light areas of skull and other bones in drawing are reserve cell-production centers. Cycle of blood-cell production is called hematopoiesis.

THE BODY MANUFACTURES A TRILLION RED CELLS A DAY

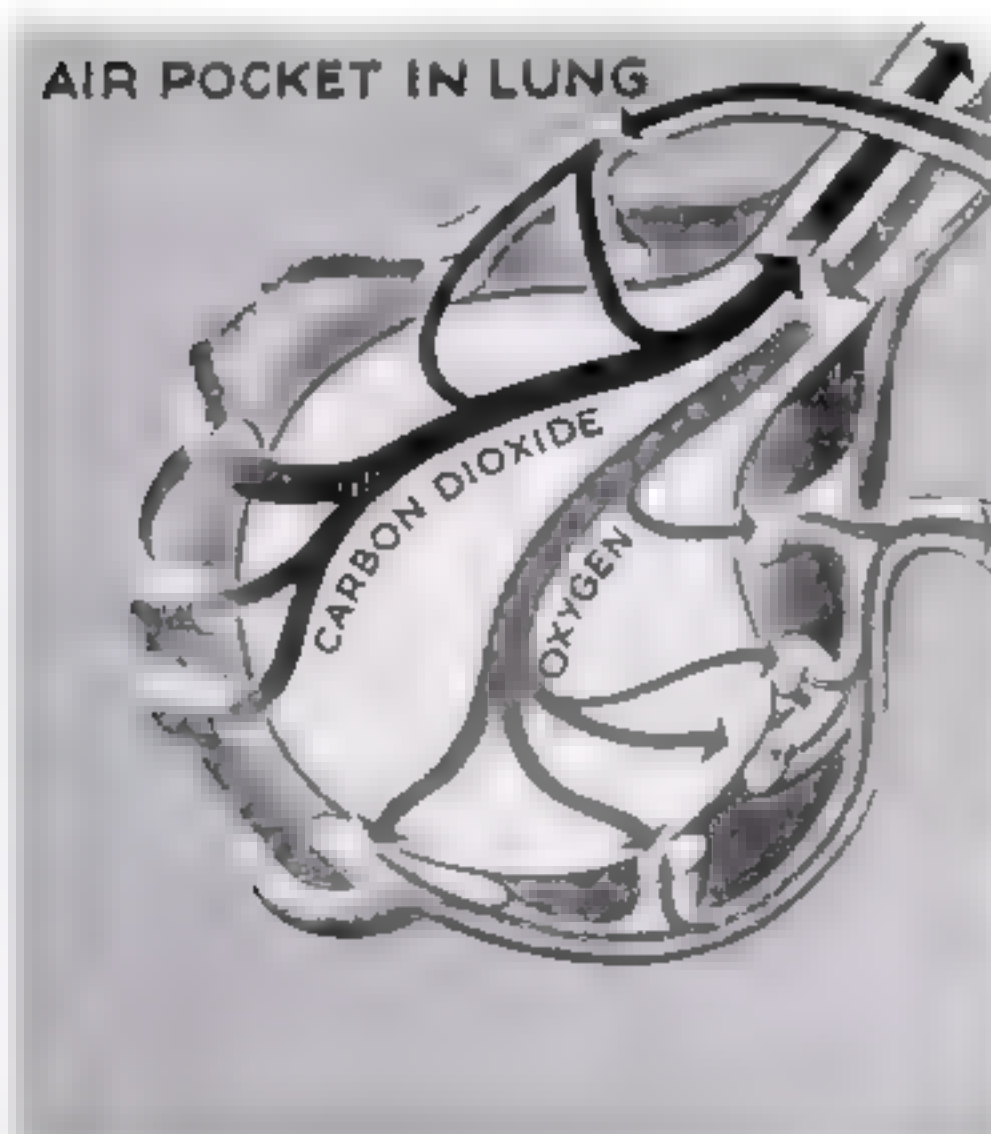
The major functions of the blood are carried on by the 25 trillion red and 40 billion white cells that it transports throughout the body. All of the red cells and most of the white cells in normal adult blood are generated in the marrow tissues of the ribs. From the marrow come about one trillion new red cells per day. This production is just balanced by the equal number of old red cells that are taken out of circulation by the spleen and liver. Before it leaves the marrow, the red cell loses its nucleus (shown in young red cells at top left opposite page) and assumes its full red color.

Its color is important, since it is its red protein, hemoglobin, which performs the chemical function of picking up oxygen in the lungs and yielding it to the tissues.

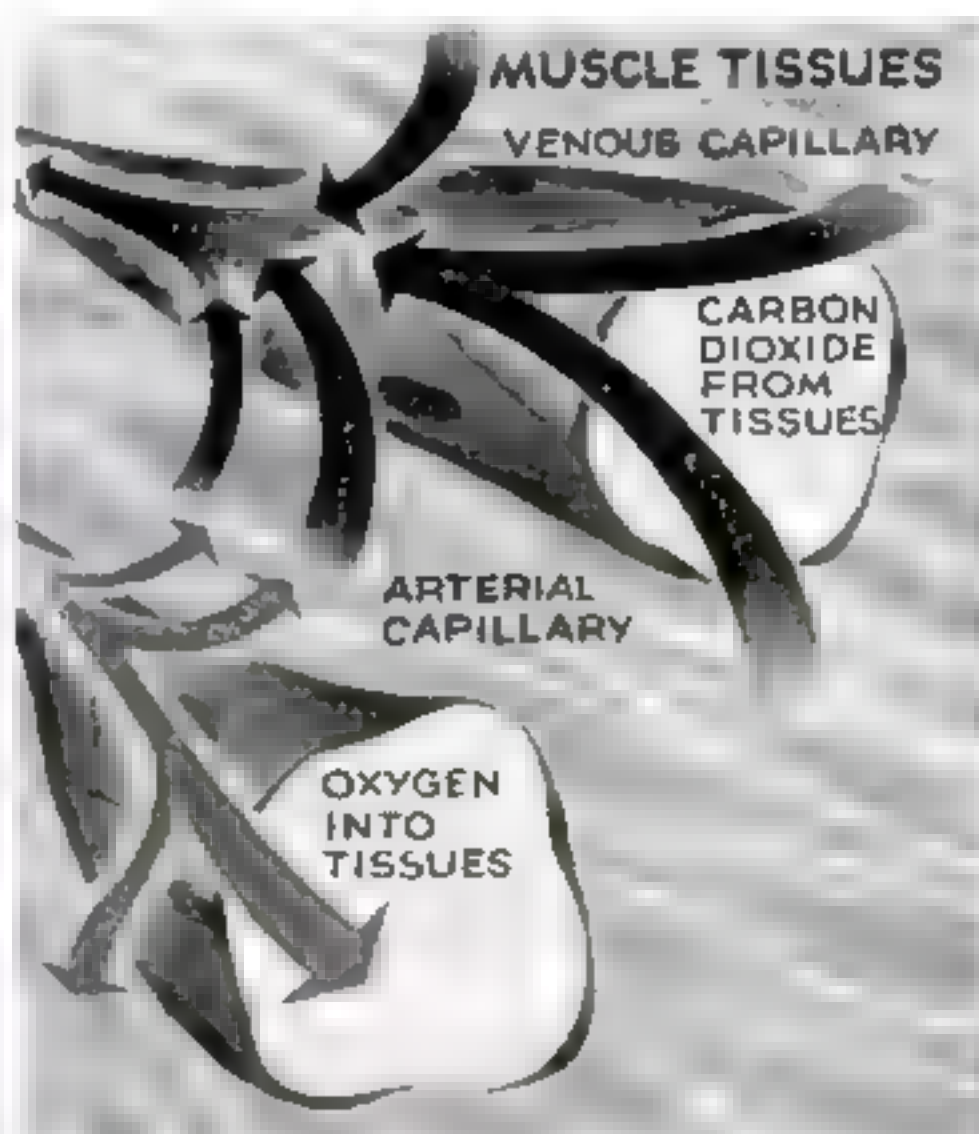
In addition to rib marrow, the lymph glands and the spleen are important production centers for white cells. The white cells have nuclei. Like amoebae, they are capable of locomotion and of ingesting foreign substances. Wandering out of the circulatory system, they keep the tissues clean by scavenging damaged cells. At sites of infection, like the splinter at bottom

right, they attack invading bacteria and, dying, form the substance of pus. During infection the white-cell count increases vastly.

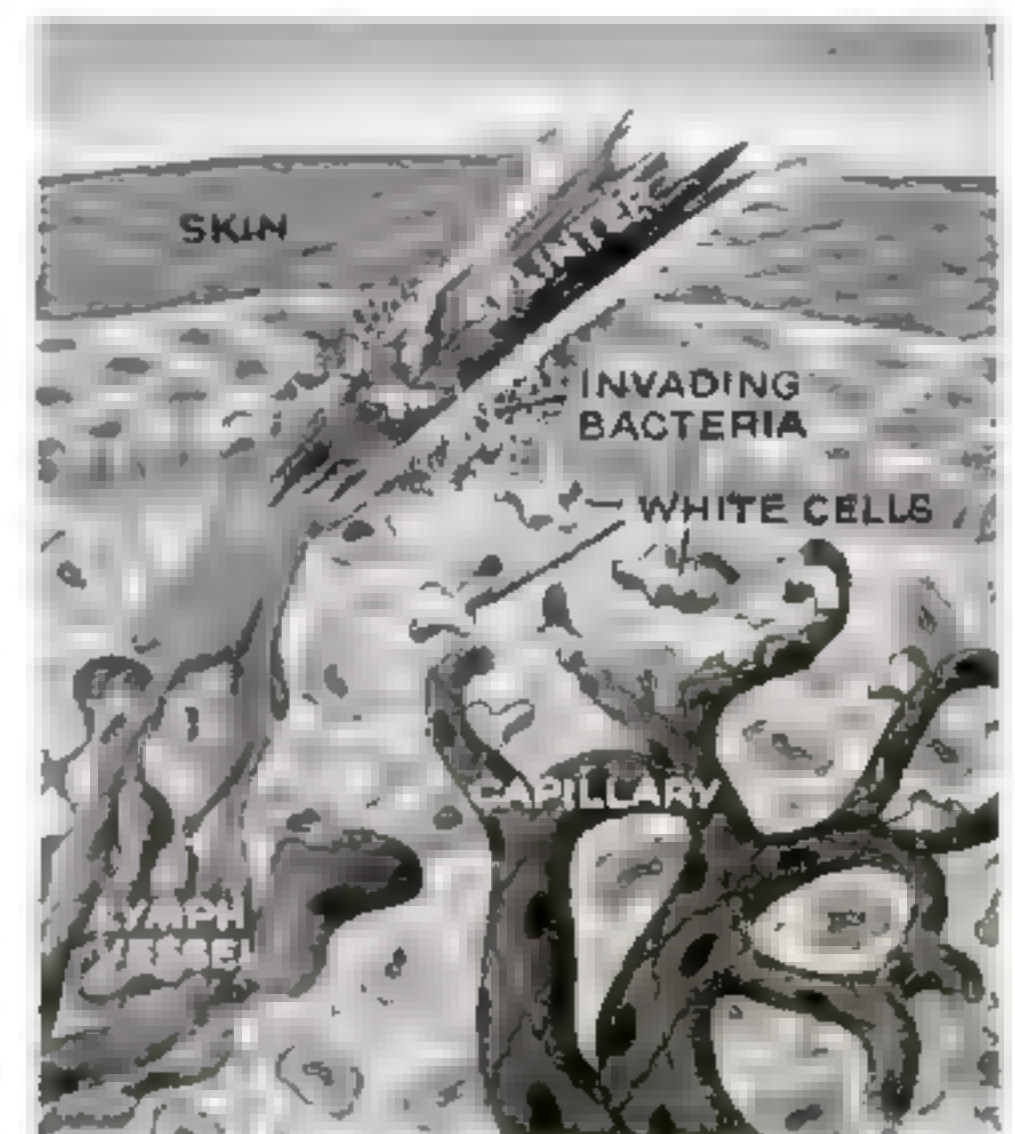
Color pictures on opposite page show how doctors are able to diagnose various conditions by counting different types of cells in a blood sample. These drawings by Dr. C. M. Leister are from *Atlas of the Blood in Children* by Drs. K. D. Blackfan and L. K. Diamond, published by the Commonwealth Fund, New York. The colors shown here are reasonably accurate though not accurate enough for diagnostic purposes.



FUNCTION OF RED CELLS is shown here. In lung air pocket (left), blood stream picks up oxygen, yields carbon dioxide.



In arterial capillary, cells yield oxygen to tissues (right), return via venous capillary to lungs, carrying carbon dioxide.



FUNCTION OF WHITE CELLS at a wound is to ingest bacteria and damaged tissue. Lymph carries away infection toxins.

"COAL?"

WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH GETTING ME HOME?"

EXACTLY THIS—if the steady flow of coal were interrupted for only one week, there's no telling how long it might delay your home-coming. For, the ammunition, the steel, the chemicals, the power, the transportation—the very sinews of war—depend on coal!

TO BEGIN WITH, that gun in your hand is made of steel—and a ton and a half of Bituminous Coal is needed to make every ton of steel. The wartime steel industry, alone, has to have 1,743,000 tons of Bituminous Coal every week! Steel is needed for bombs, for trench mortars, for aircraft cannon, for hand grenades and for shells of all kinds.

HIGH-EXPLOSIVE CHEMICALS are made in whole or in part from Bituminous Coal. TNT, Picric Acid, and Tetryl—for flame throwers, guns, mortars, bombs, and mines... Coal is also the base of 55% of all war plastics—for gas masks, bomber noses, helmet liners, radio apparatus, telephones, life rafts... Hundreds of antiseptics, insecticides, and drugs—including the life-saving sulfa, synthetic quinine, and aspirin—are made from coal. So are chemicals for waterproofing and mildew proofing clothing. So are war-needed textiles such as nylon for parachutes and rotproof mosquito netting.

ON TOP OF THAT—coal helps make the steel to build the ships, planes, and trucks, helps to power the trains that transport your food, ammunition and equipment

thousands of miles. 32,000 tons of coal go into the making of every super-dreadnaught, 50 tons into every medium tank, and 18 tons into every 4-ton army truck.

"I'LL SAY—THANKS FOR COAL!"



LAST YEAR, to supply the vital needs of the battle fronts and the home front, the coal industry produced 620 million tons... more coal than has ever been

mined in any year in any country in history! This colossal output was possible only because the miners and operators alike put their backs into the job.

And, when the war is over, coal will be on the job—in all its old and in many new roles—to help make America the prosperous, happy homeland our fighting men deserve.

BITUMINOUS  **COAL** ★ helps speed Victory ★

Bituminous Coal Institute, 60 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.



A CARRIER-BASED DIVE BOMBER, hovering protectively over U. S. landing craft edging toward an enemy-held beach, typifies kind of seapower which has wrested

control of Pacific from Japan. "Seapower," says *Carrier War*, "is still in Navy hands even though planes instead of 16-in. guns now deliver the longest-range projectiles."

CARRIER WAR

NEW BOOK TELLS THE STORY OF MIGHTY TASK FORCE 58



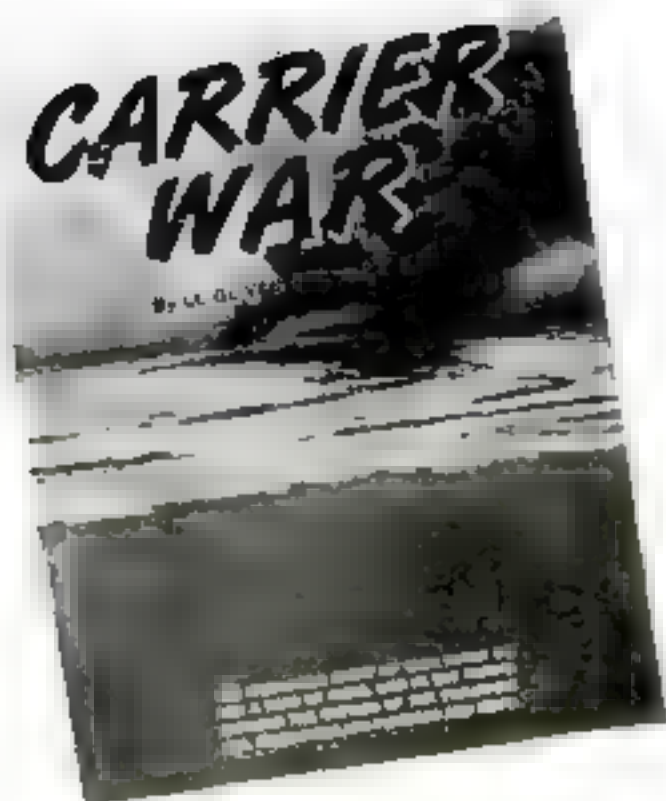
LIEUT. OLIVER JENSEN

Since its publication early this month *Carrier War* has been hailed by critics as "one of the finest books of the war." Written by Lieut. Oliver Jensen, USNR, a peacetime LIFE editor, and illustrated with 200 official Navy and LIFE photographs, *Carrier War* provides American readers with the first comprehensive account of the Navy's famed Task Force 58. The publishers sold out the first printing of 287,500 copies within a few days and, owing to the current paper shortage, subsequent editions may not be available for some time. *Carrier War* in paper covers sells for 50¢

(Pocket Books), in cloth for \$2.50 (Simon & Schuster).

Tracing the history of Task Force 58's fighting ships from their first action in the Marcus Island raid of Sept. 1, 1943 through their victories at Wake, Rabaul, the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, Truk, Saipan, Palau, Hollandia and the Philippine Sea, *Carrier War* names ships, identifies air groups and reveals many of the details hitherto withheld from the public. LIFE, whose editors assisted in the preparation, illustration and publication of *Carrier War*, presents some of the text and pictures on the following pages.





LIFE PRESENTS EXCERPTS FROM THE BOOK

by LIEUT. OLIVER JENSEN, USNR

The following selections, somewhat condensed, are taken from various chapters of "Carrier War." The story begins with Chapter I, "The New 'Yorktown' Hits Hollandia."

"This," said the executive officer, carefully removing his cigar to vent his feelings, "is the biggest, Goddamnedest thing I ever saw." It was 11:00 a. m. Thursday, April 13, 1944. The executive officer, a big man who looks surprisingly like Wallace Beery, stood on the *Yorktown's* bridge watching Task Force 58 of the U. S. Pacific Fleet as it steamed majestically out of a lagoon in the Marshall Islands, heading for another strike at the tottering defenses of Japan. Even after many months with this same force, he could still make this remark every morning. Now he jerked his thumb at a big carrier farther up the channel: "These babies can go anywhere *he* pleases and the Japs can't do a damned thing about it!"

"He," of course, was Vice Admiral Marc Andrew Mitscher, commander of Task Force 58. Up ahead his three-starred burgee flag flew from its halyard on the new carrier *Lexington*. Mitscher is slight to the point of being skinny. His ruddy face was wrinkled to a well-lined leather by long duty in the Solomons before he took this command; eyes as blue as his Pacific are set beneath bushy eyebrows which the sun has faded from reddish-brown to yellow. Over them is usually perched a long-visored baseball cap, the badge of the aviation trade, which he prefers to the heavily gilded headgear of his rank. Generally he can be found on a high-backed stool set up on the port wing of the flag bridge, from which, craning his long neck from side to side, he can keep personal watch over operations.

People who travel on "Mitscher's Gray Ghost," as Tokyo Rose named his flagship, soon notice that this astounding, gnomish man who has taken over most of the Pacific for his private duck pond rarely looks where he is going. Instead he faces aft. Regularly, people ask him why and are as regularly told, "Only a damn fool faces into the wind." Mitscher is laconic but pithy, and as a result Mitscherisms are collected much like the rare utterances of the late President Coolidge. One favorite is the message he sent to the other ships as his carriers approached Saipan: "I cannot tell a lie; D-day is Washington's Birthday." Few remember that Mitscher piloted the NC-1 on the Navy's famous transatlantic flight. . . . He graduated from Annapolis in 1910, and while serving on cruisers and destroyers, read a book about flying. The result was that he became naval aviator No. 32 in 1915.

Ship's routine set in easily, without effort, as it had dozens of times after getting under way. Chow went down at 11:30, sea details were secured, the watch changed at noon. But then, after lunch, there was an interruption. All over the ship, on the "weather" (that

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE NEW "YORKTOWN" has won even more glory than her fighting namesake the old *Yorktown* which went down at Midway.



ENEMY TORPEDO PLANES attack the *Yorktown*. "He was in range now. That Jap had guts. The starboard gallery concentrated all their fire. . . . It looked as though every shot were a hit."



CLOSE ABOARD, the Jap still clutched his torpedo. "Tracers cut right into him, but he didn't seem damaged. . . . Shells threw up tall columns of water ahead of him. . . . He flew through them."



JAP HAS CROSSED over deck (above). "The port machine guns practically tore him apart. . . . One wheel dropped. . . ." Below: "Undamaged carriers steam by as Jap joins Hon. ancestors."



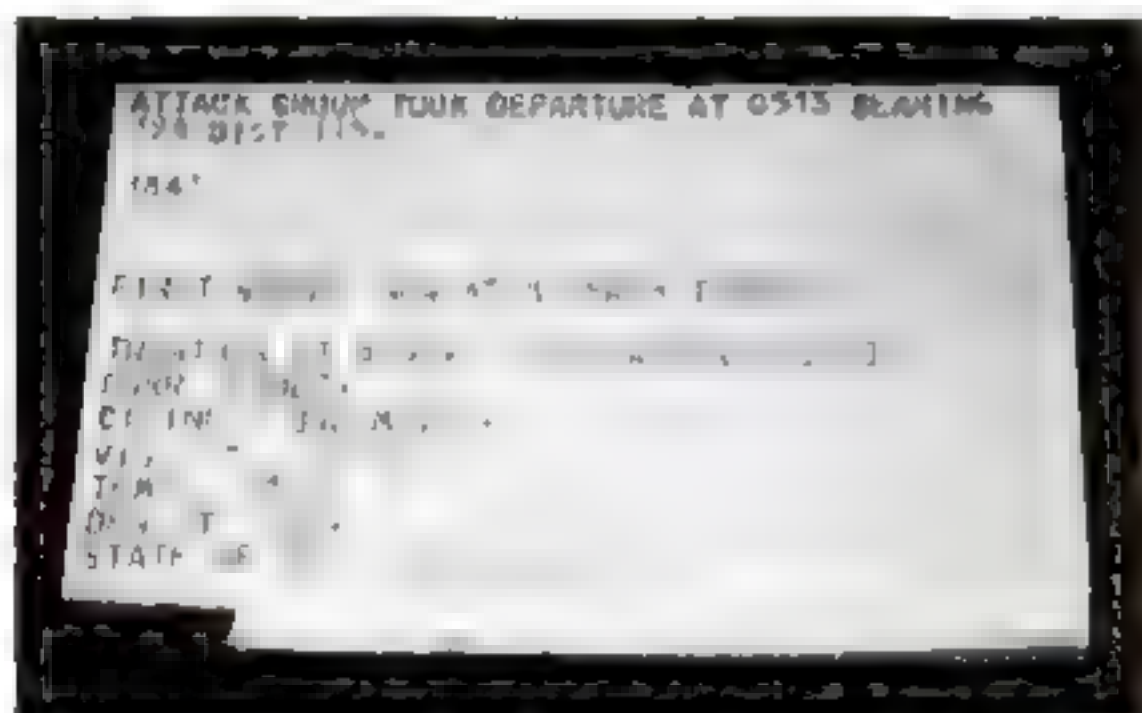
CARRIER WAR (continued)

is, exposed) decks and in the hundreds of compartments below, the blaring voice of the loudspeaker system cut loose, drowning out even the plane engines which mechs were testing on the hangar deck.

"This is the captain speaking," began Captain Ralph Jennings, clearing his throat apologetically. "Our target is Hollandia on the north coast of Dutch New Guinea. This will be very much like the Truk and Palau raids except that this time we are cooperating with the Army. With Hollandia occupied, our front will move hundreds of miles forward, isolating thousands of Japs behind our lines. Places like Rabaul will be wiped right off the front pages."

The course led south and west, skirted the Solomon Islands chain and the coast of New Ireland, passed an island with the fabulous name of Kapingamarangi. . . .

Sun-bathing was called off. Sleeves were rolled down, shirts buttoned against flash burns. There would be no more movies. The *Yorktown* was passing south of Truk, close enough to wonder whether



THE OFFENSIVE begins. On Sept. 1, 1943 the *Yorktown* teletype screens flash the word that her planes are nearing Marcus.

search planes from that once-dreaded Jap base would discover her—or any other part of the task force.

The afternoon of April 19 Lieut. James Sutton, a slender young lawyer from Philadelphia, gave a tactical lecture in the wide, low-ceilinged wardroom. Several hundred crowded in to hear the details of the Hollandia landing. This was to be joint operations on the biggest scale yet attempted in the Pacific. Many thousands of MacArthur's troops were approaching by a different route in a large force of transports, guarded by U. S. and British surface ships plus a number of U. S. "baby flat-tops"—the smaller escort-type carrier. D-day for Hollandia was set for April 22.

Sutton made it all very clear with maps and pictures projected on a screen, even though, just as in the Robert Benchley movie shorts, the magic-lantern helper kept getting them in upside down. Sutton described the country, the stone-age natives, their lake houses built on poles, and everything else he could remember from the Navy's prepared material. He got a laugh with a few slides of the pendulous-bosomed native women. . . .

The days wore on slowly. A message came in that Hollandia had suffered its last daily pasting before the carriers were to hit it. Great enemy air strength had been observed northwest of Hollandia. . . . Right after supper Lieut. (jg) Steiner, Bombing Five's Quonset man, wound up his final briefing. By then every dive-bomber pilot in that room should have carefully memorized his target for tomorrow. He had studied it on a map and stared at it in pictures. If he didn't know it by this time, he never would. "Take a look at the model prepared by Ensign Gibson," said Steiner. "That's just how the land will look. It's pretty helpful. And be sure you give your radiomen all the dope they need."

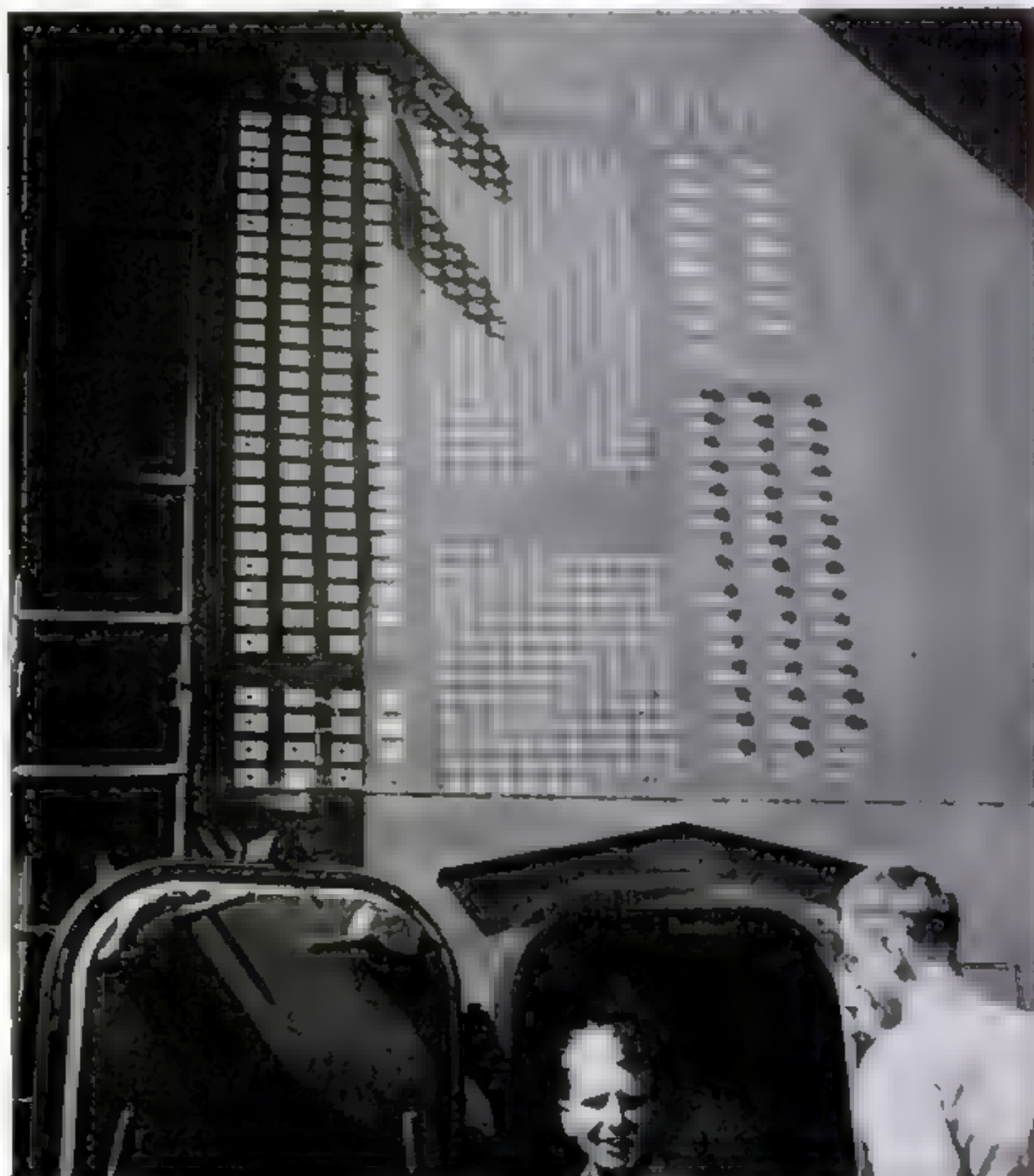
Lieut. Harrington, the skipper, took the microphone from Steiner. "One more thing. They moved the take-off time up 15 minutes. Be sure you get the radio calls of fighters going with you. Be sure of your radio and voice signals. . . . Now," he continued, "can anybody think of anything we haven't gone over several times? No? Well then, turn in now."

The time is 0440 D-day, April 22, 1944. H-hour, the time for the landings, is set for 0700. After yesterday's preliminary strikes all Japan knows where Mitscher's carriers are. Strangely, not a Jap plane took to the air yesterday. There is something very peculiar, almost ominous about this. Perhaps in a few hours' time U. S. soldiers will solve the enigma of Hollandia.

In five minutes the first strike will be launched, according to schedule. Daylight is not due until 0630. The darkness is Stygian and



"DAWN OFF MARCUS: the morning watch knows that 100 miles away *Yorktown* planes are beginning the attack." The ship and her fliers, both untried, were going into their first action.

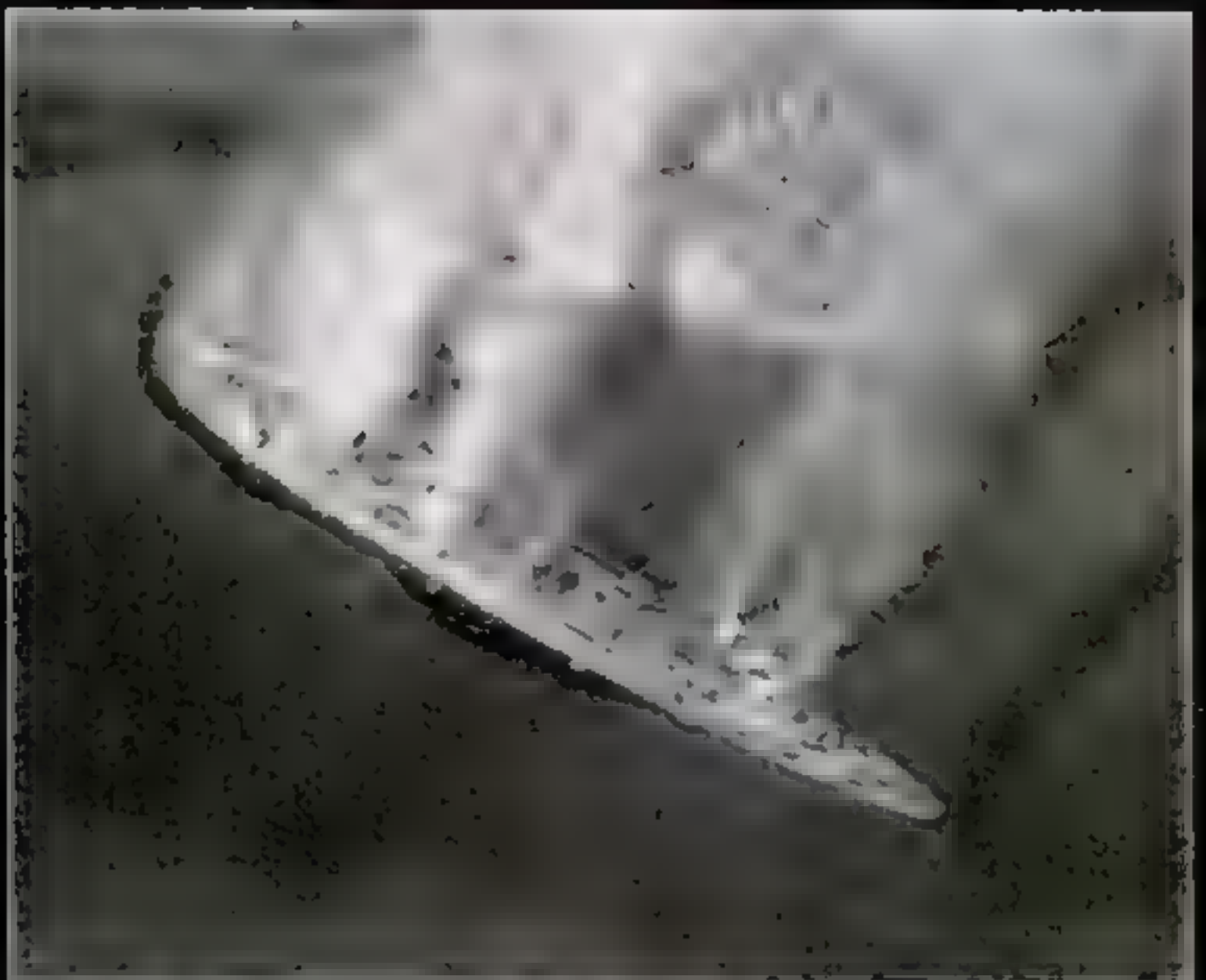


NINE MONTHS AFTER MARCUS the veteran *Yorktown* fliers had rolled up this tally of Jap planes destroyed in the air (flags) and on ground (sitting ducks). At right: ships sunk or left afire

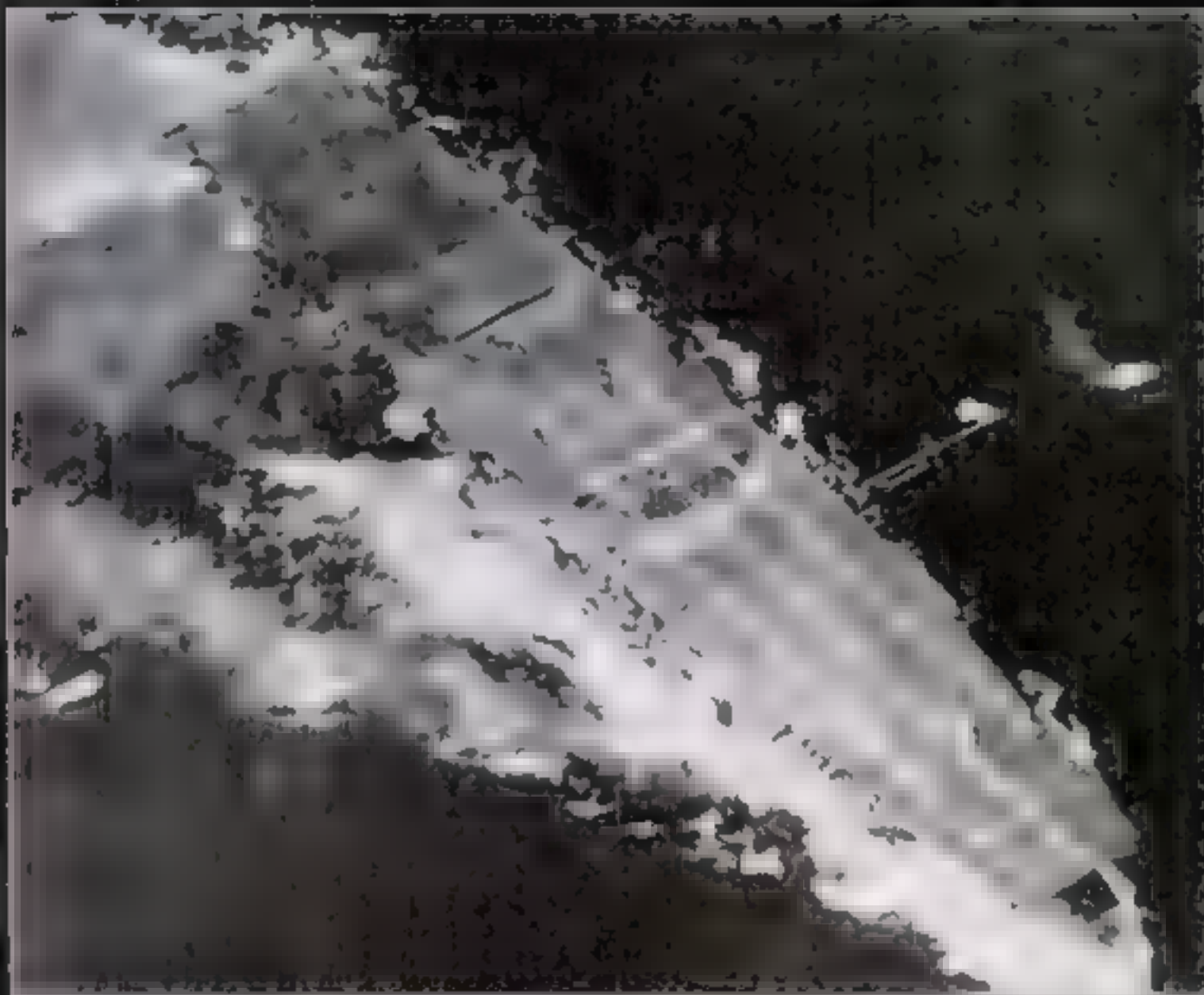
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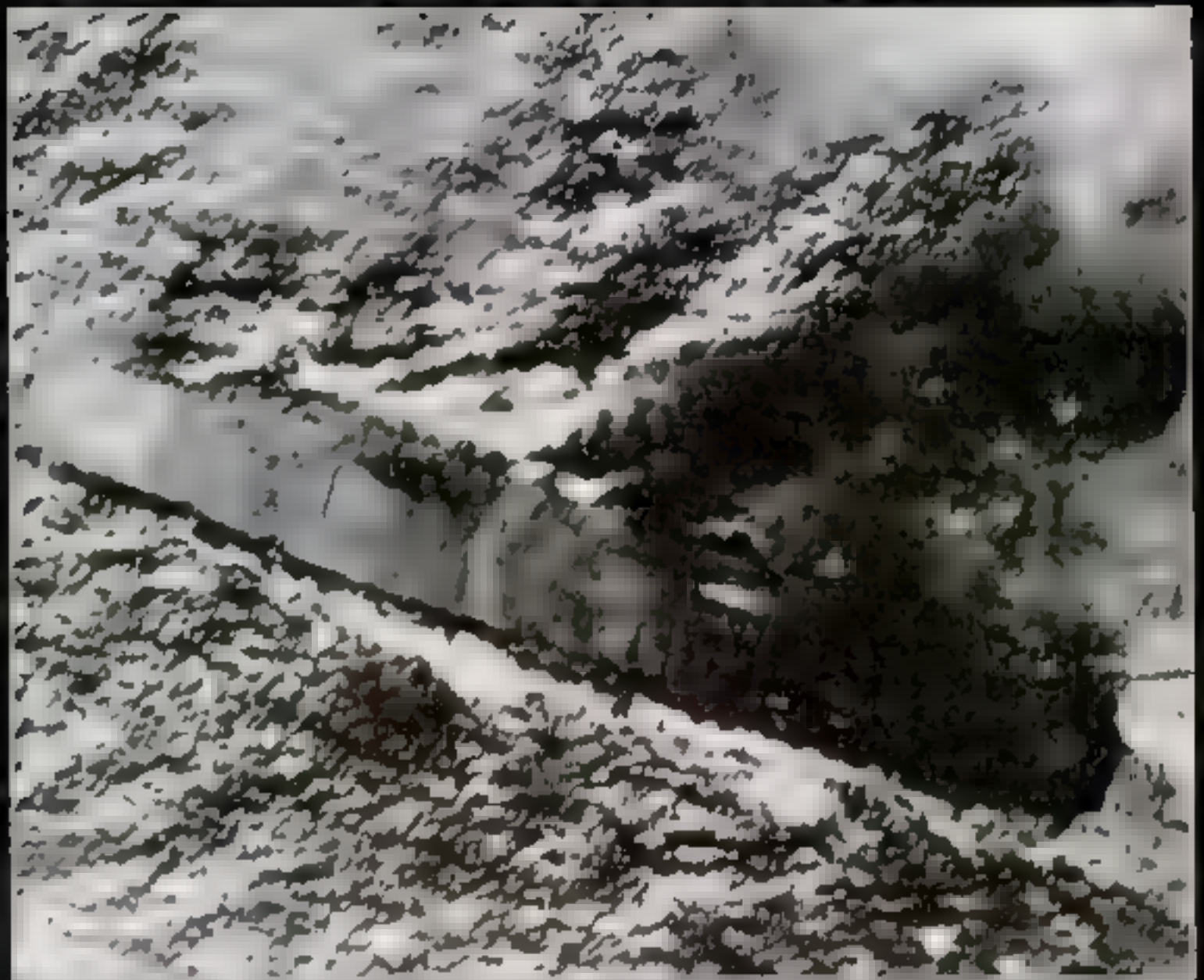
CARRIER PLANE SWOOPS LOW OVER JAP DESTROYER, ALREADY REDUCED TO SMOKING WRECK



"YORKTOWN" BULL'S-EYES HELPED LEAVE REPAIR SHIP BEACHED, BURNING IN PALAU RAID



POORLY EXECUTED ATTEMPT TO CAMOUFLAGE CARRIER AS BATTLESHIP DID NOT SAVE HER



LARGER CARRIER, PROBABLY "ZUNKAKU," LIKE ONE AT LEFT, SANK IN BATTLE OFF LUZON



PERSISTENT PILOT WHO ONLY NICKED OILER'S BOW ON HIS FIRST TRY NEXT TIME SANK HER



JAP CREW HASTILY ABANDONS TANKER WHILE CARGO OF OIL DRUMS SPILLS INTO WATER

SINKING JAP SHIPS above represent kind of thing in Air Group Five's score on opposite page. Thousands of such pictures cram the official Navy files, for, short of actual

survivors, only photographs prove sinkings. "You practically have to get Davy Jones's signed, notarized receipt before they'll credit you with a 'definitely sunk,'" one pilot said.



AWE-INSPIRING BRAND OF DESTRUCTION so dramatically illustrated above and on opposite page was named the "Spruance Haircut" after the man who directed it. The

picture above shows a small section of Kwajalein in the Marshalls just before heavy bombardment by the carrier planes and surface guns of Admiral Spruance's Fifth Fleet.

CARRIER WAR (continued)

minutes pass before men's eyes grow sufficiently accustomed to it to distinguish anything at all. A take-off under these conditions is one of the most awe-inspiring sights in human experience.

Planes are already spotted in place, ordered rows of black shapes—fighters first, then torpedo planes, last the dive bombers. The pilots are in them, waiting. You can feel the tenseness, for taking off into darkness is dangerous business. It is still very quiet. The roll of the ship is so slight as to be imperceptible. High on the bridge the illuminated dial of the air officer's watch lacks but a couple of minutes to take-off time. The weather is clearing slightly, but scattered clouds still brush out patches of stars. On the many carriers, all invisible now to each other, this same scene is repeated.

The air officer steps over to the loudspeaker.

"Start engines," he commands.

For an instant nothing happens. To start the engine of an F6F fighter you don't press the button of an automobile-type self-starter (that would be too heavy), and you don't spin the prop by hand à la World War I (no man would be strong enough to turn it). Instead you insert a little explosive charge which looks like a shotgun cartridge in a firing mechanism under the engine, then close a

little door. The pilot in his cockpit simply presses an electric button, the cartridge fires like a pistol, and the resulting gust turns over the engine. For a few seconds the noise is tentative—exploratory (will-I-go-today-or-will-I-stay-home?) and then a tremendous roar. Blue flares of flame shoot out of



ADMIRAL RAYMOND A. SPRUANCE has had command of Fifth Fleet, in leading Vice Admiral Mitscher's Task Force 58 since Kwajalein landings.

the exhausts and shed enough flickering light to illuminate mechanics crouching under the wings and holding the wheel chocks in place until each plane is ready to move forward.

The deck signalmen take over. They hold red and green lights in their hands so that the pilots can catch their signals. One signalman, beckoning with twin red lights, coaches the first fighter into position just as red truck lights come on all over the formation to mark the position of each ship. Twin rows of dim, white stud lights are switched on to show the pilots the outlines of the flight deck ahead. From most directions the lights are invisible. As little illumination as possible must be shown lest these costly targets be betrayed to lurking submarines . . .

Now the time is 0445.

"Launch aircraft!" barks the loudspeaker.

The head signalman, an experienced chief who can tell the condition of an engine simply by listening to it, shakes a green-tipped baton vigorously at the leading plane. The pilot jams his throttle forward and the motor roars. Deck handlers have just pushed his folded wings forward into flying position, and in split seconds the pilot goes rapidly over his last check-up:

"Wing fold locks—O. K."

"Cowling locked open."

"Straps fastened—full throttle—r.p.m.—O. K."



AFTER "HAIRCUT" in February 1944 formerly palm-dotted Kwajalein (see opposite page) was a flattened ruin. No small part of treatment had been the "Mitscher Sham-

pon" of aerial bombs. "It was like Tarawa re-enacted without the mistakes. . . . Said one lot, "When the troops finally walked in the damned Japs were either dead or crazy."

The baton ceases shaking and begins to twirl in a wide circle, then stiffens at the end of the chief's outstretched arm, pointing forward. Mechs pull out their chocks and spring clear. Lieut. R. C. ("Jonesey") Jones, first to take off, as befits the fighter skipper, moves slowly forward, gathering speed. As he passes up the runway, men on deck push fingers in their ears against the roaring vibration. Off the end of the flight deck Jonesey banks slightly to starboard and switches on his running lights to help the next man find him at the rendezvous.

Standing in the cool night breeze, men on carrier decks watch the sky slowly fill with moving stars, red, green and amber, mingled with the stiller firmament of nature. Occasionally an Aldis lamp, blinks as squadron mates search out their friends to assume formation. A good number of carriers are launching in one small area.

The last of 18 fighters for this first strike has left the *Yorktown* and the slower torpedo planes are taking off. Dick Upson, the squadron commander, leaves first. With its heavy bomb load, the bulky TBF almost seems to waddle. Now there are Thurston from Boston, Milligan of Fredonia, Kan. (who kills time by doing fancy embroidery in the ready room), Ramey of Indiana, Cooper of Texas, Laliberte of Maine, still others. In the darkness no one is sure of the order of take-off.

Then tragedy strikes ahead of the ship. A TBF has just taken off and drops a little off the end of the flight deck as it leaves the bow. Watchers strain their eyes as it struggles for altitude a few feet above the water. Gradually it rises, a few feet at a time, and as it disappears from view seems safe at last. A moment later there is a blinding flash ahead, followed in a few seconds by an explosion. A bright, horrible fire burns on the water a few degrees off our starboard bow, illuminating the cruiser just ahead. Slowly the fire falls astern, the cruiser disappears, and the *Yorktown* steams past the flames on the water.

A plane has spun in. That's certain. But how? "It must have come down from a good deal of altitude," says an officer on the bridge. "It must have hit hard to explode like that."

"Look," says the quartermaster, "the cruiser's truck light has gone out. Maybe the guy ran into the mast."

Maybe. Could the plane have been one of the *Yorktown*'s? Someone thinks he remembers seeing a plane's bulk blank out the cruiser's light. But a lookout claims he saw the plane come up the *Yorktown*'s starboard hand from another carrier. A destroyer will be alongside that fire on the water in a few minutes, but neither destroyer nor cruiser can break radio silence or communicate by blinker light now. The answer must wait.

It is almost 9 o'clock and strike one is returning. Anxious eyes strain to see whether everyone has come back. The air officer's signalman checks them off as they circle the ship. One TBF is missing. Who?

The signalman is copying down a blinker message from the cruiser ahead:

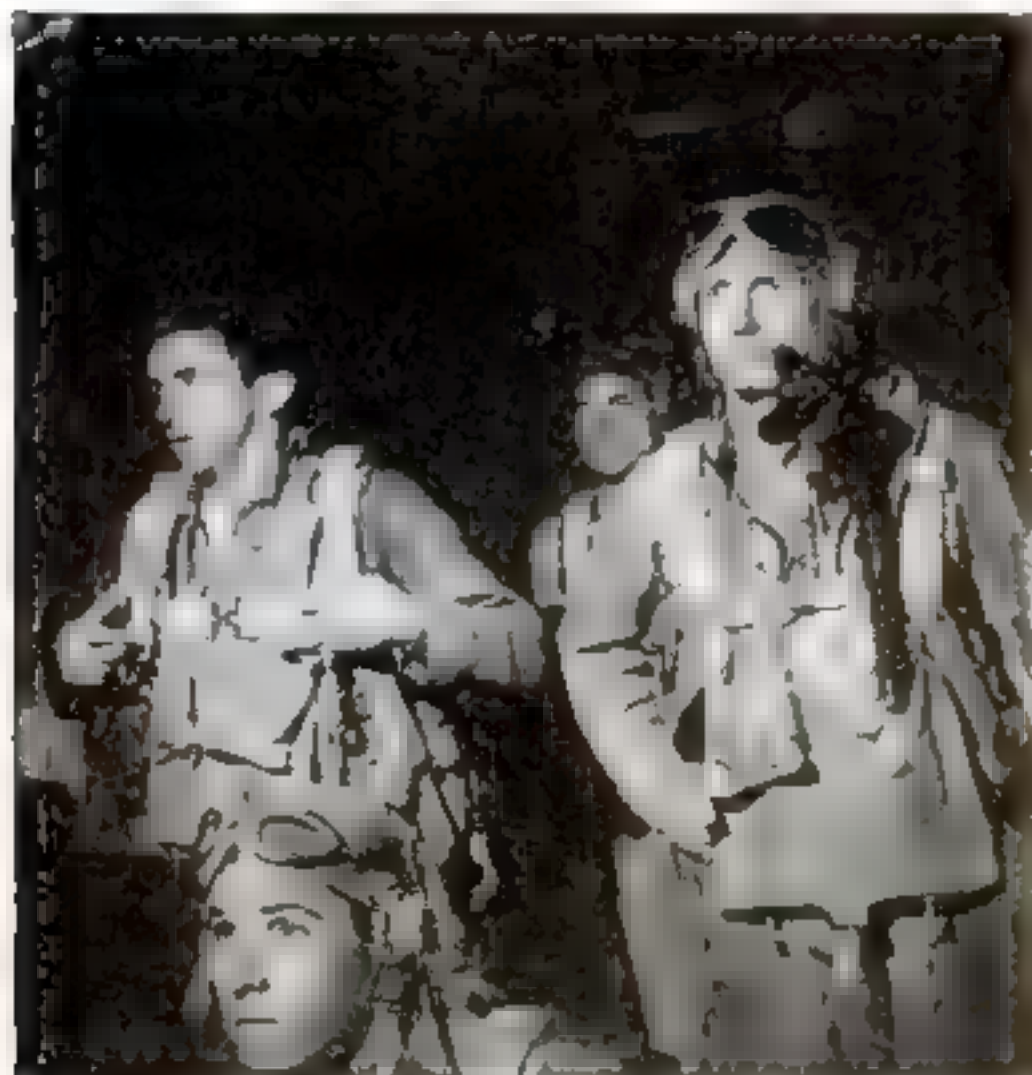
"TBF WAS ON PORT SIDE ON COURSE TO CLEAR BOW. ALTERED COURSE TO RIGHT AND FLEW INTO MAINMAST. HIT STARBOARD YARDARM KNOCKING OFF WING. WIPED OFF STANCHIONS ON STARBOARD SIDE OF FORECASTLE, CROSSED OVER, HIT PORT STANCHIONS AND PLUNGED INTO SEA OFF PORT BOW. BOMB-BAY DOOR RECOVERED ON SIGNAL BRIDGE. TAIL RECOVERED ON BOW. PLANE GAS EXPLODED AND SHIP SPRAYED BY BURNING GAS AND FRAGMENTS OF WHAT MAY BE TANK WERE RECOVERED. ALL FRAGMENTS WILL BE DELIVERED IN PORT. OUR CASUALTIES ONE MISSING PROBABLY DEAD, . . . ONE SHOE AND PART OF KAPOK JACKET RECOVERED, BELIEVED OURMAN'S. PART OF A FLIGHT JACKET RECOVERED AFT."

One by one the planes land aboard, fast deck crews rushing them forward to make room. Now the air group learns with awful conclusiveness that the missing plane is "Tare Three," of the torpedo squadron. The ready rooms are very quiet. "Every time I hear a radio announcer report in his cheery way that 'only one' or 'only two' of our planes are missing," a combat pilot observes, "I get mad as hell."



"FIRST BATTLE OF THE PHILIPPINE SEA (off Saipan, June 20, 1944): a portion of the Japanese fleet pauses in flight to writhe and twist under attack by carrier

planes of Task Force 58. The carrier at right is taking many hits." This picture is one of the most famous of all panoramas of battle, yet it shows only a portion of the enemy



PILOTS AWAIT THE CALL to man their planes as Task Force 58 scouts the seas off Saipan for the fleeing Jap fleet.



"GET THE CARRIERS," say ready room orders, and returned pilot who is in a bad way had really hit one.



HOW HE NAILED four is described by a pilot who helped to repel the Jap air attacks on June 19, 1944.



fleet in full inglorious retreat after having unsuccessfully challenged U.S. landing in the Marianas. This defeat seriously weakened Jap carrier power, later almost obliterated in October 1944.



MITSCHER'S CONGRATULATIONS go to Lieut. Alexander Vraciu after the Marianas battles. Vraciu bagged 19 Jap planes, a record now surpassed by Commander David McCampbell (31).

CARRIER WAR (continued)

... The remainder of D-day proceeds with clocklike precision and next day, April 23, more help is given the ground troops. Enemy tank resistance develops briefly near Humboldt Bay, in the hairpin turn of a road leading from the native town of Hollandia. *Yorktown* bombers soon take care of it. Meanwhile U. S. troops piece together from observation the mystery of Hollandia's grounded aircraft. They had ignominiously run out of gas. Japan's hard-pressed supply lines couldn't make delivery. The tanks of the Jap planes at these New Guinea fields were dry.

The congratulatory messages pour in—but can't they think of any phrase except "Well done"? Admiral Mitscher is obviously in an expansive mood; two wisecracking blinker messages from his flagship



U. S. SUBMARINE comes alongside to lift a downed aviator from his raft. One sub rescued 22 aviators after the Truk raid.

prove it. Target of his jibes is famous "31-Knot" Burke, his new chief of staff. Captain Arleigh A. Burke is an ex-destroyer skipper who won renown for attacking Jap shipping in the perilous "Slot" of the Solomon Islands at his traditionally favorite speed of 31 knots (a terrific pace to sustain in a tiny "tin can"—like running the mile in the style of the 100-yard dash).

"THIRTY-ONE-KNOT BURKE IS NOW IN A PLANE OVER THE TARGET," comes the flagship message, and is followed an hour or more later by another:

"THIRTY-ONE-KNOT BURKE HAS RETURNED AND HAS AUTHORIZED THIS STATEMENT QUOTE: THE AIRPLANE IS HERE TO STAY."

CITADEL AT SEA (from Chapter III)

Air Group Five, during the many months it was aboard the new *Yorktown*, was the excuse and reason for that carrier's existence. Yet, although it was one of the biggest air groups at sea, it mustered less than 300 men, only a little more than a tenth of the *Yorktown's* total complement of over 2,500. Under Group Commander E. E. Stebbins were the three squadrons, the largest at the time of the Hollandia operation being Lieut. Robert C. Jones's Fighting Five, with 45 pilots. There were almost as many dive-bomber pilots in Lieut. Commander D. J. Harrington's Bombing Five but considerably fewer in Lieut. Commander Richard Upson's Torpedo Five. There were about 150 rear-seat gunners and radiomen who flew with the dive bombers and torpedo planes and a handful of ground personnel, both officers and men, who were attached to the air group. . . .

Any air group is a clannish, tightly knit organization, difficult for outsiders to understand. Even though the carrier serves her fliers as a grand combination of mother, wife, nurse and maid-of-all-work, the airmen and the ship's company get well acquainted only when the two are thrown together for a long time. That was true of the *Yorktown* but, even so, each squadron was its own little club, in which, as in all young men's organizations, each newcomer had in turn to prove himself. This is conscious Navy policy and it produces effective results. The Navy firmly believes that keeping small groups together makes for *esprit de corps* and teamwork. Teamwork and mutual protection are the most important things in carrier aviation. They keep losses at a minimum. They produced the *Yorktown's* proudest record of all: the fighters, whose principal job was to escort and protect the other squadrons, had never let one of the slower bombers or torpedo planes be shot down by enemy aircraft.

Those who imagine Navy pilots as a rather grim, tight-lipped crowd with a stony, heroic cast of feature and an inclination to talk sparingly in clipped *Journey's End* or *What Price Glory?* style are in considerable error. The pilots are in fact a pleasant, easy-going, affable lot known affectionately to surface sailors as "Airedales" or "bird-men." In addressing each other collectively, however, the fliers themselves are apt to use phrases like "Pipe down, you bastards" and "Are you heroes ready to go to chow now?" There are rarely cases among

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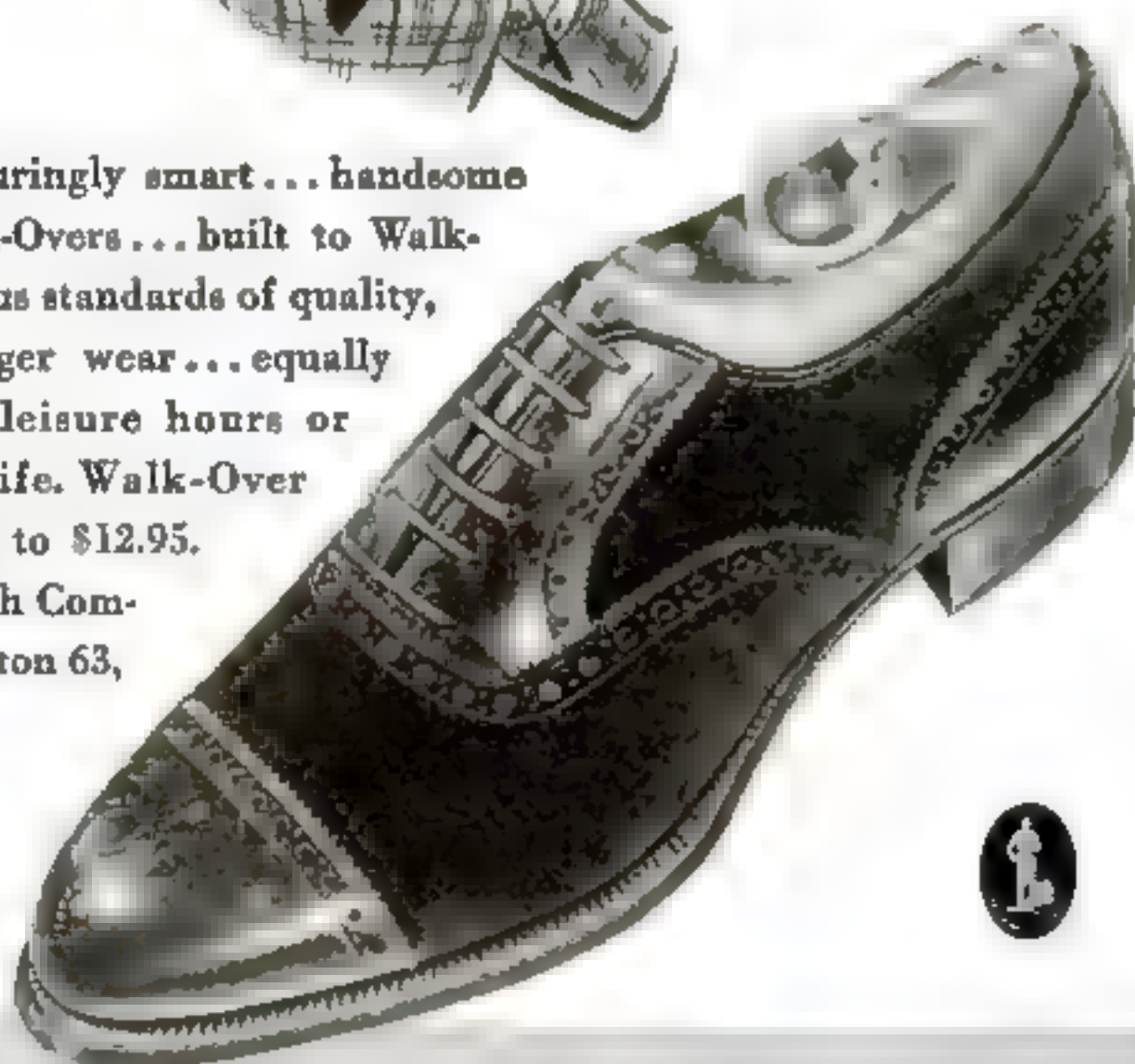
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WALK-OVER

YOUNG MEN'S STYLES



SHATTERED COCKPIT of Charles Crommelin's Hellicat looked like this after a Jap shell exploded inside, frosting the windshield, knocking out all

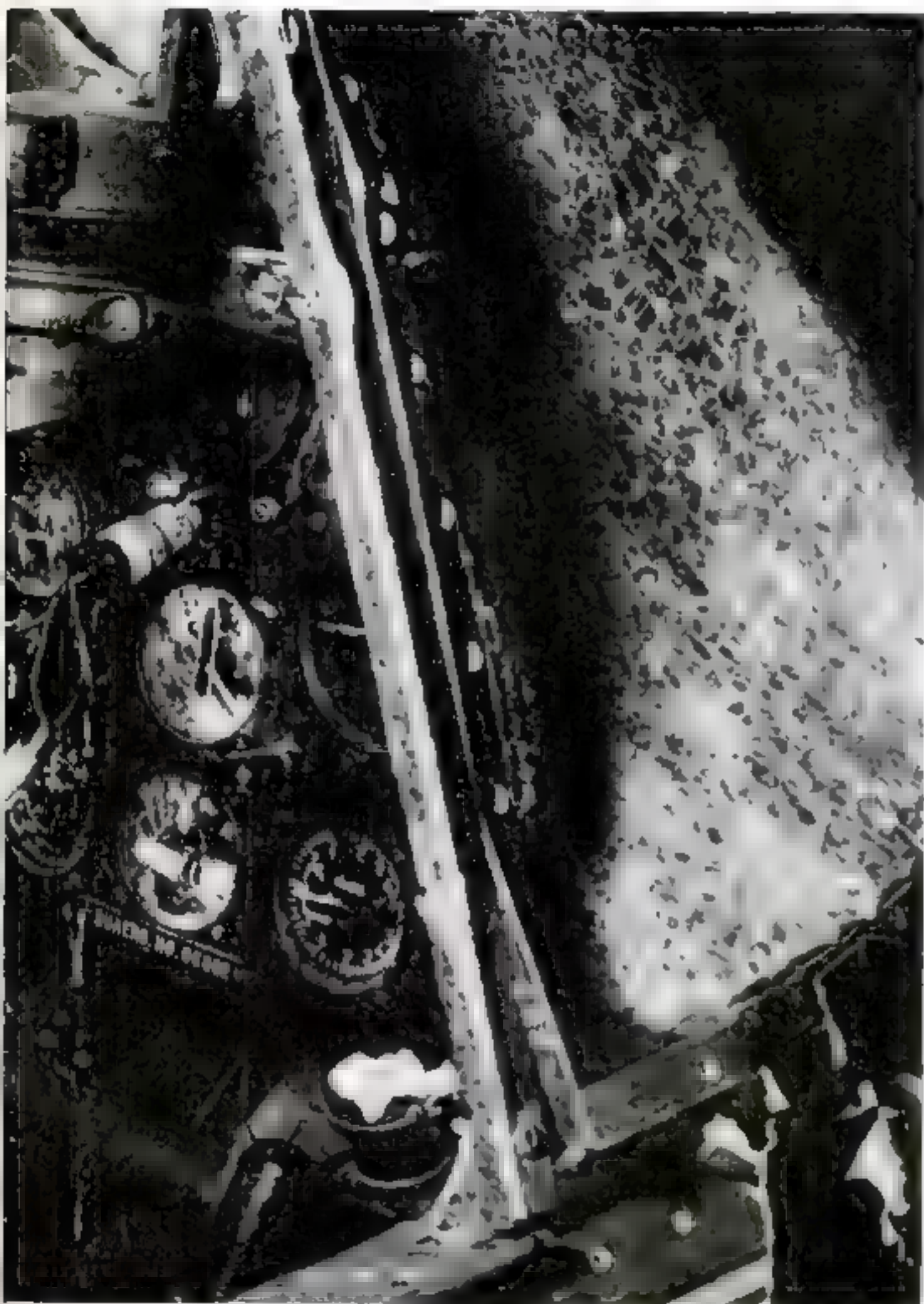
CARRIER WAR (continued)

them which would interest the psychoanalysts, and their psyches, except for the absorption with flying, are remarkably uncomplex. If they are scared they are likely to say so with matter-of-fact good humor. They read comic books and good books. They loaf and tell funny stories. For some obscure reason a number of them are proficient on the slide trombone. At casual inspection they are a good deal like college boys, and save for the unfinished business at hand, a great many of them would be completing courses there now. . . .

The new Yorktown was not only a floating citadel but in another sense a big city where people worked, lived and played. It was futuristic, a dream city, with no dirt, no skums, no waste space. In true H. G. Wellsian style, the whole metropolis lay beneath one vast speedway—the flight deck. It was a good three or four-minute walk from one end of it to the other. Directly below a large section of the flight was a huge hangar deck, usually crammed with parked planes, with machine shops scattered along its sides. Sliding doors enclosing certain parts of the hangar were usually left open to admit the bright sun and cooling breeze of the Pacific. In its rare moments of quiet and emptiness (usually in port), it seemed like the echoing hall of some great palace, but generally it was necessary to shout over its many noises in order to be heard by men a few feet away. In the forward and after sections of the ship and in the tiers of decks below the hangar level, came endless compartments—normal ship's spaces like living quarters, wardrooms, messing compartments, feed tanks, engine and boiler rooms—and things peculiar to carriers such as vast stores of high-



CHARLES CROMMELIN (see above) was first skipper of Yorktown's Fighting Five.



the instruments and wounding Crommelin from head to foot. Partly blinded and unable to see ahead, he flew home 120 miles and made a good landing.

octane aviation gasoline and outsize magazines filled with aerial bombs and torpedoes. Many of the *Yorktown's* residents had never really explored all her interior, and one officer admitted that to him the whole vast below-decks section was a mysterious terra incognita. Presumably it was full of vital machinery and all sorts of useful devices, he explained.

"But," he added, "those compartments go on and on, deck after deck. I can find the laundry and the post office, but I've often wondered where the dental office is. If this tooth gets any worse I'll have to find it."

CROMMELIN'S INCREDIBLE RETURN (from Chapter V)

Five months before the events at Hollandia previously described, the new *Yorktown* had taken part in the first big landing operation of the Central Pacific offensive, the conquest of the Gilberts. While other carrier groups to the south covered the Makin and Tarawa ground fighting, the *Yorktown* was part of a force under Admiral C. A. Pownall protecting the northern flank of our new positions. There was danger that the Japs might launch air attacks from their bases in the Marshall Islands.



JOHN CROMMELIN, survivor of *Liscome Bay*, is another of five famed brothers.

At the same time the famous five Crommelin brothers (all of them outstanding naval officers) were represented in the Gilberts by Captain John Crommelin, on the escort carrier *Liscome Bay* as chief of staff to Admiral H. M. Mullinix, and Commander Charles L. Crommelin, then skipper of Air Group Five on the *Yorktown*. It was a close shave for both. When the little *Liscome Bay* exploded and sank on Nov. 24, 1943, John was caught in the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Joan Davis with Jack Haley

IN THE SEALTEST VILLAGE STORE PROGRAM

FOR NATIONAL DAIRY
THURSDAYS ON NBC 9:30 P. M., E. W. T.



SHE: Knowing Joan Davis, I'll bet she's saying, "Here's one way to get a ring."

HE: And Jack Haley's probably saying, "I'll settle for a smoke ring."

SHE: You men are so clever!

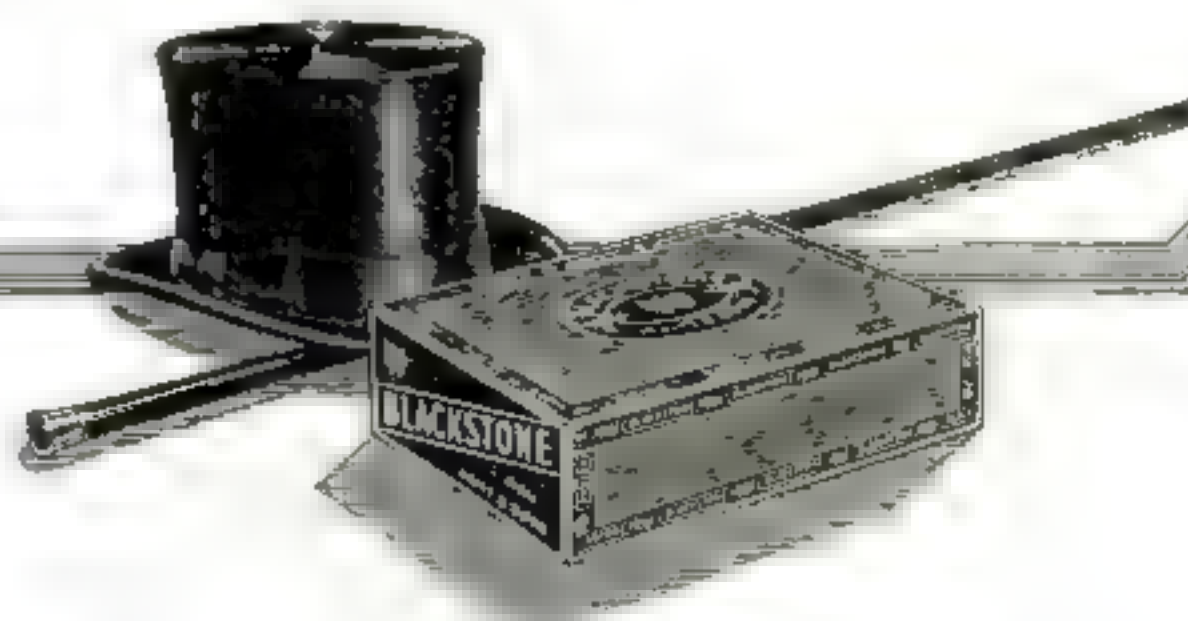
HE: We certainly know our cigars . . . and with most of us, it's Blackstone.

SHE: Is there really such a difference?

HE: I'll say! Blackstone is filled 100% with the finest and costliest Havana tobacco grown in Cuba. That's why it's full-flavored . . . but extremely mild.

SHE: Blow a ring my way!

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CARRIER WAR (continued)

shower. Rushing on deck without a stitch of clothing, he stood amid the flames helping his shipmates over the side of the burning ship and, severely burned, was one of the handful finally rescued.

Meanwhile his younger brother was leading his fliers in attacks at Jap airfields in the lower Marshalls. One day at Mili, he had gone to work personally on a Mitsubishi 96 bomber which he found on the field. After several runs he had thoroughly strafed and set it afire, when, with a terrific explosion, a 40-mm. Jap anti-aircraft shell came up through his cockpit and went off.

The effect produced was as though a Mack truck had broken into a china shop at 60 miles an hour and come to rest. Most of the instruments were knocked out of commission and all their dials shattered beyond use. The shatterproof windshield lived up to its name but was frosted by a thousand cracks, far beyond the point where anything could be seen through it. So was the plexiglass greenhouse. The only way to see was by looking out through the open sides of the cockpit. For the benefit of those who have never been in an airplane let me say it is impossible to stick your head out of the side of an F6F (or any combat airplane not in a museum)



A FABULOUS RESCUE, which set a new high in daring, saved Lieut. George M. Blair (in rear seat). This cruiser seaplane, guarded by fighters, snatched him from the lagoon of Jap-held Truk.

without having it practically blown off by the air stream whistling past.

Crommelin himself sustained major and minor wounds from head to foot. There was no vision in his left eye, and not much in his right. His right wrist was fractured and there were wounds in his mouth and chest. But he had walked away from other crack-ups and was not licked yet. Knowing that he was hurt but never suspecting how badly, Hellcats from Fighting Five joined up with him and began the 120-mile trip back to the ship. Somehow, looking out of one side with his remaining good eye, Crommelin managed to stand the pain and keep his plane in formation. Somehow, too, he managed to make a landing aboard the carrier that was "good enough for a training movie," according to a witness. Then, the magnificent gesture, he taxied his plane out of the arresting gear and forward to its parking place. He tried to get out and "walk away"; then only did he collapse. They sent him home for a long recuperation, but the word is around that he plans to fly again.

RESCUE IN THE TRUK LAGOON (from Chapter VII)

The great raid on Truk, Feb. 16 and 17, 1944, coming hard on the heels of the invasion of the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, was one of the boldest strokes of the Pacific war. Truk was Japan's heavily guarded, long-dreaded Pacific stronghold. Even today it is still in enemy hands, although its teeth have been pulled. At the time, the last thing that anyone would have believed would have been that any white man who ventured within this fearsome fastness could ever return.

Aboard the *Essex* during this raid was an outstanding member of Fighting Squadron Nine named George M. Blair. Lieut. Blair, who comes from Sewickley, Pa. . . . had dropped his belly tank on a Jap plane at Rabaul to destroy it after he ran out of ammunition. Again out of ammunition at Kwajalein, he had destroyed another Jap by riding it down into the water. Now, the second day of the Truk raid, he was shot down too, by anti-aircraft, and inside the lagoon, under

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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CARRIER WAR (continued)

the noses of the enemy. Getting out of his sinking plane he found the life raft riddled with bullets. That left only his Mae West. Removing his shoes, he was dismayed when his socks promptly fell off as well, leaving two tempting white feet dangling to draw the attention of passing sharks. A Jap destroyer was approaching and began to lob five-inch shells toward him. Altogether Blair's predicament was much like that of the old-time movie hero hanging from the edge of a cliff while the villain pounds his fingers with a hammer.

Meanwhile Lieut. Keenan Childers, Blair's squadron mate, who had seen him go in the water, broadcast the position by radio. He also asked for a fighter relief, since his gas needle was flapping against the zero mark. Then, to repel the destroyer, he and several other fighters hastily formed a strafing circle and went after her with machine guns. The enemy craft backed off, then hovered at a respectful distance to see what was happening. In a few minutes the destroyer started back for another look and was again driven off. This process was repeated several times, but one by one the fighters were running out of gas and turning regretfully home until at last all were gone.



FIRST CAPTAIN of the Yorktown was able, colorful "Jocko" Clark, proud of Cherokee blood.



NEXT SKIPPER, Ralph Jennings, like Clark, was soon afterward made rear admiral.

But by then, fortunately, the destroyer had lost all heart and decamped for good.

Alone now, Blair was beginning to get a little discouraged. There was nothing in sight except water, a few distant islands, and now and then, high above, attacking groups of Navy planes. Then suddenly an old Kingfisher (OS2U) seaplane appeared, guarded by two fighters. It had been sent from a cruiser in the task force, following Childers' excellent directions, and was piloted by Lieutenant (jg) Denver Baxter, the first white man to land voluntarily at Truk. Blair was waving frantically and releasing his green dye marker when Baxter saw him and taxied over. Chief Radioman R. F. Hickman, Baxter's rear-seat man, climbed out on the wing, and lifted Blair aboard. The two men got in the cramped back seat together, Blair sitting in Hickman's lap.

"I suppose the trip back was a little uncomfortable for him," Blair said, "but it was the best plane ride I ever had."

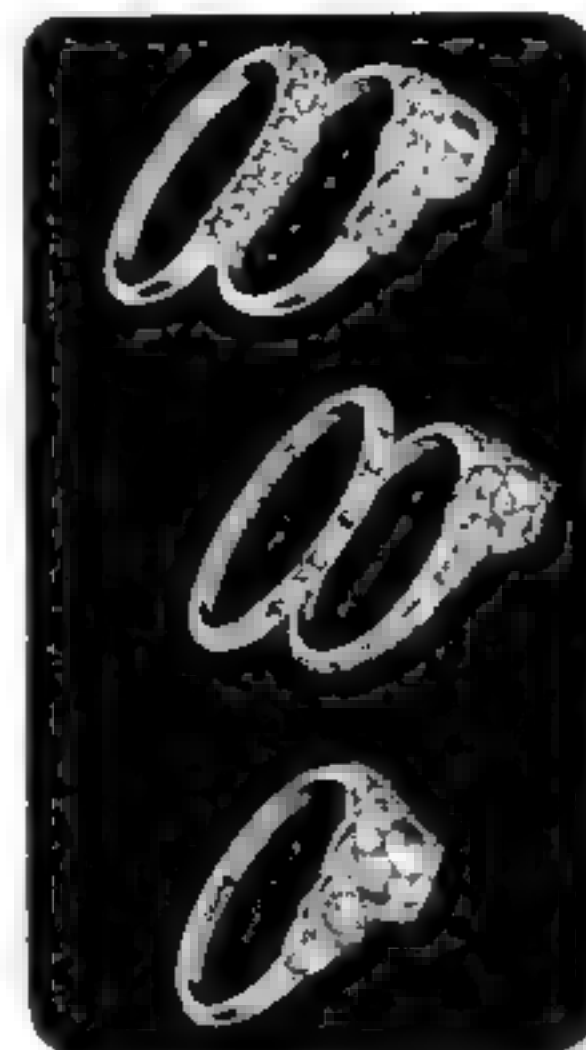
The aircraft which snatched Blair out of the jaws of this enemy had been loaded with just enough gasoline for the round trip, because of the weight involved with an extra passenger. There was only a slight margin to take care of anticipated difficulties in taking off from the rough water. Consequently when the OS2U was hoisted out on the cruiser's deck there was less than one pint of gasoline left. They drained more salt water than that out of Blair.

Later on, when the cruiser came alongside the carrier to deliver Blair, the band played and everyone stood around shaking hands, a great many pilots felt very good inside. No matter how great the risk, no matter how troublesome or difficult, you could be certain now that if anything happened to you the Navy would be out there looking for you, too.

The second carrier raid on Truk took place on April 29 and 30, 1944, as Task Force 58 was retiring from the operations off New Guinea. It was, to begin with, bigger than the first attack in February. It did a lot more permanent damage to Japan, for it completed the job of relegating that once-powerful base to the limbo of imperial has-beens.

The raid seemed immensely impressive to me; on the other hand, some of the aviators informed me solemnly that it was only a sop

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In the future, as Shell's discoveries and developments for the ultimate conquest of rust are applied more and more to the implements of peace, instead of war—almost literally, the "Sword of Today" will become the "Plowshare of Tomorrow."

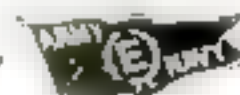
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CARRIER WAR (continued)

tossed to them by considerate admirals because they had been denied the chance to see much action at Hollandia. It was an interesting point of view. There was most emphatically a cocky, confident air about the ship, well summed up in Executive Officer Cameron Briggs's morning wisecrack in the *Plan of the Day*:

"Today we start a two-day return engagement at that popular theater which was so receptive on our last visit. This time we intend our performance to knock them completely off their feet."

Briefing for Truk was short and sweet. A great many *Yorktown* pilots already knew the contours of its little islands better than their own home towns. Meanwhile we knew the Japs expected us. Frequent visits by long-range bombing and reconnaissance planes had been keeping them on the alert. So they had moved out their ships and moved in a lot of aircraft; on Truk, Satawan and other islands in the vicinity they had almost 200 available fighters and bombers, and the task force was warned to expect possible dive-bombing attacks on D-day, April 29. So many of us stayed up late talking the night before the raid that it took morning general quarters to wake us. If you sleep far below decks as I did, you have to move fast to get into your clothes and get up through all those watertight hatches before the damage-control watches slam them closed in your face. On deck it was still pitch black, but a group of planes was ready for take-off. Around 6.35 a.m. a little wisp of light began to appear just to starboard of the bow. The wind was coming down from Truk to the north-east and we were steaming right into it. Behind me a watertight door into the bridge structure kept opening and closing as people went inside to smoke. From the passageway inside the door you fought your way through a double-curtain blackout arrangement into air plot where a small crowd of hangers-on was drinking coffee, talking and getting in the way. Periodically they would be shooed out. Air-plot Officer Cooper Bright was hunched over his charts dealing with some half-dozen people at once, yet order reigned amidst apparent confusion. Truk, he told somebody, was now 78 miles away, bearing about 040°.

It was still dark when the first planes took off, roaring up the deck into a growing patch of light ahead. It was cool, and a stiffening wind whipped whitecaps on the sea and sent broken clouds scudding by overhead. It seemed hard to believe that this was the Pacific at all, let alone near Truk, and that it wasn't just a training cruise in the Caribbean.

The sun came up while the air department went down for breakfast in shifts. And then at 7:30, just as we figured the first Hellcats were over the target, we launched the first bombing strike. . . . The wind was so strong now the planes lifted off the deck long before reaching the bow. Air plot sounded like a political convention. Some four voice-radio speakers were all talking at once and the radiomen were straining their ears to copy it all down. Sometimes the voices would fade in and out like old-fashioned parlor superheterodynes. The squawk box which talks between C. I. C. (command information center), ready rooms and flying stations was raucous and busy and the teletype clattered spasmodically. Listen for a few minutes.

AIR OFFICER: "What is the situation over target?"

BRIGHT: "Can't hear our planes clearly the last couple of minutes. Think the enemy's jamming this circuit."

C.I.C. ROOM: "Bogies closing in, bearing 150, distance 30 miles. Over."

AIR PLOT: "Roger, C.I.C. . . . All ready rooms from air plot: Stand by for a scramble. Bogies closing in."

(The captain orders general quarters sounded. A bogey in Navy jargon is an unidentified plane. Over the steady "Bong, bong, bong" of the alarm system is the shrill obligato of the bugler double-timing "Battle Stations." Meanwhile "Rogers" come in from the ready rooms and men start pouring out on deck.)

C.I.C. ROOM: "Air plot from C.I.C.: Bogies closing rapidly. . . . (squawk box) Low bogey, three to five planes, at 3 o'clock!"

There was a sudden, muffled roar to starboard.

"Good Christ! They're firing at them!" someone shouted as we all sprinted out to the bridge.

Four low-flying, single-engine Jap torpedo planes of the type known as "Jill" had somehow slipped past the C.A.P. (combat air patrol) and were boring in now on the carriers. The Japs were barely skimming the tops of the waves—and at tremendous speed. First the destroyers and then the cruisers and battleships opened fire on them, but still they came on.

Before I saw the enemy planes in the distance they split up. Two of them turned right, climbing and heading around in front of the force, while two others kept on straight for the starboard side of the

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PIPE TYPES...by Richter



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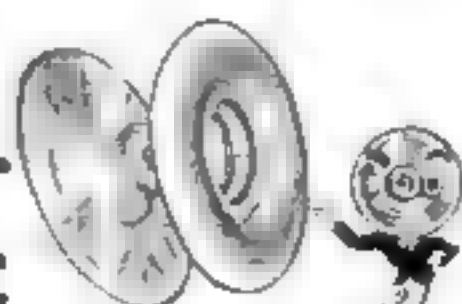
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CARRIER WAR (continued)

Yorktown. One was quite a bit ahead of the other, but both were converging on us.

Word came in from the radio: "C.A.P. has splashed a Zeke." But nobody was interested for a moment.

The first torpedo plane was in range now, and our starboard guns cut loose with a blast that shook the deck. That Jap had guts. It was unbelievable. First the big 5-inch guns, then the 40-mm. quads, then finally the rows of 20 mm.'s in the starboard gallery concentrated all their fire on that single torpedo plane. Hundreds of tracers seemed to be cutting right into him, black puffs of AA exploded all around him, big shells hit the water ahead of him, throwing up tall columns of water. At about 15 feet altitude he flew through them. It looked as though every shot were a hit, but he didn't seem damaged. On deck photographers ground their cameras steadily, getting ready to duck.

In a 200-mile-an-hour roar Jap One flashed across the bow, just ahead, and started climbing. The starboard guns ceased firing, and before the port gallery cut loose there was a split second of silence.

I was never so sure that we were going to take a fish as in that silent moment. The Jap's approach was perfect. He must have dropped. It would hit in a few instants. Every one of us on the bridge, everyone on the ship except the gunners, was useless and helpless and knew it. Some watchers stood riveted to the deck; others nervously fingered their tin hats or braced themselves against the shock of the torpedo. A few men flopped. I started counting seconds although I had no clear idea why. Ten... 20... 30...

Nothing happened. The people who had flopped picked themselves up again in some embarrassment.

The first Jap was getting the works from the port guns and a hundred yards or so away he began smoking. The wall of fire increased. He wavered. His nose came down. He started diving, then spinning, burst into flame and crashed into the sea in a steep dive, a few hundred feet to port.

Then suddenly, in unison, all eyes on the bridge shot directly overhead. The second Jap was crossing over the flight deck a few yards ahead of the bridge structure, some 40 feet above it at right angles to our course. I felt I could reach right out and touch him. We hadn't even noticed the starboard guns working this one over as he came in because we were preoccupied with number one. As a matter of fact, owing to my own position, I will admit I never knew the second one existed until suddenly I was staring at his light, peaseoup-green fuselage. He had the big orange-red circle of the Rising Sun painted on his wings and on the underside of his fuselage. Right near his stern circle flames were pouring out of a big hole. The sun glistened on the glass of his greenhouse. Someone claimed afterward he could see the pilot and rear-seat man, but I think he's a liar. But we could see his torpedo still clinging to his underside, and that made us feel a lot better. The Jap was wobbling crazily, trying to nose up, I suspect, but out of control. Maybe he was planning a suicide dive into us for the glory of the Emperor, but if he was he failed. Anyway, he didn't come back to tell us about it because, 50 feet or more farther on, the port machine guns practically tore him apart. Flames burst out of his wing roots, then out of his fuselage by the cockpit. One wheel dropped down and hung crazily by itself. In one huge, horrible sheet of fire the torpedo plane bashed into the sea a few hundred feet away and exploded. A billowing pyre of black smoke marked the spot for minutes afterward.

The other two Japs which crossed up ahead caught hell too. One was brought under fire by the flagship and splashed astern, while the other dropped its torpedo at a cruiser before being shot down. Sutton, who was on the bridge with the rest of us, saw the torpedo splash the water while our guns were joining in the barrage, and he is a reliable witness. But it missed—missed the cruiser and every other ship. That's like firing a bullet at waist level through Grand Central station during rush hour and not drawing blood.

Going back into air plot for a moment, I retrieved the cigaret I had left burning in my sudden exit to watch the attack. More than half of it was still left. And it wasn't all burned through before, as usual, the actual eyewitnesses found their accounts of what they had seen in substantial disagreement. There were four Japs—no, there were five. The first one dropped his torpedo. The first one like hell dropped his torpedo... However, most of the arguments were settled in a few hours by the photographs. Both planes which attacked the Yorktown clearly still had their torpedoes when they passed overhead and plunged into the water. I don't know what the experts finally decided, but it looked to us as though the Japs' torpedo releases had been shot up before they reached the dropping point or else the pilots were badly wounded or dead. The planes would have flown on automatically for a while.

"That's just another example of how those Japs are setting back

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

authentic!
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Japs on Burma Road get their first strafing.

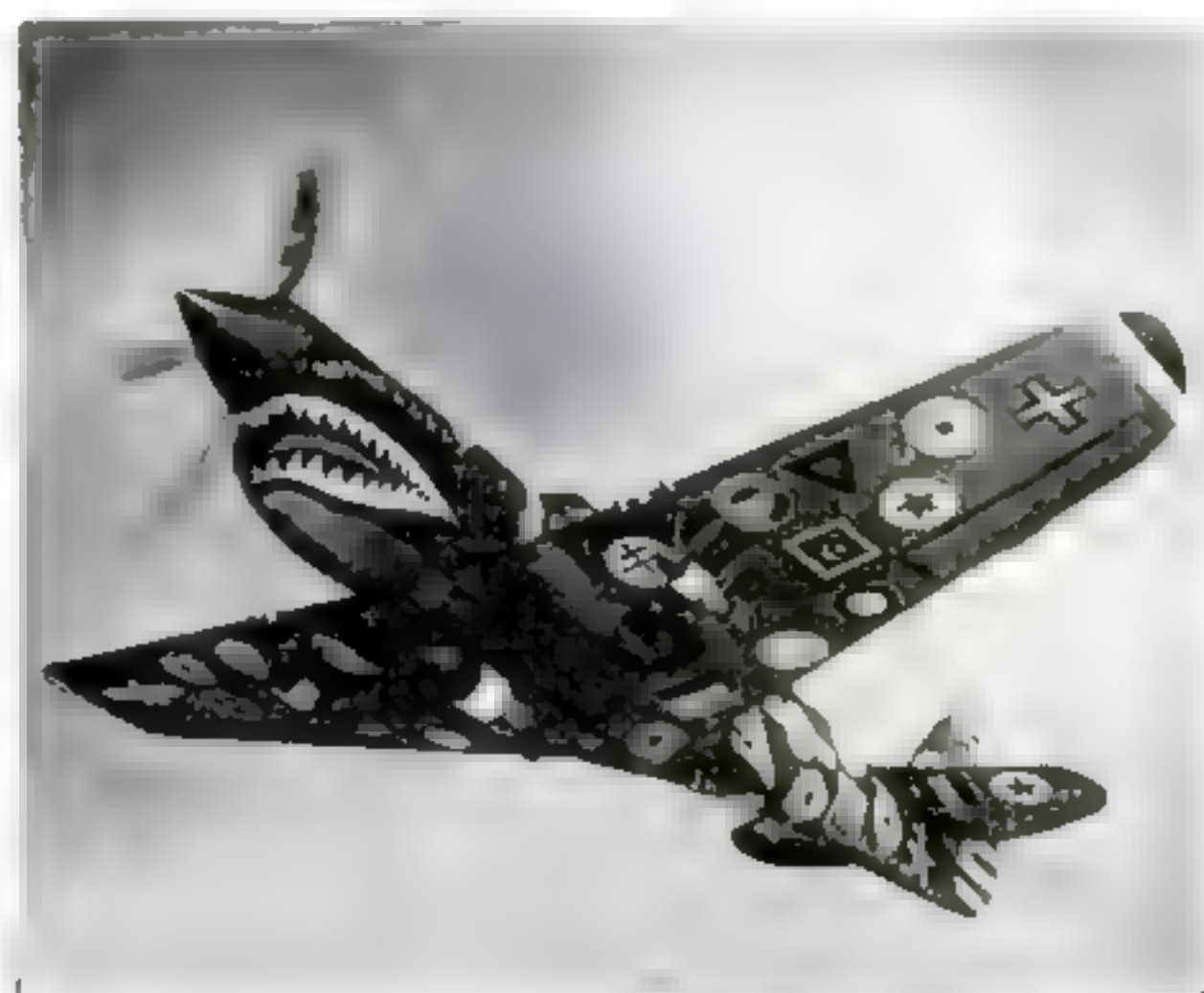


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Told first in Col. Robert L. Scott, Jr.'s, moving book, "God Is My Co-Pilot," it now becomes a great motion picture, splendidly acted by a fine

cast which includes Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey, Alan Hale, Andrea King.

You won't want to miss it. We, the men and women of Curtiss-Wright, who built the plane these heroic men flew and loved—the Curtiss P-40—feel that when you see this picture you will understand better than ever before how much we all owe to the gallant men of the Air Forces.

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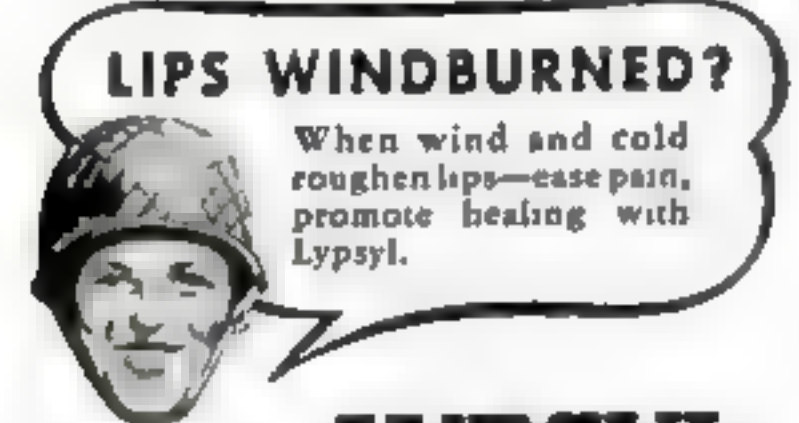
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CARRIER WAR (continued)

aviation progress," said one of our aviators mournfully. "They bring in a few planes, without any protection, and send them in helter-skelter. They don't have a chance. The trouble is that pretty soon people won't believe that the airplane is a good weapon against ships."

Steaming home from battered Truk there was that air of suppressed excitement you always sense on a ship where men are due for leave. These men neither forget nor mourn. It is almost a rule. They talk only about the future and they are rarely serious about even that. Two days later a little destroyer came alongside to return us a couple of our downed aviators they had picked up at Hollandia. A good-sized crowd gathered around the rails of both ships to watch—and the Yorktown brass band came out to serenade them.

As if inspired, the band suddenly burst out with "California, Here I Come!" On the decks of that big flat-top and on the little heaving destroyer you never heard so loud, so hoarse and so heartfelt a cheer.

"Well," said the exec that night, after a session with a short-wave radio newscaster. "I hope you guys know where you've been. The radio announcer I just heard claims this place is pronounced 'Truk' as in 'spook.' So don't go home and tell the people in your home town you've attacked 'Truck,' because they'll all say, for crying out loud, you weren't there, you can't even pronounce it."

A LONG STRUGGLE AHEAD (from Chapter X)

The two tremendous battles of the Philippine Sea, off the Marianas in June 1944 and off Leyte and Luzon in October of the same year, were substantial American victories. Nevertheless, these were not "decisive" battles in the ancient, classical sense. No single, decisive battle has occurred, or is apt to occur, in the war with Japan. The geography and strategy of the struggle prevent the whole of one side's force from being pitted in any win-or-lose-all clash against the other.

The atoll and island-hopping stage is drawing to a successful close, but only to usher in the greater part of the fighting on the land. The U. S. has not yet come to grips with the bulk of the Japanese army, well armed and well trained by the war in China. It is true that as Germany grows weaker, more and more American, British and other Allied naval might is being concentrated in the far Pacific. But the type of work facing these navies has changed. The big job to be accomplished is the transportation of supplies to the Far Eastern war on a scale approximating that in Europe.



ADMIRAL WILLIAM F. HALSEY, well-loved by Navy pilots, is the blunt, daring commander of the tremendous Third Fleet.

Many Navy men suspect that the golden age of carrier war is drawing to a close in that there will be no more Truks, perhaps no more sea battles to compare with those in the Philippine Sea. But in spite of the shift in emphasis from sea to land fighting, Japan's still sizable remaining naval forces are quite likely to indulge in a few despairing banzai charges. If they come, Admiral Halsey will not be displeased. Not long after a recent raid on Manila he stalked into a victory dinner in his flag officers' wardroom and waved a sheet of mimeographed paper at the assembled company.

"Our ship's paper says the Japs are threatening now that if we don't lay off Manila they'll come out and fight," Halsey exploded. "I'd like to tell them, 'We'll be there at such and such a time, you bastards!' but they won't let me."



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BRUSSELS NIGHTCLUB

Two pythons are star performers of floor show at "La Parisana"

By New York and Paris standards most nightclubs in Brussels are drab and dingy. There is little glamour and no fancy decor. After 10 o'clock the only light is from oil lamps, and by midnight, when civilians must be home, the night spots are empty. Still they do a good business because liberated Belgians are in a mood to celebrate and so are the weary soldiers—British, Canadians and Poles—who go there on leave. There are champagne, friendly girls and

musicians trying earnestly to play Amer-can swing.

Best floor show in Brussels is put on by a cellar *bistro* called *La Parisana*. It has a magician, dancers, and a competent orchestra. But the best act is Hamid and Aicha, a pair of old-time circus troupers who dance with two tamed pythons. When they come on (*see next page*) the band plays jungle music, pythons wind themselves around Aicha, and faint girls in the audience scream and grab their escorts.

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Brussels Nightclub (continued)



WITH TWO PYTHONES WRAPPED AROUND HER, AICHA WEAVES OVER THE FLOOR



Hamid holds snake aloft while Aicha sits before crossea. He will place one around her neck, another in her arms. Pythones often frighten feminine guests by eying them.



WIGGLING HER HIPS AS SNAKES COIL AND UNDULATE. GUESTS ARE FASCINATED



Snake kisses Alcha, touching her lips with tongue. Dance has now become an orgy. Pythons are nonpoisonous but there is danger of crushing dancer in excitement.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



You've slept under blankets all your life—but how much do you really know about them? For instance—give yourself 20 for a correct answer to each of the following questions. If you score 60 or better you are either already enjoying the Purrey way to sounder sleep or you should hie yourself to your nearest store for Purrey Blankets because you'll certainly appreciate all they have to offer you.

1. WHAT MAKES BLANKETS WARM?

- thickness
- weight
- kind of fibre
- air pockets in the nap

2. MUST BLANKETS BE HEAVY TO BE WARM?

- Yes
- No

3. DO INEXPENSIVE BLANKETS COME IN SOFT, RICH PASTEL SHADES?

- No
- Yes

4. DO BLANKETS HAVE TO BE A WORRY AT STORAGE TIME?

- Yes
- No

5. HAS 90" EXTRA TUCK-IN LENGTH FASHION IMPORTANCE AS WELL AS GREATER COMFORT?

- Yes
- No

6. CAN BLANKETS CONTRIBUTE TO SOUNDER SLEEP?

- Yes
- No

ANSWERS

1. Air Pockets in the Nap which hold in your body's heat
2. No—In fact Purreys, with a patented construction providing more and better nap traps (air pockets) are both lighter and warmer than many blankets costing up to almost twice as much.
3. Yes—Purrey's lustrous rayon nap takes pastel dyes beautifully and Purrey's true white stays WHITE
4. No—Purrey is guaranteed for 5 years against moth damage.
5. Yes—Particularly so with the new beds without foot boards—90" Purrey's extra length assures ample tuck-in at the foot with plenty of slack to pull over the ears
6. Yes—Purveys are so delightfully warm and refreshingly light they invite sounder sleep each night.

PURREY
by Nashua
\$6.45
6x7 1/2 ft.

Regular 72x84 size \$5.95
80x90 double bed oversize \$7.45
All prices slightly higher on West

Nashua Mfg. Co.

40 Worth St., New York 13, N. Y.



Awarded to the
Men and Women
of all Divisions

Send the Free booklet telling how more and better nap traps make Purrey warmer

Nashua

INDIAN MAIDEN SHEETS
INDIAN HEAD CLOTH • WELWYN VIRGIN WOOL BLANKETS • DWIGHT ANCHOR SHEETS



Purrey Blankets, invented at the Nashua Mfg. Co., Nashua, N. H., are protected by U. S. Pat. No. 2,208,533

Which man would you hire?

a New
PORTIS HAT
may get you a better job
because it makes you look
important, capable... keen!
\$5.00 to \$12.50
See your hatter or write
PORTIS BROS. HAT CO. CHICAGO 10

You BET
It's GOOD... It's
Brentwood

America's Finest
SPORTSWEAR

You'll know it's really fine sportswear the moment you try it on. Smooth, easy lines... finer fabrics... casual smartness in every stitch! Brentwood 100% virgin wool pullover sweaters \$5 to \$10
Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies
AT BETTER MEN'S AND DEPARTMENT STORES
BRENTWOOD SPORTSWEAR-PHILADELPHIA-NEW YORK



The soldiers' girls are sometimes dated up in Brussels, sometimes met at the club. The headwaiter of *La Parisienne* frowns on necking and when he walks by, it stops.



American flier catches champagne in heavy jacket. He collected it while hitchhiking to Brussels after his plane had been forced down returning from raid over Germany.

YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!



EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?



YOU NEED **SHINOLA**

● It's mighty easy to slip into the bad habit of neglecting the care of your shoes. Even though you're not a stickler for neatness, in the case of shoes it pays big dividends.

Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps hold in and replenish the normal oils in leather... helps maintain flexibility... and that means longer wear. A shine is the sign of a healthy shoe. Why not KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA?



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS *For Victory*



"He's doubled his production by using Marlin Blades!"

Marlin double edge blades 18 for 25c. Guaranteed by The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn.

Help Yourself!

TO GREATER COMFORT AND WEAR IN SPRING BOSTONIANS

Look to Bostonians for the two things which really count today in shoes—*comfort* and *wear*! Bostonians fit right—feel right on war-busy feet. Their exclusive Plasti-Sealed leather soles add *wear-and-a-half*! This Spring, choose Bostonians!

\$8.95 to \$12.50. Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Massachusetts.



Bostonians

FIT RIGHT • FEEL RIGHT

THEY'RE WALK-FITTED



Choice of a lifetime...



Today there's new enjoyment in the grand old name Golden Wedding,
a lighter, finer flavor to sip slowly...something to remember with pleasure.

Golden Wedding

BLENDING WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • COPR. 1945 JOSEPH S. FINCH & COMPANY, SCHENLEY, PA.

*Has
had no
peers for
fifty
years*



"Coiled around its dinner, the 'leetle' python stares at the hapless guinea pig before eating it whole. It is fed two every six weeks, also likes rabbits, now unobtainable.

This is the ninth of a series of advertisements which TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, is running in newspapers and magazines from coast to coast, to get Americans thinking harder and straighter about the problems our nation must face and solve if this war is not to have been fought in vain.

WHEN YOUR SHIPS COME IN will you sail 'em, sell 'em, or scrap 'em?

Outward bound . . . a miracle!

There she sails . . . a miracle in steam . . . the mightiest merchant fleet ever to fly the flag of a single nation . . .

Count the ships—count the tonnage—count the cost! 5,500 ships, 54,500,000 tons. A fleet five times as big as our pre-war merchant marine! Bigger than all the pre-war fleets of Britain, the U.S., Japan, Norway and Germany combined!

And they're yours! You, through your government, own nearly nine-tenths of them. You bought ships instead of new cars, or vacuum cleaners, or radios—with your War Bonds and your taxes. Yes, you're part owner of a miracle!

Homeward bound . . . a headache!

Coasters and tankers, C-types, Libertys and Victories, the greatest mass of cargo carriers the world has ever seen . . . and someday they'll be rolling home, empty!

That's when the headache starts. Remember how our World War I merchant marine rusted away in forgotten backwaters? You said then, "That must not happen again!"

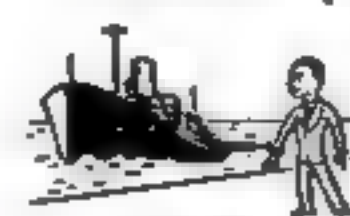
Well, once more your ships are coming in . . . What are you going to do with them? Sail them? Sell them? Scrap them? Save them? Or share them? Think well before you answer!

It isn't one fleet, it's two!

The inefficient fleet is larger . . . 7½ million tons of over-age and foreign built vessels . . . 26 million tons of Liberty ships . . . all second choice ships for normal times. (The Libertys are the finest mass-produced cargo-carriers ever designed; they've done a swell war job. But they cost too much to operate, are too slow for competitive post-war trade.)

The efficient fleet is smaller . . . 2,200 ships of 24 million tons. Victories, tankers, C-types (C-1, C-2, C-3), plus coasters and passenger-cargo ships. Fast, modern, economical, they're the finest ships afloat.

It isn't one problem, it's four!



job, your future, another world war.

For how much America exports and imports, and in whose bottoms, will affect postwar employment all through U. S. industry—standards of living all over the world—pressures for or against another

world war in nations across all the oceans that wash our shores.

2. The national problem. National security demands a U.S. merchant fleet immediately available to transport men and material in every emergency. The Navy looks to the merchant marine for trained officers and men.

But how big a fleet do we need?

And what about subsidies to operate it? U. S.-built ships cost twice as much as the same ships foreign-built. American crews get higher wages. How much are you willing to be taxed to help overcome these higher costs?

3. The international problem. Some of our allies depend on maritime income far more than we do—and when the war ends half their fleets will be gone.

Shall we sell them ships from our efficient fleet (they won't want or buy Libertys)? Shall we help them recover from the war by setting them up in competition with us again on the seven seas?



Or shall we keep all our good ships, and try to hold our mastery of the merchant seas, even if this makes our allies poorer and leaves them fewer dollars to spend for U.S. goods?

4. The surplus problem. What can we do with the inefficient fleet . . . the ships that nobody wants?

Shall we scrap them, or "lend-lease" them, or leave them to rust as a "strategic reserve"?

TIME believes America's greatest need, now and in the coming years, is for the sovereign people to make up their minds and speak them out on these pressing problems of our time.

To do so, citizens must keep themselves informed. So in advertisements like this TIME is seeking to encourage reading, questioning, argument and straight, hard thinking.

For TIME's own future is unalterably linked to a U. S. citizenry deeply concerned about public affairs—to a nation insistent upon seeking the truth and learning from recorded experience.



The Weekly NEWSMAGAZINE



FLASHLIGHT PICTURES BY GJON MILI ILLUSTRATE CAROL LYNNE'S BACK-BEND SPIN. SHE ENTERS PICTURE AT TOP, SPINS, BACKS TO TOP LEFT CORNER, GLIDES OUT AT BOTTOM

Carol Lynne Skates with Lights on her Toes

Gjon Mili develops new technique for photographing skater while she makes elaborate figures on the ice



IN FAWN JUMP MISS LYNNE SKATES IN FROM RIGHT, TURNS AND LEAPS, GOES OFF LEFT. STROBOSCOPIC LIGHT "STOPS" HER IN LEAP WHILE FLASHLIGHTS CHART HER COURSE

The graceful arcs of light shown on these pages are actually skating patterns made by the toes of Carol Lynne, star of the long-running New York ice show, *Hats Off to Ice*. They were made while Miss Lynne skated with a $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb flashlight imbedded in each boot.

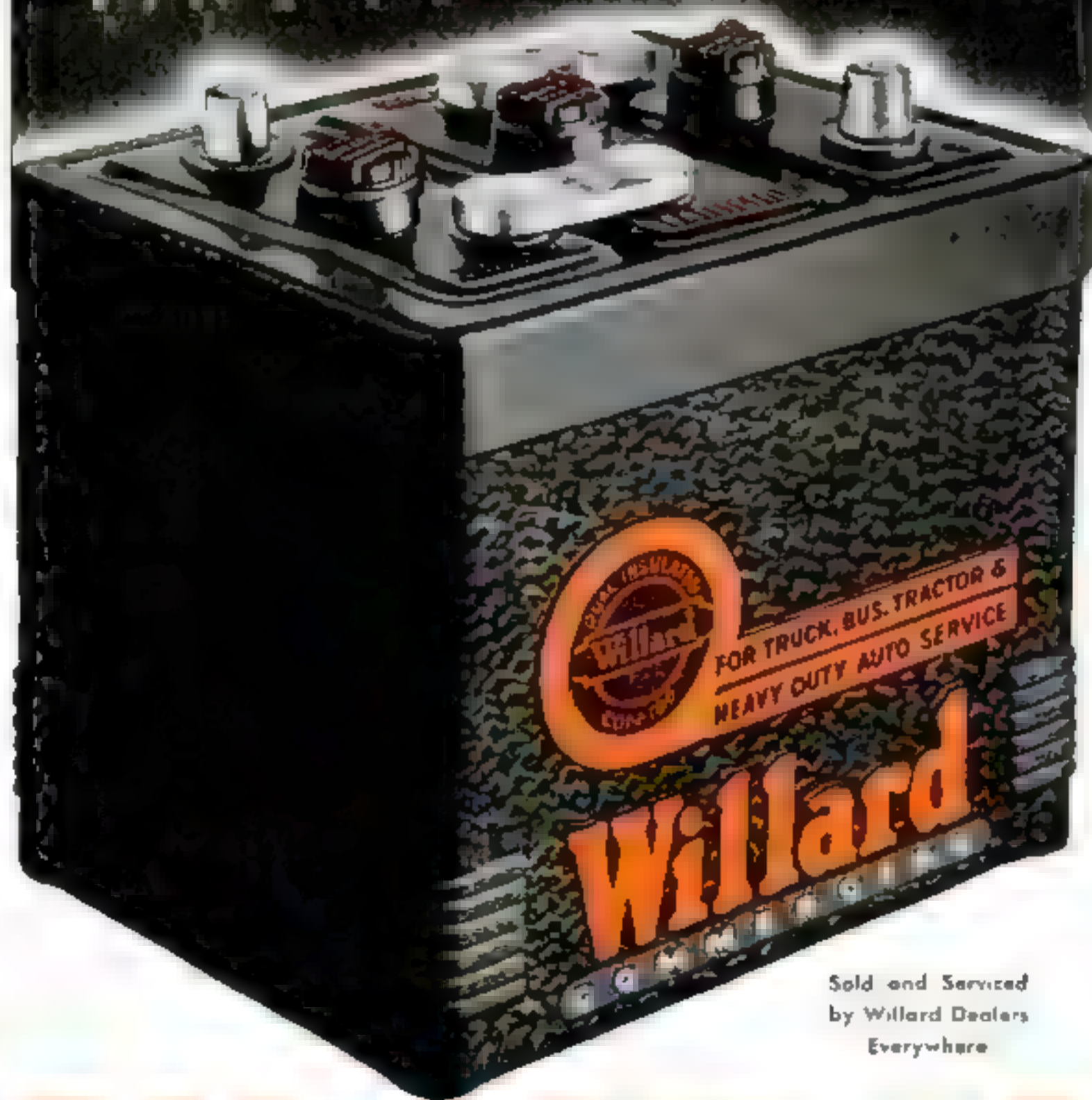
This flashlight technique was perfected by LIFE Photographer Gjon Mili in order to catch the fleeting

figure-skating designs shown on the opposite page. While Miss Lynne swept across the ice on a darkened stage, Mili kept the shutter of his camera open to record the course of the flashlights. Then, at a pictorially appropriate moment in the midst of a figure, Mili flashed his $1/10,000$ -second stroboscopic light which lit up Miss Lynne's figure without blotting out the light

paths made by her toes. Thus he caught the combination photograph of pattern and skater shown above.

Born 19 years ago in Holdrege, Neb., Carol Lynne tried on her first pair of skates when she was 13. She has starred at New York's Center Theatre for three and a half years. Like many other performers, Miss Lynne is superstitious, always laces her left skating boot first.

**WILLARD
QUALITY
MEANS
PERFORMANCE
DEPENDABILITY
LONG LIFE**



Sold and Serviced
by Willard Dealers
Everywhere

Willard "SAFETY-FILL"
BATTERIES

—for Tanks • Combat Cars • Jeeps • Walkie-Talkies
• Ships • for Cars, Trucks, Tractors and Buses at home

... the power to carry on!



Awarded Cleveland Plant,
Willard Storage Battery Co.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO • CLEVELAND • LOS ANGELES • DALLAS • TORONTO
A subsidiary of The Electric Storage Battery Company

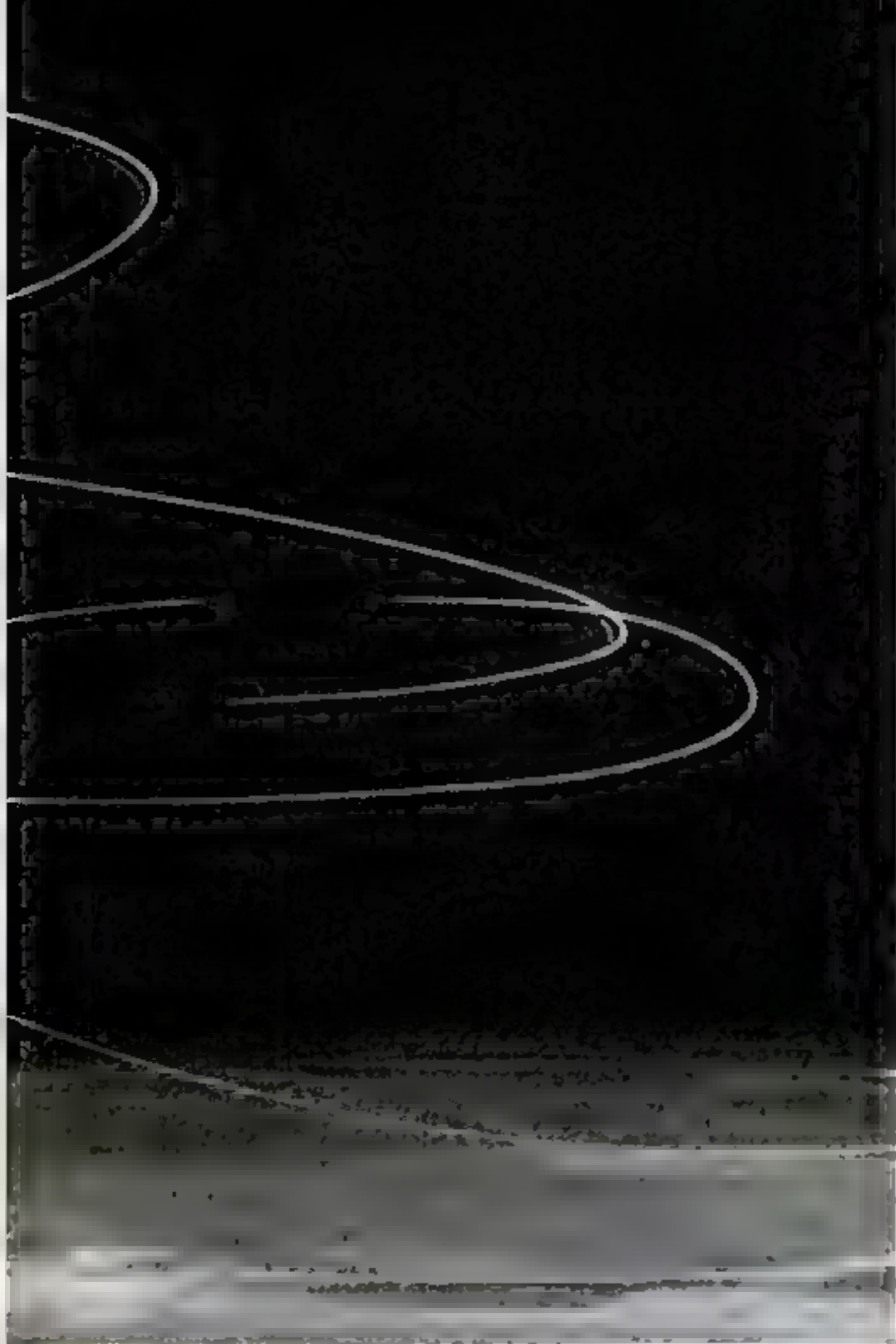
Carol Lynne (continued)



ARABESQUE CAMEL SPIN IS ILLUSTRATED BY FLASHLIGHT AND STROBOSCOPIC

IN THE MAZURKA JUMP CAROL LYNNE GIVES A QUICK, TWIRLING LEAP IN AIR





LIGHTS AS CAROL LYNNE SKATES IN FROM RIGHT, SPINS, GLIDES OUT AT LEFT

BACKWARD SPIRAL IS CAUGHT AS MISS LYNNE'S LEFT SHATE STARTS DESCENT



The One and Only

In diamonds, it's the "Koh-i-Noor"...
in Scotch, it's Haig & Haig...
treasures that have stood the test of time!



It Had to be Better
to enjoy such universal
preference for 318 years

HAIG & HAIG

The Oldest Name in Scotch

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86 & 8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK



Right Numbers

ANSWER A BARBASOL FACE

If you want to **WIN A WOMAN'S** approval—get yourself a **SMOOTHER** Barbasol Face with this famous shaving **CREAM SUPREME**—and you'll find it a wonderful **PLEASURE** to do so. No brush, no lather, no rub-in—**NO FRICTION** between your skin and razor! Gentlemen, the superfine ingredients in Barbasol actually **LUBRICATE** your shaves—for speed and ease, for the grandest **SHAVING COMFORT** you ever experienced.

Try Barbasol and see the wonderful improvement in your shave—in the **CLEANER**, fresh-looking appearance of your skin. Tubes and jars. Large size, 25¢. Giant size, 50¢. Family size, 75¢.



MISCELLANY



A WAC STATIONED IN PARIS SLEEPS COVERED BY FOUR ASSORTED OVERCOATS.

WACS SHIVER IN PARIS

Winter in the fuel-less French capital makes life cold and uncomfortable for the Army's girls.



To get warm this Wac wrapped herself in a heavy blanket and sat in front of an electric heater. She finds that gazing at her boyfriend's picture helps her to forget the cold.



NEAR BED ARE FUR-LINED MULES, BOOK CALLED "SUCH INTERESTING PEOPLE"

The temperature in U. S. Army headquarters in Paris this past winter was 50° Fahrenheit, which made it one of the warmest places in that fuel-less city. In schoolrooms temperature was 40° and only 20° in homes. In spite of such comparative luxury, Wacs on duty at headquarters had to disregard dress requirements and bundle themselves up in sweaters while they typed out orders with numb fingers. Off duty in their quarters, which were even colder, they did their best to combat the cold by drinking hot soup, wearing warm woolies and staying in bed. Some took a tip from Parisians and spent odd moments in the city's best-heated public place, the subway.



To keep warm these Wacs brew soup on electric plate. Girl at left wears a captured German sheepskin coat while friend has on a flannel Doctor Denton with feet in it.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

For vigor and zest get unbroken rest

The secret of glowing health and radiant beauty often lies in the hours of revitalizing rest you get from your night's sleep. Look to *Sealy*, the veteran mattress maker, for cushion comfort in *mattress* and *box springs*—Comfort that lets you relax all over—to awaken fit for the new day's activities.

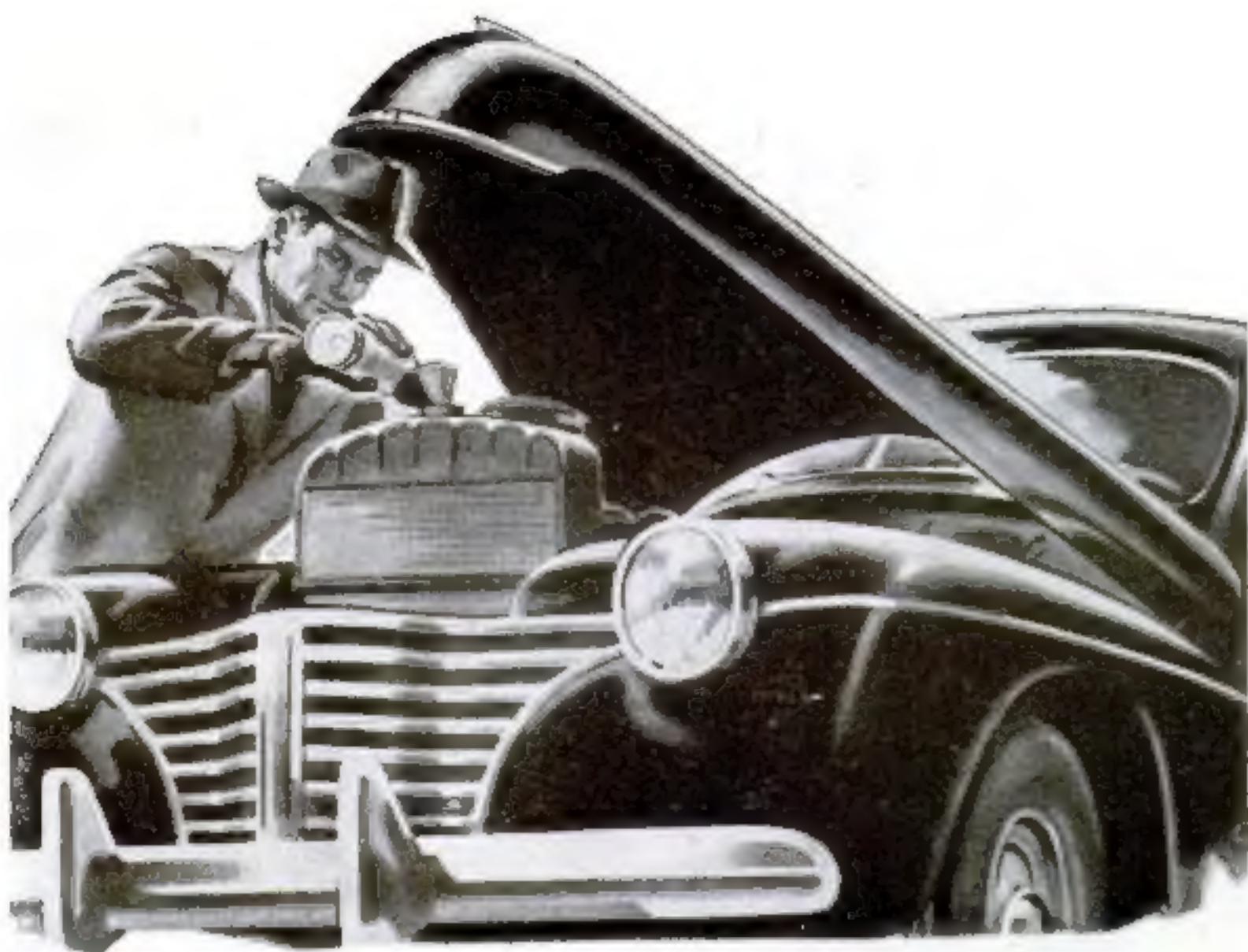
Sealy

MATTRESS

"Like Sleeping on a Cloud"



SEALY INC. 666 LAKESHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 11, ILL.



Clean rust and scale out of the radiator

Neglect now may mean
expensive repairs later

DU PONT Cooling System Cleanser FOR CARS, TRUCKS, TRACTORS

Here's a chemical which actually *dissolves* rust, scale and grease without harming the hose, packing or metal parts. It cleans thoroughly, without reverse flushing, even if the radiator is badly clogged and the car is overheating. Now's the time to do the job, before the hot weather sets in—before trouble develops that might mean costly repairs.

If you want to save gas, get maximum engine efficiency, and insure against overheating, give the cooling system a good cleaning now.



KEEP RUST OUT ALL SUMMER

After cleaning rust out of the cooling system, put in a can of **DU PONT ACID & RUST INHIBITOR**. It will prevent more rust forming—and will guard against acid, too. One can lasts all season.

You can also PREVENT LEAKS

You can make the cooling system of your car thoroughly **LEAK-PROOF** by pouring in a bottle of **DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM SEALER**. Won't clog radiator or harm hose or metal parts.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY



Wacs in Paris (continued)



Ironing the sheets with hot iron is a good way to warm up the bed before climbing in. There was no electricity in Paris during the day, but it went on briefly at night.



Canteen filled with hot water serves as warming pan, works well whenever there is enough hot water to put in it. Generally girls relied on wearing extra night clothes.



1 "Venezuela has provided me with a lot of thrills," writes a North American mining man, "but none to compare with my first sight of dia-

Diamond Haul on the Rio Caroní

monds scooped up out of her amazing Rio Caroní. I say 'amazing' because this stream has a 'personality' as distinctive as the flavor of Canadian Club Whisky. You see—



2 "Normally the Caroní is a river of considerable depths, beautiful falls. But suddenly, mysteriously, she goes dry. And then her bed gives up gold and diamonds almost by the bucketful.



3 "Perhaps you may be here at such a time—quien sabe? (Pan American World Airways is already putting Venezuela easily within many North Americans' travel possibilities.)



4 "But gold and diamonds aren't all. I saw deposits of iron ore said to total more than a billion tons ... one of the biggest, and certainly one of the richest iron reserves in the world.



5 "They say Venezuela's treasures have hardly been discovered—but there's one treasure here that *needs* no discovery. That's Canadian Club, served so matter-of-factly, you'd think you were back home."
Once the war is over, you will find it even easier than now to visit Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club again. This whisky is light as Scotch,

rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"



Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky 50.4 proof

DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION



WHY, SURE!

L.S./M.F.T.



COSMO DE SALVO

Copyright 1941, The American Tobacco Company